

B. H. Bright. 1805

THE
COMEDIES
OF
TERENCE.

Translated into ENGLISH Prose.

To which is prefixed,
Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR,
and of the Dramatic Poetry of the
ANTIENS.

By Mr. GORDON. ✕



L O N D O N :

Printed for THOMAS LONGMAN ; and CHARLES HITCH
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MDCCLII.

COMEDIES



GORDON

1850.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

AMONG other festivals and solemn rites celebrated by men, in the rude and early ages of antiquity, the custom prevailed, to sacrifice a goat, at the time of the vintage, to Bacchus, who first cultivated the vineyards, and taught mankind the art of making wines.

On peopling and forming the city of Athens by Theseus, about 1236 years before the birth of Christ, this was performed, at first, near the temple of Bacchus, afterwards in the forum; the solemnity attended with song and dance, a chorus of musicians, and the hymns or songs composed by the poets of the times, who contended to excel and outdo one another in those performances: the solemn hymn sung on this occasion was known by the name of TRAGEDY, the Song of the GOAT, or the Song of the VINTAGE.

From Athens it soon spread thro' the country, and to the villages, where the same was observed, and celebrated by the country people in their manner, and got the name of COMEDY, the Song of the VILLAGE.

It is easy to imagine that some alterations, and attempts to more order and regularity would from time to time happen in such a rude and barbarous manner

of representation, tho' it was a long time after, that any material change befel them. And this great change was the invention of Thespis, who, instead of their former roaring and dancing tumultuously round the altar, or wearying the chorus to death with incessant songs in praise of Bacchus and Ceres, confined a certain number of them to a cart, and introduced a kind of a dialogue by a person to relieve the chorus, and a disguise, by daubing their faces with the lees of wine. Horace says, that he found out a new kind of Tragedy; that loaded waggons of poets and poems were carried from place to place about the country; and that the representation was performed by actors besmear'd with the dregs of wine.

This disguise paved the way to the improvement of the Mask. The Dialogue was polished and improved by Eschylus, who brought a third person into action, added the Buskin, or high-heel'd shoe, and made them first tread the stage. "He invented the Mask, and the decent flowing Garment, constructed a little Theatre, taught his actors sublime language, and to stalk in the buskin."

After him Sophocles and Euripides (who both died about the same time, Sophocles being 90 years old, and Euripides 75, 406 years before the birth of Christ) completed, and brought Tragedy to its utmost perfection; and have left their works as the models of perfection for the imitation of succeeding ages.

In like manner, as Eschylus had changed the manner of Tragedy, Comedy after his time was detached from these songs of Bacchus, and took its form, and made its progress to perfection. The subjects of representation were real; the names of the persons they intended to lash or ridicule, were openly

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openly mentioned. This was the Old Comedy; and continued till the thirty tyrants established by Lyfander about 403 years before Chrift, or, as others fay, Alcibiades exprefsly forbid mentioning names upon the ftage, which obliged them to point their satire under the mafque of fictitious names; and this was the Middle Comedy. But, as this method became likewise offensive, fince they had the liberty by every other fort of representation to expofe and mark out particular perfons, they were farther check'd by Alexander the Great, when he had conquered Greece. Hence arofe the New Comedy, a general description and imitation of common life and common manners; which received its greateft perfection from Menander, who is faid to have wrote 109 Comedies.

The diverfions of the Circus were thofe only exhibited at Rome; till, upon a grievous peftilence happening in the year of the City 392, 361 before Chrift, the firft year of the 97th Olympiad, when C. Licinius Calvus and C. Sulpitius Peticus were Confuls, religious fuperftition prompted to fend likewise to Etruria for players to represent fcenical amusements, who, according to the practice of their own country, danced to mufic played upon the flutes. This brought the Roman youth to imitate them; to make extempory verfes, and throw out grofs and rude jokes upon each other, as was done in the original Tragedy at the feaft of Bacchus, attempting at the fame time to make their motions be proportionate to the founds of the mufic. Then they compofed fome incoherent irregular pieces, (a fort of medley, or miscellany) without unity or connection, but fet to mufic, and danced to by the actors: and this was their Satire; which, with fome additions and improvements, paffed into the Attellane plays, (from Attella a city

in Tuscany) and was a mixture of Tragedy and Comedy.

They had, besides this, their fescenine verses; first in use among the Campanians, which was a merry-making among the country people at the gathering in their harvest: at which time, giving themselves up to feasting and jollity, they made extremely free with one another in rustic lampoons and scurrilous jokes. Some pieces were likewise composed in the Saturnian measure; a harsh, rough, unpolish'd verse, which was a kind of irregular lambicks, and supposed so ancient, as that Faunus and the prophets used it in delivering their oracles.

There was no poet of any note among the Romans before Livius Andronicus, who, so late as the year 513, after the building of the City, in the consulship of C. Claudius and M. Sempronius Tuditanus, brought the first play upon the stage, after the manner of the Greeks, which he acted himself, as was the custom of all the composers in these times. He likewise wrote a poem in celebration of the Roman achievements. Five years after this Nevius published his first play.

Ennius was born in the year of Rome 515. He imitated the Greeks. His works consisted of annals and satires: besides which, he is said to have wrote near forty plays. He died in the year 584, fourteen years after Plautus.

About the same time Portius Licinius Tégula wrote with reputation. And Statius Cæcilius was a celebrated Comic writer. Pacuvius was born in the year 533. He was a famous writer of Tragedies, and is much commended. He publish'd his last piece in the year 613.

When Plautus was born, is not certain. He died in the year of the City 569, nine years after the birth of Terence. And cotemporary with him
were

were M. Acutius, M. Plautius, and Cn. Aquilius. Some of the writings of the two former were ascribed to Plautus, and some of Plautus's to the latter, till Varro's enquiries clear'd that matter up, and gave the different performances to their proper authors. Plautus wrote twenty-six Comedies; twenty of which have come down to us. He is greatly celebrated by the ancients, which reputation he still obtains, for the quickness of his wit, and the purity of his stile. A strange fate attended him as ever attended any poet. Having received a good deal of money for his plays, he took into his head to turn merchant; in which occupation he was entirely ruined, and lost every farthing: so that, being destitute of common necessities, he betook himself, for daily bread, to work as a miller; and employed his time in grinding, and composing plays at the same time.

About eighteen years after his death, the *Andria* of Terence was acted, about seventy three years after the play of Livius Andronicus: and in that period the Roman comedy was brought to its last perfection, as the Greek had been above 120 years before by Menander.

But, before any thing farther be said of Terence, it will not be improper to mention a few things concerning the Roman Theatre, and the difference between the manner of their theatrical representations and ours.

Plays were acted at Rome on particular and solemn occasions, public feasts, or the funerals of great men; and the care and management of exhibiting and directing every thing belonging to them, was the business of the Edile, (one of the chief magistrates of the city, to whom likewise belonged the charge of the public buildings). The plays were always acted in the day-time; and the theatres,

some of them so large, that the one built by Pompey is said to have contained an audience of 80,000 people.

The first material difference is, that they acted in masks; which were not like ours, but covered the whole head: and, as the name imports, (*persona*) were made in such a manner, as greatly to swell the sound, by means of plates of brass, and other contrivances; as likewise to humour the voice to the characters they represented: this became an art in which the actors were instructed: and there was besides a great variety of them. If we credit what is said, the motions of the eyes, and the different affections of grief, terror, or amazement, were to be perceived in them, according as they represented Niobe, Medea, Ajax, &c. Now it is certain, that a natural voice could not extend, nor natural features be clearly discern'd to such an extent, and such a distance: and therefore these artificial assistances perhaps helped these inconveniences. It is moreover alledged, that the audience would be more agreeably entertained with such a variety proportioned to the characters, than to see the same person appearing at one time as a king or hero, in gold and purple, and, at another time, in a character and appearance quite the reverse.

The Chorus were a number of people who were supposed to be the spectators of the action represented, and to be present at such different scenes as were acted before them, and were to make reflections, or prayers, or vows, according to the several incidents: they were people supposed to be waiting upon kings and princesses, or the friends and acquaintance of such as were engaged in the action. But the duty of the Chorus, in offering up these prayers, or making these moral reflections, was the business

business of one person, who was the Speaker or the Orator for them all: "And in the interludes, (his time of speaking) he was to say nothing but what naturally arose from the subject and the incidents that pass'd before in the play; his business was, to appear always on the side of virtue and friendship: to soothe the unruly passions, and testify his regard for those who were afraid to do evil: to celebrate the praises of justice and temperance, and shew the blessings of peace: to be an example of secrecy and honour; and beseech Heaven, that fortune would again visit the afflicted, and leave the habitations of the oppressor."

The Saltatio, or Dancing of the Ancients comprehended a great deal more than what it does among us: for in that was included the gesticulations of the mimes or mimicks, the various actions of the player, and the modes or tone of elocution, when his voice was high or low, as it accompanied the flutes; and this, as well as singing and playing on instruments, was comprehended under the general denomination of Music. So we find such expressions, "as that the Canticum (the monologue or soliloquy) was danced: that the actions of an orator at the bar is not to be like the gesticulations of a dancer. and that this part of music was called MUTE MUSIC; which, without opening the mouth, spoke by the hands, and by various gesticulations represented what could hardly be expressed in language or writing." And we are told of Cicero, that he used to try the experiment with Roscius, whether the actor could better and oftner diversify the same thing by various gesticulations, or the orator by different expressions and the power of eloquence.

It is certain that the whole of the play was a recitative set to music; and the Tibicen, or chief musician,

musician, by the beat of his foot, directed the player to raise or sink his voice according to the accents, which for this purpose were marked by the poet; that is, the dialogue; for the monody or soliloquy was an air, and always set to music by the chief musician.

Doctor Bentley has published his edition of Terence with these strokes or accents, and upon that principle has made many transpositions and critical emendations of the text. By means of these marks, he tells us that a person may read the whole of the plays with the same elevation and depression of voice, as the player originally pronounced them on the stage.

As to the manner of acting their plays, and what has been supposed, that always one person acted or performed the gesticulation, while another pronounced the part, and that both were performed to the same time and notes of music: of this much has been said perplexedly and obscurely. But the whole appears to be this, that the dialogue was acted and pronounced by the same persons, as our modern plays, only in recitative accompanied with music: but that the canticum, (the monologue or soliloquy), which was the same as the monody or the air, and set to music by the musician, was sung by one person, and the action and gesticulation proper to it performed by another. Livy tells us, that Andronicus, being called upon to act some parts over again, his voice becoming hoarse, he obtained leave of the audience to have a boy placed before the music, to sing or pronounce; and that he acted the canticum with more ease, as he was freed from the trouble of speaking. And afterwards he adds, that from thenceforth the air was sung to the action of the players, and that they pronounced only the dialogue,

This was an art in which they were trained up and instructed. It was no doubt very difficult: for it is said, that it was matter of admiration to behold with what readiness and exactness of time the gesticulation accompanied the words of the singer.

As to the Flutes, all that seems clear in regard to them, is, the right-handed or Lydian flutes were adapted, and played upon, to the graver and more serious parts of the play; the left-handed or Sarra-nian flutes to the humourous and lighter parts of the scene: and they were accordingly changed, some parts of the play that had a mixture of the grave and pleasant being acted to unequal flutes, the right and left-handed together.

The Cothurnus was a kind of half boot, with a high heel, and wore by the persons who acted the principal parts of Tragedy. The Soccus (Sock) was a light and easy kind of shoe, and used in Comedy.

If the scene was in Greece, and the characters Greek, the play was called *PALLIATA*, from the Pallium, the dress of the Greeks. If Roman characters were represented in Tragedy, or great and distinguished ones in Comedy, it was called *PRE-TEXTATA*, from the dress of the Roman nobility; and the Comedy, which was to represent common life, *TOGATA*, from the Roman gown. If the scene chiefly consisted of characters of low life, it was called *TABERNARIA*, from the word *TABERNA*, signifying a Shop or Shed. The Attel-lane pieces were an improvement upon the Satire, which came in place of the original Tuscan entertainments, and were so called, from Attella, a city in Tuscany.

The Mimes were the lowest of the entertainments. They were often obscene. They were acted by one person, who wore neither the Buskin
nor

nor the Sock ; and therefore called *PLANIPES*, Bare-footed. They had likewise entertainments of Pantomime, or Dumb-shew.

Publius Terentius Afer is supposed to have been born at Carthage. He was the slave of Terentius Lucanus, a senator ; and this noble Roman was so sensible of his early genius and distinguished parts, that he bestowed upon him a liberal education, and after that gave him his liberty. It is generally, however, believed, that he was not a captive, as he was born in the interval between the second and third Punic war ; before which last period the Romans had no commerce with Africa. He is said to have been born in the year of Rome 560. when L. Cornelius Merula and Q. Minucius Thermus were consuls, 193 years before the birth of Christ, and in 4th year of the 146th Olympiad, nine years before the death of Plautus and the birth of Æmilianus, eight years after the defeat of Hanibal by the elder Africanus in the battle of Zama, which put an end to the second Punic war, and 25 years before the end of the Macedonian empire, when Perseus the last of their kings, and of the race of the Æacidæ, was defeated in the battle of Pydna, and carried into captivity by Paulus Æmilius, son of that Æmilius who was killed in the battle of Cannæ, and natural father of Æmilianus, the younger Africanus, who took Carthage, and put an end to that republic.

Two years after this last period the *Andria* was first brought upon the stage, the year of Rome 587, when Terence was 27 years old, tho' it is judged not to have been the first play that he wrote and offered to the Ediles ; because, in the prologue to this play, he seems to complain of his having before met with usage he had not reason to expect, and that he was obliged to deviate from the nature and design of prologues :

prologues : and besides, Cæcilius, to whom the Ediles desired him to read his play, is supposed to have died two years before this, in the year 585.

It is said, that, when he came to wait upon Cæcilius with his play, being in a mean and shabby dress, he was but indifferently received, and desired to sit down and read it, not upon the couch, but on a stool near it : that, after he had rehearsed only a few lines, he was seated more honourably, and invited to stay supper ; and, after he had rehearsed the whole, Cæcilius expressed his admiration of the performance. An instance of great honour and disinterestedness in an old poet, who saw himself likely to be outdone in reputation with the public !

His plays were all acted with great applause, the Step-mother least of all. The Eunuch was played twice in one day ; for which he received about sixty-five pounds of our money, (*octo millia nummum*).

Sulpitius Gallus, a man of learning, lived at the same time with Terence ; as did likewise Q. Fabius Labeo and Marcus Popilius, both men of consular dignity, and who amused themselves with poetry ; from whom he might have received assistance in polishing his works, had he stood in need of it. It is, however, generally said and believed, that he did receive assistance from Scipio and Lælius ; a surmise that Terence rather encouraged than contradicted. But it is necessary here to observe, that those were not, nor could be, as many have mistakenly imagined, the elder Scipio Africanus and his friend Lælius, (at least it is contrary to the chronology of the times we have left us) but Lælius the son of the latter, and P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus Æmilianus, adopted by the son of the elder Africanus ; and who, as has been said, was born the same year Plautus died, and nine years after

after Terence: whereas the elder Scipio died in the year of Rome 570, when Terence was but ten years old.

It is said that Lælius, being one night in his study, and his wife desiring him to come to supper, he begg'd her not to interrupt him; and, as it was late before he came to the company, made his excuse, by saying, he had seldom found himself more successful, or more in the humour of writing: that being thereupon requested to read what he had wrote, he repeated the lines that begin the fourth scene of the fourth act in the *Self-Tormentor*.

When he was but 34 years of age, he set out from Rome, to make himself more intimately acquainted with the customs and manners of the Greeks, that with greater ease and certainty he might represent them on the stage: from which voyage he never returned. Some say he was lost at sea in his return back from Greece; others that he died at a city in Arcadia, by a sickness he had contracted with the grief and vexation of having lost some plays he had sent by sea to Rome: and that this happened in the consulship of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella and M. Fulvius Nobilior, which was the year of Rome 594, 159 before Christ, and the second year of the 155th Olympiad.

Four of his plays, the *Andria*, *Brothers*, *Eunuch* and *Self-Tormentor*, are from Menander; the other two, *Phormio* and the *Step-Mother*, from Apollodorus.

As to what is said of him, that he was returning with 108 plays of Menander translated into Latin, it is hardly possible that the time of his being in Greece would admit of it: besides, Menander wrote, at most, 108 or 109 plays, and Terence had already brought four of them upon the Roman theatre. It is indeed possible that he might have procured in Greece

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a compleat set or edition of the plays of Menander, the loss of which might very probably so affect him, as to occasion an illness that proved fatal to him.

He is said to have been in his person a middle-sized man, slender, and of a dark complexion. He left behind him a daughter, who was married to a Roman Knight, and was possessed, when he died, of six acres of land, by the side of the Appian road, near the village of Mars; contrary to what is said of him by some, that the friendship of Scipio and Lælius, the great men of the age, had been of so little use to him, that he had not so much as a house to live in.

By this we may see how much sooner the arts and sciences flourished in Greece than at Rome.

The exact time of the birth of Eschylus is not known: but he distinguish'd himself in the battles of Marathon and Salamis, which happened in the 62d and 65th Olympiads, about 530 and 520 years before Christ, and of Rome 223 and 233. And the Greek Tragedy was brought to its utmost perfection by Sophocles and Euripides, who are said to have died in the same year, (Sophocles about 15 years the older) which was the 3d year of the 93d Olympiad, 406 years before Christ, and of Rome 347.

The old and middle Comedy was brought to perfection by Aristophanes, who flourished in the 86th Olympiad, about 436 years before Christ, and 317 from the building of Rome. And before him Eupolis and Cratinus had wrote with great merit and success in the old Comedy. Afterwards the new Comedy was carried to its greatest height by Menander and Philemon. But the first is reckoned by the learned to have excelled, though the other gained ofteneft the prize. Menander was born in the 3d year of the 109th Olympiad, 342 years before

fore Christ, and of Rome 411; and died in the year of the City 461. Pindar flourished about the year of Rome 280; and Demosthenes, the Grecian Orator, was born in the year of Rome 372, and died in the year 431. Painting was brought to great perfection by Zeuxis about the year of Rome 353, and afterwards by Apelles and Protogenes about the year 420, in the time of Alexander. And Sculpture by Phidias, who flourished about the year 305, and Praxiteles about 389. Socrates was born in the year of Rome 284. and died 353. Xenophon died in the year 393. Plato in 324, and died 406. And Aristotle, the tutor of Alexander, was born about 363, and died about 431. And Zeno the Stoic died about the year 489. After Herodotus the great historian flourished Thucydides, who was born in the year of Rome 278, and died 342.

Thus all the arts and sciences, in all their various branches, (for Homer and Hesiod had, long before Rome was a name, given the great examples of Epic and Didactic poetry) Philosophy, History, Eloquence, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry, flourished, and were brought to their perfection among the Greeks, when they were scarce known or heard of among the Romans.

Eighteen years after the death of Plautus, the *Andria* was first acted, in the year of Rome 587, the 2d year of the 153d Olympiad.

The opinion of the ancient writers concerning Terence are prefixed to most editions of his plays. Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus, says, that the elegance of the stile made it believed his plays were written by Lælius: and every commentator gives it as the opinion of Horace, that he excelled in art, (*Terentius arte.*) Dr. Bentley says, that he is to consider that art of Terence celebrated by

Horace,

Horace, who, he believes, means, in that passage, both his art in versification, and in the disposition of his fable. This appears a little strange; for one would think nothing appears more plainly, than that Horace is not, in the least, delivering his own opinion, but the opinion of the generality of people concerning Terence and those others whom he mentions; and speaks with ridicule and a kind of contempt of people who set up for judges, and to decide in matters they knew so little about. Indeed, if we had nothing to depend upon, but what is said there, for Horace's opinion of him, it would be rather to his disadvantage: but this great judge has shewn, greatly to the honour of Terence, what his sentiments were of him, by almost transcribing passages from his works into his own writings, with encomiums and evident marks of approbation.

There is, in the Comedies of Terence, a kind of sameness in unraveling the plot and ending the play, that perhaps may appear to some a barrenness of invention; and the same names seem to be used too often in the different plays.

In the *ANDRIA*, Pamphilus debauches Glycerium. His father would force him to marry Philumena, the daughter of Chremes: but, when the matter comes to extremity, Glycerium is discovered to be Chremes's daughter likewise. — In the *SELF-TORMENTOR*, Menedemus and Chremes are two friends and neighbours. Menedemus's son was in love with, and intended to marry Antiphila: but, as she had no fortune, his father was obstinately bent against the match, and used the young man so harshly, that he went abroad to serve in the wars. He returns again, and Antiphila is found to be Chremes's daughter. — In *PHORMIO*, Demipho and Chremes are two brothers. Chremes is married, and has, by another woman in the isle
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of Lemnos, a daughter, whom he agrees with his brother to give in marriage to his son Antipho: but he marries, without his father's knowledge, a poor girl he had accidentally seen and fallen in love with; and she proves to be his uncle's daughter, the same that was designed for him. — In the EUNUCH, Chærea a young Gentleman falls in love with, and commits a rape upon Pamphilia, a slave, who in the sequel is discovered to be a citizen, and sister of Chremes a Gentleman in Athens. — In the STEP-MOTHER, Pamphilus ravishes a young woman; but it being in the dark, they could not afterwards learn who each other was. A little time after, he marries Philumena, the daughter of Phidippus; but was so much in love with Bacchis, that for two months he did not cohabit with his wife: at the end of which time he becomes violently fond of her. But going abroad soon after, when he returned, his wife happened to be brought to bed at her father's the very day that he arrived: upon this, knowing the child to be none of his, he would not take her home; but, by means of a ring, she is known to be the same with whom he had had the former adventure. — In the BROTHERS, the situation of the lady and her lover is not so surprisngly changed: for Eschinus having ravished a modest young woman, in indigent circumstances, but a citizen of Athens, her relations apply for redress, and his uncle Mitio, who had adopted him for his son, like a good-natur'd and honest man, puts an end to their troubles, by consenting to their marriage.

It would far exceed the bounds of what is intended here, to enter into a detail of the excellency of Terence's characters. For, in every one of them, he has maintained that consistency which is necessary in imitation and invention: and, in respect to the difference of age, situation and circumstances they

appear

appear in, has conducted the fable with the greatest beauty, justness and propriety of manners.

He has, throughout, shewn a strict regard to every private virtue, and the duties of society. Vice is not shewn triumphant; nor a bad and base man represented enjoying the rewards of honour and honesty. The good fortune that attends his dramatic personages, is what we are glad of, wish for, and approve.—The father is anxious for his son's conduct and welfare in life; the son dutiful, grateful, and afraid of offending his father: there are no expressions or insinuations of wishing to get rid of an old troublesome and teasing monitor.—The lover, in the most interesting circumstances, and where he is most wanted, is faithful, tender and affectionate; and the lady the same, when she appears, which happens but to one of them, most of the others (tho' the objects of our concern and good wishes) being in such a situation, from accidents that had befallen them, as prevented their personal appearance.—When the fruit of an illicit amour comes into the world, the care and anxiety of the father, tho' of family and fortune, and a Gentleman of the town, is increased from the unhappy circumstances of its birth: and this in a country (the scene is Athens) where the cruel and barbarous usage of the times gave the parent the power of abandoning to destruction the helpless infant as soon as it was born.—And all his plays are not only free from that obscene and lewd ribaldry we often meet with, but the expressions are so guarded, as that there is hardly one to offend the chastest ear, or a scene that may not be read to the most decent company, or represented to the politest audience.—Even the common and mercenary women, who sold their favours for money, are represented as favourably, and their characters treated with as much lenity as the circumstances

circumstances of such a situation will admit. Their gallants make no boasts of kicking or bilking them. They are considered as women, and sometimes with such qualities, as make them objects rather of compassion than detestation; and that kind of decency is observed towards them, which will always be by a Gentleman and man of humanity.

The plays of Terence are universally commended for the beauty and elegance of the diction, the purity and politeness of the style, and the propriety and energy which runs thro' the dialogue. These will be with difficulty conveyed into a much better translation than this: but this or any other, tho' mean and defective, will shew the English reader, that characters founded on the principles of virtue, friendship, humanity, a religious observance of honour between man and man, and a strict discharge of the duties of society, were such only as in those days could presume to hope for the approbation of the public.

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T H E



T H E
A N D R I A N.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The street before Simo's door.*
Time, *the forenoon.*

Enter Simo, Sofia, and other of Simo's servants, with provisions and things, as from the market.

Simo to the servants.

TAKE away what things are here, and carry them in.—Go.—*Sofia*, do you stay a little ; I want to speak with you.

So. I suppose that these things be carefully look'd after.

Si. No, not that.

So. What else besides is there, in which my poor capacity can be of any service to you ?

Si. In the affair I am to talk to you about, no other qualifications are wanted, but those I have found you always possess'd of, faithfulness and secrecy.

So. I wait your commands, Sir.

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Si.

Si. You know, *Sofia*, when I bought you, you was but a boy, and that ever since, you have serv'd a kind and indulgent master. From being a slave I gave you your liberty ; gave you what I thought the greatest recompence for your ingenuous and faithful services.

So. I thankfully remember it, Sir.

Si. And I don't repent it.

So. I assure you, Sir, nothing can give me greater pleasure, than having been at any time able, or having it now in my power, to do what is agreeable to you ; and your acceptance of my endeavours to serve you is another favour, for which I return you my thanks. One thing only gives me uneasiness ; your mentioning the favours bestow'd upon me, seems to carry something in it, as if you imagined you was speaking to a man insensible of them. Will you therefore be so good as let me know at once what present service you require of me ?

Si. I will ; and to begin, you must know first of all, that this marriage in my family, which you suppose real, is not so.

So. Why then carried on in appearance ?

Si. You shall hear the whole from first to last ; and by that will know my son's way of living ; what my designs are ; and wherein I want your assistance. Now, *Sofia*, as to my son, once the days of his childhood were past, he had then an opportunity of shewing the bent of his private inclinations ; for indeed it is hardly possible to discern the real genius and disposition in the infancy of those years, and under the influence of fear, and the awe of a master.

So. To be sure it is, Sir.

Si. It is usual, you know, for young people to discover a propensity to some one particular thing : Some, for example, are fond of horses or dogs, whilst others, again, attend the schools of the philosophers. On the contrary, my son *Pamphilus* addicted himself to no one of these things particularly, and yet took a moderate share of them all. This I lik'd extremely.

So. And not without reason ; for I look upon it as one of the most useful maxims in life, in every thing to use moderation.

Si.

Si. Then, his outward behaviour was easy and affable; he bore with the infirmities and foibles of mankind; accommodated himself to the temper of such as he conversed with; always suited himself to his company; was guilty of no unmannerly contradictions, nor of an assuming behaviour to any one; and by such means, a man may both avoid envy, and procure the friendship and esteem of the world.

So. He certainly set out in life upon wise maxims; for now-a-days we find, that such complaisance alone procures us friends, while plain-dealing is rewarded with hatred.

Si. Well; about three years ago, while things were in this situation, a woman comes here from the isle of *Andrus*, obliged to it from want, and being neglected by her relations. She was in the flower of her age, and extremely handsome.

So. Odsso, this *Andrian* bodes us no good!

Si. At first she behaved with great modesty, and lived as an industrious and frugal young woman, earning her bread by her hands and her needle; but when one came and made her offers, then a second, and so on, a third; as we are all apt to prefer idleness and pleasure to industry and labour, she complied with their proposals, and fell into that way of life. Those who at that time visited her, as is usual in such cases, carried *Pamphilus* along with them, to make one of the party. Upon this, I immediately thought within myself, he is certainly caught; beyond all doubt he is taken in. Accordingly, I watch'd the servants going out and coming in of a morning, and would ask them, Harkee, my boy, prithee who had *Chrysis* last night? for that was the name of the *Andrian*.

So. Very well.

Si. And they would answer, *Phædrus*, *Clinia*, or *Niceratus*; for these three gentlemen were after her at the same time. Well, but as to *Pamphilus*, what did he do? Do? he supp'd, and pay'd his reckoning. This pleas'd me prodigiously; and so I inquir'd several days, and found my son had no farther concern with her. This I judg'd to be a sufficient tryal of him, and a great instance how far he had the command of himself; for if a

man becomes the companion of such people, and has resolution enough not to be carried away by the torrent, I think you may very justly suppose him master of himself, and of his own conduct. This behaviour was not only pleasing in the last degree to me, but every one's mouth was full of his praises, and every one extol'd my good fortune, who had so fine a gentleman for my son; so that, in a word, *Chremes*, mov'd by such an universal good character, came of himself to me, without any advances on our part, and offered his only daughter to him for a wife, with a vast fortune. I lik'd the proposal, you may be sure, and settled the necessary contracts; and this very day was appointed for performing the nuptial ceremonies.

So. And what hinders the marriage from being celebrated?

Si. You shall hear: A few days after the conclusion of this agreement between *Chremes* and me, our neighbour *Chrysis* dies.

So. A most lucky accident! you quite revive me; for I was vastly afraid of this *Chrysis*.

Si. My son went there in company with the gentlemen who were her galants, and, along with them, made the necessary preparations for the funeral. He often appeared sad, and would now-and-then drop a tear. I lik'd even this in him; for, said I to myself, if he shews so much concern for the death of one he had so little to do with, what would he have done, had he himself been in love? or how great would his affliction be at the death of me his father? All this I imputed to the effects of a compassionate and benevolent nature. In short, to pay a compliment to him, I went myself to the funeral, without even then suspecting any thing.

So. Well; and pray what happened?

Si. I am going to tell you. The corpse was brought out, and the procession began. Among other women who were there, I observed one in the flower of youth, whose person——

So. Was engaging perhaps.

Si. Ay, *Sofia*, and so much modesty, so much sweetness in her looks, that you never saw any thing come up

to her. I observ'd that she grieved beyond any of the rest, and, as she was distinguished above the others by her beauty and graceful appearance, I went up to the attendants of the funeral, and asked who she was? They answered, she was the sister of the deceased. This immediately struck me. Ha! said I to myself, now the secret comes out; hence flow these compassionate tears, and hence this shew of sorrow.

So. I am frighten'd to think how this will end!

Si. Well, the procession goes on; we follow, and come to the funeral pile; the body is laid on the fire, and the usual lamentations made; when all of a sudden, the young woman, I have been speaking to you of, rush'd towards the flames, without any dread, and with a great deal of danger: Upon which, *Pompilius*, frighten'd almost to distraction, was then obliged to discover a passion he had so well dissembled, and so carefully concealed: He immediately ran up, and catching her in his arms, my *Glycerium*, says he, what are you about? are you going to destroy yourself? And the other threw herself back into his arms, weeping, and with such an air of familiarity, as you might easily perceive did not proceed barely from friendship.

So. What is this you tell me!

Si. I came back from the funeral; and tho' I was highly offended, and much out of humour, had nevertheless no sufficient pretence of shewing myself so to my son; for he might have said, Why, Sir, what have I done to offend you? or how have I incurred your displeasure? A young lady was going to throw herself into the flames; I prevented it, and saved her life. This is all very plausible; and I have nothing to say against it.

So. To be sure you are in the right; for, if you was to blame a person for saving the life of another, what would you say to one, who was guilty of a crime or injustice towards his neighbour?

Si. Next day *Chremes* came to me in great heat, saying, he had been informed of a very heinous circumstance in my son's conduct; that this foreign lady and he lived as man and wife. I strenuously denied it. He as strenuously asserted it; so that, in short, I parted

from him as one determin'd not to give his daughter to my son.

So. Well, but didn't you then speak to——

Si. No, how could I? This wasn't a sufficient ground for my chiding him.

So. How so, I pray?

Si. Why, he would have said, Sir, you yourself have fix'd the limits to my present way of living; the time is now coming, when, in compliance with your will, I must conform myself to the pleasure of another; but allow me, in the mean time, to live after my own way.

So. Then, what pretence can you have of finding fault with his conduct?

Si. Why, if his love to this other be so great, that he absolutely rejects the match with *Chremes's* daughter, then I have just reason to be offended; and what I now aim at is, by pretending still this marriage to be real, to have a fair opportunity of shewing my displeasure, in case he refuses me; and at the same time, if that rascal of his, *Davus*, is now hatching any scheme, that he may waste his fund of knavery, when he can do no mischief; a fellow that, I believe in my conscience, would leave no stone unturn'd to frustrate this match, not so much to gratify my son, as to plague me.

So. Why have you such an opinion of him?

Si. Do you ask that? Can good proceed from evil? Tho' if I do but once catch him—but we have no occasion to waste more words. If it so happens, as I wish it may, that *Pamphilus* consents to the marriage, then I have nothing to do but to try to prevail upon *Chremes*, and hope I shall succeed—and what I want of you is, to keep up the belief of the reality of the marriage; to keep *Davus* in awe; have an eye upon my son; and find out what they are plotting together.

So. It is very well; I will take care. If you please, we will now walk in.

Si. Do you go before; I'll follow you. [Exit *Sof.*

S C E N E II.

Simo remains at the door, and after listening some time,

I need make no doubt now but that my son will refuse his consent to the marriage; for so I have just now
over-

overheard *Davus* expressing his apprehensions, when he was told it was going on. But here he comes himself.

[*Enter Davus at another corner of the stage, and speaks just as come from a conversation with Sofia.*] Indeed I should have greatly wonder'd if things had pass'd off so; for my own share, I was never rightly reconciled to this over-mildness and good-humour of my master, who, tho' *Chremes* had absolutely refused his daughter, never so much as spoke a word to any of us, or shewed the least signs of displeasure—

Si. Yes, but he will presently, and to your cost, *firrahi*.

Da. Oh! I know him well—know his tricks of old—Most assuredly this was his scheme, to come upon us unawares, whilst we were amused with an imaginary happiness, and the dupes of a false security, to surprise us by stratagem, that we might have no time to counterplot or prepare against this marriage. How cunning he is!

Si. What is this the rascal is muttering?

Da. Bless me! my master! I did not observe him.

Si. *Davus*.

Da. Did you call, Sir?

Si. Yes; come hither.

Da. What a plague can he want with me? [*Aside.*]

Si. Well, *Davus*, what do you say to this matter?

Da. Matter! what matter, Sir?

Si. You ask, as if you did not know. There is a talk that my son keeps a mistress——

Da. A matter truly of public concern!

Si. I desire you'll mind what I say to you.

Da. I do, Sir.

Si. Now, I should look upon it as rather severe, to examine into that too narrowly at present; for what he has done hitherto, I don't so much mind. I made allowances for his time of life; and let him indulge his own inclinations; but as he is now to appear in a different character, I hope his behaviour will be accordingly; and therefore I insist upon it with you, *Davus*, or, if you think it proper, beg of you, that he may at length reconcile himself to a sober and regular manner of living.

Da. What is the meaning of all this?

Si. Most people who keep mistresses, are averse to marriage.

Da. So I have heard say.

Si. And then, if it should happen, that one took a good for nothing rascal for his adviser; a mind naturally debauch'd might be made still worse, by following the advice of such a counsellor.

Da. I protest I do not understand you.

Si. No? that's strange.

Da. I do not; I'm a plain simple man, and no conjurer.

Si. You would have me then speak what I have to say in plainer terms.

Da. I would indeed.

Si. Why, then I will. If I do but perceive that you set any scheme on foot to embroil this affair of my son's marriage, or take it into your head to shew upon this occasion your talent at politics, I give you my word for it, that I'll have you whip'd within an inch of your life, and afterwards send you to the house of correction; on this condition, and with this prospect of deliverance, that the moment I take you out, I'll come myself and do your work for you. Dost understand this, or must I still speak plainer?

Da. You have no occasion in the least, Sir; you have explained yourself clearly, without using any figures of speech.

Si. In any thing rather than this will I allow myself to be put upon.

Da. Don't be in a passion, Sir.

Si. You laugh, you knave. O! I know you thoroughly; but, if you are your own friend, do nothing rashly: Whatever happens, you cannot say you have not had warning; so look to yourself. [Exit Simo.]

SCENE III.

Davus solus. Why, *Davus*, I think this is no season for delay or remisness, as far, at least, as may be gather'd from the old man's sentiments in regard to this marriage, which, if not warded off some how or other, must certainly end in the destruction of me, or my young master. And what course to take, I know not, whether to assist him,

him, or comply with the will of his father ; for, if I desert *Pamphilus*, I am actually afraid he'll destroy himself ; and if I assist him, I mortally dread the threats of the old man, who, I well know, cannot easily be impos'd upon. In the first place, he knows the whole of our affair with *Glycerium* ; then he watches me like a dragon, that I hardly can stir a step ; and if he once finds me out, I am undone ; or indeed if the whim takes him, with or without reason, 'tis all the same ; away I go to the house of correction. Then, there's another plaguy circumstance that hampers me ; this *Andrian*, be she his wife or his mistress, is certainly with child by him, and it is worth any one's while to observe the assurance of them ; for they have determin'd, that be it boy or girl, they will bring it up ; and then they have trump'd up a story that she is a citizen of *Athens*, forsooth——Formerly there lived an old man, and that man was a merchant, and that merchant was shipwreck'd on the isle of *Andrus*, and he died, and *Chryses's* father, seeing this sweet babe without a father, became a father to it himself : A pretty connected story truly. For my share, I believe not a word of it ; however, it pleases the young couple——But here comes *Myfis* out from our lady ; and I must get away as fast as I can, to meet my young master, lest his father should see him first, and surprize him unpar'd.

S C E N E IV.

Myfis, Archillis.

My. Lord ! I hear you well enough : You have been plaguing me this hour to call *Lesbia* the midwife, tho' indeed that woman tipples a little too much, and goes about her business too rashly, to be trusted with any one at her first lying-in, yet I must fetch her. How officiously importunate that old woman *Archillis* is, because, truly, they gossip together !——However, I pray God my young mistress may be safely delivered, and that this midwife may blunder in the case of any other, rather than in her's——But, bless me ! I see *Pamphilus* coming this way, seemingly in great discomposure. I'll stop a little, that I may know whether this affair has thrown him into any uneasiness.

SCENE V.

Enter Pamphilus.

Surely such proceedings as these can never be justified by the laws of common humanity ; much less ought I to expect this treatment from a father.——

My. What can this be !

[*Aside.*

Pa. And if this be not hard usage, I know not what can be term'd so. If he was resolv'd that this day I should be married, surely I ought to have been made acquainted with it ; at least, he should have given me some previous notice.——

My. Lack a day ! what is this I hear ?

[*Aside.*

Pa. And as to *Chremes*, he who has openly declared, that he will not have me for a son-in-law ; has he chang'd his mind, only because he finds I have not chang'd mine ? or is he determin'd at any rate to tear me from my dear *Glycerium* ? which if he succeeds in, adieu to all my future prospect of happiness.——Was ever man so unfortunate, so miserable, as I ! Gracious heaven ! is there no way I can avoid a marriage into that family ? I have suffered from them every degree of indignity and contempt :—terms agreed upon, and then broke off—and now, after having been flatly refused, I am again courted to the match—What the meaning of this may be, I know not ; unless, as I verily suspect, they have got some monster of deformity, which they want to put upon me, as they can find no-body else——

My. Alas ! this frightens and grieves me to the heart !

[*Aside.*

Pa. And what can I think of my father ? to treat me with such indifference in a matter so essential to my happiness. I met him just now in the market-place ; *Pamphilus*, says he, you are to be married to-day ; go home, and get yourself ready——He might just as well have desired me to go and get ready for my funeral. I was so confounded, that I could not answer him one word, or invent any excuse for delay, ever so false or frivolous——I was struck dumb——And should one ask me, what could I have done, had I been warn'd——Why,——any thing, to have got clear of this——But now I know not what hand to turn

†

me

me to ; so many perplexities at once surround and distract me—What do I not feel from the distressful situation of one I love dearer than my life, while I am hourly pressed to marry another ? Then my father, who, from my infancy, has us'd me with such tender affection, and indulg'd me in every thing my heart could desire, to be disobedient to his will now in a thing he has set his heart upon.—Alas ! what shall I do !

My. Heavens ! how I dread the consequences of this uncertainty ! but I find there is an immediate necessity for either my mistress seeing him herself, or that I should speak to him concerning her ; for while the mind is thus ballanc'd in doubt, a small matter may turn the scale either way.——

Pa. Who is this speaks !——*Myfis*, your servant.

My. Your humble servant, Sir.

Pa. Well, how does your mistress do ?

My. Do ! she is in the pains of labour ; and, as this is the very day that was nam'd for your marriage, is, besides, in miserable anxiety lest you should abandon her.

Pa. What ! can she think me capable of such conduct ? that I should suffer a helpless innocent to be brought to ruin on my account ; she who trusted me with her soul, and every thing that was dear to her, whom I have ever fondly lov'd as my wife and bride ! shall I suffer her, bred up in virtue and innocence, to be expos'd to poverty and shame ? No, *Myfis*, you may depend upon it I never will.——

My. Sir, we shou'd be under no apprehensions, if it depended solely upon you ; but you may be compelled by your father to this unlucky match.

Pa. What ! do you think I have so little resolution ? that I am so void of gratitude and humanity ? or such a monster, that neither the intimacy of familiarity, nor the dictates of my love, nor the ties of honour, should prevail upon and oblige me to keep my word to her ?

My. One thing I know, she deserves you should be mindful of her.

Pa. Mindful of her ! O *Myfis* ! *Myfis* ! the dying words of *Chrysis*, which she spoke to me concerning *Glycerium*, are yet engraved upon my heart.—— In her

last moments she sent for me : I came ; you were all put out of the room ; we were left alone. My *Pamphilus*, said she, you see this creature now destitute, in the bloom of youth and beauty ; and you know well how little both avail to secure her from want, or preserve her in innocence : Now, I most earnestly conjure you, by your faith, by your honour, by your own noble mind, and by the helpless situation of this poor creature, that you will not throw her off, that you will not abandon her. As I have ever lov'd you with all the affection I could have for a brother, and as she has fix'd her heart upon you beyond all the rest of mankind, and in every thing given herself up to you ; so I bequeath her to you as an inheritance ; I deliver her up and intrust her to your honour, as her husband, her father, her friend and protector. When she had said this, she gave *Glycerium* into my hand, and immediately her eyes were closed in the shades of death. I received the trust, and will be faithful to it.

My. I hope you will, Sir.

Pa. But why are you from her ?

My. I am going to fetch the midwife.

Pa. Make haste then ; and, do you hear, be sure you mention not a syllable about the affair of the marriage, lest that should make her worse.

My. I'll take care, Sir.

[Exit *Myfis*.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Charinus attended by Byrrhia.

Charinus.

WHAT is it you say, *Byrrhia* ! Is she this very day to be married to *Pamphilus* ?

By. Even so.

Ch. How do you know, *Byrrhia* ?

By. I heard *Davus* at *Change* say so just now.

Ch. What an unfortunate fellow I am ! My mind, which was before kept in suspense betwixt hope and fear,

fear, now that all hopes are taken away, cannot bear up, but sinks under the burden.

By. Pray, good Sir, as you cannot have things happen as you would wish, learn to suit yourself to the destiny of your fortune.

Cb. Nothing can suit me but *Philumena*.

By. How much a wiser course you would take to get the better of your passion, than indulge yourself in such reflections as only serve to encourage it.

Cb. All people who are well, find it an easy matter to give advice to the sick. Was you in my place, you would think otherwise.—

By. Well, with all my heart; please yourself.

Enter Pamphilus at a distance.

Cb. But I see *Pamphilus*, and am determin'd to try every thing, rather than be absolutely undone.

By. What is it you are about?

Cb. Why, I'll go and tell him how miserable I am from my passion; I'll beg and entreat of him to delay his marriage for a few days, and, I hope, shall be able to obtain this request; and in that time something lucky, perhaps, may fall out.

By. Take my word for it, that something will be nothing.

Cb. Well, but after all, *Byrrhia*, what do you think of it? shall I speak to him about this affair, or not?

By. Oh, by all means speak to him; for, if you can do nothing else, you may at least give him notice, that, if he marries her, he may be sure of a friend that will endeavour to help him on in his way to heaven.

Cb. You be hang'd, you rascal; how dare you talk in that manner?

Pa. Oh, I see *Cbarinus*. Sir, your servant.

Cb. Your servant, *Pamphilus*. I was just coming to you, as one on whom depend all my hopes, and all my safety, to ask your advice and assistance.

Pa. Upon my word, Sir, at present, I am out of the way of giving either assistance or advice to any man. But pray, is there any thing particular?

Cb. Are you, Sir, to be married to-day?

Pa. Why yes; they tell me so.

Cb. If that is so, then you see your last of me.

Pa. How so, I pray?

Cb. Alas! I am afraid to mention it. *Byrrhia*, do you tell him.

By. Yes, yes, I'll tell him.

Pa. What's the matter?

By. He is in love with your bride, Sir; that's all.

Pa. Is he indeed? then he and I differ in our taste. Hark'e, *Charinus* [*Step aside a little*] was there never any thing farther between you?

Cb. Ah! never; nothing farther.

Pa. I am sorry for it with all my heart——

Cb. But, *Pamphilus*, I do most earnestly entreat you by our mutual friendship, first of all, that you would not marry her.

Pa. I promise you I'll do all I can that I may not.

Cb. Or, if you cannot avoid that, or you find it agreeable to your inclinations.

Pa. My inclinations!

Cb. That you would at least defer it for some days, that I may get out of the way, and not be witness to it.

Pa. Listen, *Charinus*, to what I am going to say—For a man to make a merit of any thing, as if he oblig'd another, when he only does what is agreeable to himself, I look upon it as unworthy the character of a gentleman, or a man of honour; and will therefore frankly tell you, you don't more eagerly desire your marriage with *Philumena*, than I do to get off of it.

Cb. My dear friend, you have given me new life.

Pa. If you then, or *Byrrhia* here, can do any thing; feign, pretend, invent what you please to get her, and I will cordially give you my assistance, that I may get clear of her.

Cb. Sir, I am perfectly satisfy'd.

Pa. Here comes *Davus* in good time; for I depend upon his assistance.

Cb. But you, you rascal, are of no use, but to tell me such things as I don't want to know. Begone.

By. That I will, with all my heart. [*Exit Byr.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Charinus, Pamphilus, Davus.

Da. Bless my heart, what a budget of good news I have! But where shall I find *Pamphilus*? that I may free him of the terrors he now labours under, and set his mind at ease.

Ch. *Davus* seems to be vastly glad at something, I know not what it is.

Pa. No; there is nothing in it: he does not yet know any thing of this.

Da. For if he has got notice of this marriage——

Ch. Do you hear what he says?

Da. I doubt not but he is running up and down the whole town in quest of me. But where shall I first go look for him? or whither direct my course?—

Ch. Why don't you speak to him?——

Da. Well, I'll be gone from this——

Pa. Here, *Davus*, stop.

Da. Who is this that?——O *Pamphilus*, you are the very person I was looking for!——What, and *Charinus* too! you are the two persons I wanted to see.

Pa. *Davus*, I am a lost man!

Da. Hear what I am to tell you.

Pa. I am utterly ruin'd!

Da. I know what you are in dread of.

Pa. As for me, my life is not worth a week's purchase.

Da. And I know too what disturbs you.

Pa. I am to be married.

Da. I know it.

Pa. Ay, but this very day.

Da. You will keep plaguing of me, tho' I know the whole——In short, one of you is afraid he should not be married, and the other that he should.

Pa. That is the very case.

Da. And there is no manner of danger all the while, I'll answer for it.

Pa. Relieve me then as soon as possible from this anxiety.

Da. I will. I tell you, *Chremes* does not at present intend to give you his daughter.

Pa.

Pa. How come you to know that?

Da. I know it very well—Just now I met your father: He said to me you were to be married to-day, and a deal more, that I have not now time to repeat. Upon which, I ran to the *Change*, thinking to meet you, and acquaint you of this. As I could not find you there, I went up into one of the highest places I could find, and look'd about me; but could see nothing of you. I saw *Byrrhia* his servant, who could give me no account of you. I was vex'd at this, and thinking what I should do, upon my return back, there came a suspicion into my head all at once. What, thinks I with myself, there is no sort of preparation for an entertainment; besides, the old gentleman looks grave; and this mention of the marriage is very sudden: I don't think these circumstances hang well together.

Pa. Well, and what then? what of all this?

Da. I went immediately towards *Chremes's* house; when I came there, I saw no stir or bustle; and that pleas'd me much.

Pa. Now I begin to understand you. Go on.

Da. There I waited some time, saw no one go in, or come out; no bridemaids; no appearance of any hurry: for I came up to the house, and look'd in.

Pa. Very good; this looks well.

Da. Do these things, think you, look as if a wedding was intended?

Pa. No indeed, *Davus*, I think not.

Da. Think, say you! you don't understand the matter; the thing is as clear as noon-day. Besides, as I was coming away, I met *Chremes's* boy from market, with as much fish for the old gentleman's dinner, as might have cost, perhaps, a penny.

Ch. By your means, *Davus*, I am this day made happy.

Da. No indeed; but you are not.

Ch. How so? He certainly does not intend his daughter for your master.

Da. And what then, you fool? Does it follow because of that, that he will give her to you? I tell you, unless you are diligent, and go about soliciting and
begging

begging the favour of all concerned, you'll not be a whit nearer the mark.

Ch. Why, you say true, and I'll set about it; tho' I have often try'd the same thing already to no purpose. Well, your servant. [Exit Charinus.]

SCENE III.

Pamphilus. Davus.

Pa. What then do you think my father intends? Why does he make as if I was to be married?

Da. I'll tell you, Sir, what he has in view by it: Should he be angry with you upon *Chremes's* refusing you his daughter, he knows very well that would be wrong; and for this reason, because he has not yet founded your inclinations upon that head: But, should you refuse to marry her, the blame will lie with you, and then we shall have fine doings.

Pa. What! would you have me consent and agree to this proposal?

Da. Why, consider, *Pamphilus*, he is, in the first place, your father, and besides, a man not to be tamper'd with: this young lady of your's is destitute of all friends; and he has authority enough in *Athens* to have her, on some pretence or other, banished the city.

Pa. Banish'd!

Da. Ay, and will do it quickly too.

Pa. What do you then advise me to do?

Da. Tell him you consent to the marriage.

Pa. How!

Da. What's the matter with you?

Pa. Me to give my consent!

Da. Why not?

Pa. 'Tis what I'll never agree to.

Da. Don't be obstinate.

Pa. Talk no more to me on that head.

Da. You don't foresee the consequences.

Pa. Yes I do; I shall be married to one I hate, and for ever separated from her I love.

Da. You are widely mistaken; for suppose your father says, *Pamphilus*, I intend you shall be married to-day, and you answer you are content; pray what pretence do you leave him of being displeased with you?

By

By this means, you will make every thing secure, and disconcert all his schemes, without any danger to yourself; for it is a thing you may fully depend upon, that *Chremes* will never give his daughter to you; nor would I have you, notwithstanding what you may say to your father, correspond any thing the less with *Glycerium*, because, perhaps, in that case, *Chremes* may change his mind. The hopes you feed yourself with, that so long as you live in this manner, your father will find no one that will give his daughter to you: these expectations, I say, are chimerical; he'll find a wife for you, if she is not worth a groat, rather than allow you to go on at this rate; but if he sees you are indifferent in the matter, you will make him careless, nor will he be in such a hurry to look out a wife for you; and in the mean time something favourable may happen.

Pa. Are you really of this opinion?

Da. I am seriously.

Pa. Well, take care you do not bring me into a scrape.

Da. Make yourself quiet and easy.

Pa. I'm resolv'd then to follow your advice. But I desire it may be carefully concealed from him my having a child by *Glycerium*; for I have promised to bring it up.

Da. Have you indeed? I think it is boldly ventured.

Pa. She made me give her my promise I would, as a pledge of my not forsaking her.

Da. Well, that shall be look'd after. But here comes your father: appear chearful, and don't let him perceive you anywise uneasy.

S C E N E IV.

Simon, Davus, Pamphilus.

Si. I am come back to see what they are about, and how they design to act.

Da. Now does he think himself sure you will refuse him, and has been secretly devising with himself what he shall say, in order to disconcert you; therefore be compos'd, and lose not your presence of mind.

Pa. I'll do as well as I can, *Davus*.

Da. Take my word for it, that you will not have one angry word from him this day, if you tell him you are willing to marry ———

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Enter Byrrhus.

By. My master has order'd me to leave every thing else and come hither, to learn how *Pamphilus* behaves in this affair of his marriage; and upon that account I have followed the old gentleman hither; I see *Pamphilus* along with *Dawns*; and will therefore endeavour to know what they are about.

Si. I see they are both together.

Da. Now, take care.

Si. *Pamphilus*.

Da. Turn about, as if you had not seen him.

Pa. What! is it you, Sir?

Da. Very well perform'd!

Si. I intend you shall be married to-day, as I mentioned already.

By. Now for his answer to this. How I tremble for my poor master!

Pa. Sir, in that, and in every thing else, you shall find me ever obedient to your will.

By. How's this!

Da. You find he says not so much as one word—

By. What was that he said?

Si. My son, you behave like yourself, when you shew your obedience to my will with so good a grace.

Da. Am not I a prophet?

By. As far as I can gather, my master may look out for another spouse.

Si. Walk into the house then, that you may be in the way when you are wanted.

Pa. I'm a-going, Sir.

By. Is there then no such thing as faith to be put in any man? I find the common saying is true, *Every man for himself, and God for us all*—Tho', indeed, I remember to have seen this same *Philumena*, and a likely wench she is; so that, in the main, I think *Pamphilus* is excuseable, if he would rather have her for a bed-fellow himself, than part with her to another. However, I must return, and shall meet, I suppose, with a suitable reception for these good tidings.

Exit Byr.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Simo, Davus.

Da. Now does he imagine I have some trick to play him, and that I stay here for that purpose.

Si. What is this *Davus* says?

Da. Nothing now, Sir, any more than formerly.

Si. What, nothing! I'm surpris'd at that.

Da. Nothing at all, Sir.

Si. I imagin'd you had something to talk to me about.

Da. I know he's disappointed, and that vexes him.

[Aside.

Si. Do you think you can answer me with sincerity what I ask of you?

Da. The easiest thing in the world, Sir.

Si. Tell me then, if my son's connection with his foreign mistress makes him uneasy at this proposal of marriage?

Da. Not in the least; or, if it did, it would last but for two or three days, you know, and then it would all be over; for his reflections upon the matter are extremely just.

Si. I'm vastly glad to hear it.

Da. Whilst his age and his time of life afforded some excuse for intrigues of that kind, he did as other young gentlemen do; but then with as much privacy as possible, for he preserv'd always that regard to outward decency, which every man of character ought to maintain. But now that you think it proper for him to marry, he has brought his mind to that way of life.

Si. I don't know how; but he seem'd, I think, to me, to look somewhat grave upon it.

Da. Not upon that account, I assure you; but you have chagrin'd him a little.

Si. In what?

Da. 'Tis not worth mentioning.

Si. But what is it?

Da. A mere trifle.

Si. Whatever it is, I desire I may know.

Da. Why then, he says, he thinks you too frugal upon this occasion.

Si. Who? that I am!

Da.

Da. Yes, that you are. My father, says he, has hardly laid out half-a-crown upon this occasion; and is that a way of celebrating his son's wedding? Whom now of all my acquaintance or companions can I invite to come and be merry with me? And indeed, Sir, if I may be so bold, I think you are rather too sparing; I must say, I cannot justify you in that particular.

Si. Hold your tongue, firrah.

Da. I have touch'd him on the fore part.

Si. I'll take care every thing of that kind is done properly. What can be the meaning of all this? That rascal has certainly something going on that I don't yet find out; for, if there is mischief a-hatching, beyond all doubt he is at the bottom of it. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Myfis, Simo, Davus, Lesbia, Glycerium.

Myfis.

INDEED it is even as you say, *Lesbia*; not one man in a hundred is faithful to a woman.

Si. She belongs to *Glycerium*; don't she?

Da. Yes, Sir.

My. But as for this gentleman *Pamphilus*——

Si. What does she say?

My. He has acted the part of a man of honour——

Si. How?

Da. Would to God he was deaf, or she dumb.

My. For he has order'd the child she is in labour with to be brought up.

Si. O heavens! what is this I hear? 'Tis past recovery, if what she says be true.

Le. You mention an instance of a good worthy gentleman.

My. O, a most excellent one! But walk into the house, that you may be at hand.

Le. I'll follow you.

Da. What remedy shall I find to this cross accident?

Si. What is this I hear? Has he gone so far as even to have a child with this unknown stranger? But now I have

have found it out. What a dunce was I not to perceive it sooner?

Da. What is this he has found out now?

Si. Yes, this is the first beginning of their plot; they pretend she is with child to my son, that they may deter *Chremes* from giving his daughter.

Gly. *Juno Lucina!* Help, I beseech thee; and have mercy upon me.

Si. O so! What, so soon! This is merry enough; they no sooner hear of my being before the door, but her pains come upon her. I don't think, *Davus*, you have tim'd this quite right.

Da. Who I, Sir!

Si. You don't seem to take pains enough with your pupils.

Da. I know not what you talk of.

Si. What a rogue's trick would this fellow have served me, had I really intended a marriage for my son? Now 'tis at their own peril. I am safe in port.

SCENE II.

Lesbia, Archillis, Simo, Davus.

Le. I see nothing yet but the usual symptoms, and all very good——Get her bath'd first of all, and then give her what quantity I have ordered of that draught. I shall be here again presently. Upon my word, *Pamphilus* has got a rare boy; God grant he may live and do well, as his father is so good a gentleman, and has behav'd so honourably to this young lady. [*Exit Lesbia.*]

Si. Now, *Davus*, is there any man who knows ever so little of you? Who would not immediately see that you was at the bottom of all this?

Da. What do you mean, Sir.

Si. This woman would not give her orders about the lying-in woman within doors; no, but as she got out, makes a bawling in the streets—Have I fallen so low with you, that I should be thought so easy and credulous a dupe for you to play upon? You should at least have done things more cleverly, and kept up my credit so far, as to have seem'd to be afraid I should find it out.—

Da. Come, at this time, thank God he's out, and not I.

Si.

Si. Did I not speak to you before hand, and even threaten you? Yet have you shew'd no signs of fear; I might as well have held my tongue; do you suppose me such a fool as to believe that this woman is brought to bed of a child to my son?

Da. Now I perceive where this mistake lies, I know my cue.

Si. Why don't you speak?

Da. What need you talk of believing, as if these things were not told you long e'er now?

Si. Who ever spoke to me of any such thing?

Da. O then, you have found it out yourself, that it was all a sham.

Si. The fellow laughs at me to my face.

Da. I say you was told of it, otherwise how could such a suspicion enter into your head?

Si. 'Twas enough that I knew you.

Da. That is as much as to say, this is a contrivance of mine.

Si. Nay, I am sure of it.

Da. It grieves me to find I should have lived so long with you, and you so far mistaken in me.

Si. Mistaken in you?

Da. If I do but offer to speak, you immediately suspect my sincerity.

Si. And I am much in the wrong, no doubt.

Da. So that, in short, I am afraid to open my mouth.

Si. One thing I am convinced of, there has been no woman in labour here.

Da. Do you think so? Yet for all that, you'll have a child brought to your door.—This I give you fair warning of, as what you are to expect, that you may not say, when the thing happens, it was done by my contrivance. I desire nothing so earnestly as that you should have quite another notion of me.

Si. And how came you to know this?

Da. I heard something of it, and believe it to be true; and there are many concurring circumstances make me suspect it—first of all they gave out she was with child to *Pamphilus*. That has proved a falshood—Now that they find his marriage going forward, immediately
a mid-

a midwife is sent for to come and bring a child along with her; for unless this is done, and that you see a child brought to your door, they are sure they cannot otherwise break off this match.

Si. And pray when you knew this, why did you not immediately acquaint *Pamphilus*?

Da. And pray who else but me was the occasion of his breaking off from her? For it is well known he was desperately in love with her, and now he wants to be married—but leave the rest to me; and do you continue to make the necessary preparations for these nuptials, and heavens assist you in your endeavours.

Si. Go in and wait for me; and get ready what is necessary. [Exit Davus.]

Si. I don't put an implicit faith in every thing he says, nor am I certainly convinced of the truth of what he has told me; but, be that as it will, I am little concerned. What's more than all to me is the promise my son has given me; so that I will go immediately to *Chremes*, and endeavour to get his consent; and if I obtain that, I see no hindrance to the marriage being celebrated this very day; for I have now no scruple but that I may with justice oblige my son to keep his word with me, should he shew an inclination to go back from it. And here comes *Chremes* very opportunely.

S C E N E III.

Si. *Chremes*, your most humble servant.

Chr. You are the very man I was looking for.

Si. And I wanted much to see you.

Chr. Then we have met very seasonably. Some people have told me, they heard from you, that my daughter was this day to be married to your son. Now I am come to you upon that account, to know who are the fools, you or they.

Si. Be so good as hear me a little while, and I will inform you of what you want to know, and what I have to ask of you.

Ch. Sir, With all my heart, say on.

Si. Then, *Chremes*, I do most earnestly beseech you, for Heaven's sake, and by the friendship which has continued hitherto uninterrupted betwixt us from our child-

childhood ; for the sake of your own only child, and for the sake of my son, whom it is in your power alone to save from destruction ; I beg you will be my friend in a matter of the last consequence, and that this match, which was agreed on betwixt us, may not be broke off.

Ch. There is no occasion for such earnest entreaty, nor is it a thing you need at all beg as a favour ; you don't imagine, sure, that I am otherwise dispos'd now, than I was when I first propos'd it ; if it is consistent with the good of both, you may at any time depend upon me ; but if, on the contrary, more ill than good be like to result from it, I hope you will have regard to both ; and act as if my child was yours, and I the father of your son.

Si. That is the very thing I wish for, and all I ask, of you ; nor would I propose what I do now, if I did not think the present situation of things made it agreeable.

Ch. What is the matter now ?

Si. My son and his mistress are fallen out.

Ch. O, to be sure.

Si. And the difference between them is so great, that I have reason to believe he has done with her.

Ch. A very likely story.

Si. But, I assure you, it is fact.

Ch. I'll tell you how far it is fact. These differences between lovers generally become the cements of a stronger affection.

Si. Well then, let us in time prevent it, and take him now just at the time he is sower'd, and give him a wife before they have time to use their arts, and by their false tears get the better of his weakness. — There is great reason to hope, that his being married to a lady of merit, will entirely reclaim him from these vicious courses.

Ch. You may hope so, but I am of opinion that neither he would continue to live with my daughter, nor would I suffer her to be with a man who lives such a life.

Si. But how can you know, without you make a trial ?

Ch. Sir, I thank you. 'Tis rather too much to make that trial at the expence of my child.

C

Si. Why

Si. Why the whole of the danger amounts to this ; if it should come to the extremity, (as God forbid) that then they part ; on the other hand, if he is reclaim'd, the advantages are many ; you restore to your friend a child, you procure to yourself a son-in-law, and to your daughter such a husband as you desire.

Ch. What is all this to say ? If you are so much persuaded that it will be for the best, I will not stand in the way of what may contribute to your happiness.

Si. I return my thanks, *Chremes*, and find I have reason to look upon you as my best friend.

Ch. But then as to what you was saying.—

Si. What?

Ch. How do you know they have quarrell'd.

Si. *Davus*, who is the confident of all their secrets, told me so himself ; and desired me to hasten the marriage as much as I could. Now do you think he would do so, if he was not sure that it is agreeable to my son ? You shall hear yourself what he says. Call *Davus*. O ! but here he is, I see him coming.

S C E N E. IV.

Da. I was coming to you, Sir.

Si. About what?

Da. Why is not the lady sent for, it now begins to draw towards evening ?

Si. Do you hear what he says ? Why, *Davus*, I must tell you, I was till now afraid that you had been as other servants for the most part are, and had a mind to deceive me, as my son was engaged with another woman.

Da. Who, I ? Suspect me of any such thing !

Si. I did believe it, and upon that account, kept as a secret what I am now to tell you.

Da. What ?

Si. You shall hear, for I begin now almost to put some confidence in you.

Da. I am glad you know me at last for what I am.

Si. This marriage of my son was not intended.

Da. How ? Not intended ?

Si. No ; I only pretended it, that I might see how you would behave.

Da. What is this you tell me ?

Si. It

Si. It is as I say.

Da. Lord help us all ; this is what I never could have fathomed. What a deep laid plot it was !

Si. Well, but hear me ; after I had desired you to go in, I luckily met with *Chremes*.

Da. Mercy on me ! all is not ruin'd, I hope.

Si. And mentioned to him what you had been telling me.

Da. What is this I hear ?

Si. I beg'd him to give his daughter, and with great difficulty have obtain'd my request.

Da. Ruin'd past redemption.

Si. What is it you say ?

Da. O ! I say, it was vastly lucky.

Si. Now he is ready to comply, when we will.

Ch. I'll step home to give the necessary orders, and when every thing is ready will send you word.

Si. Now, *Davus*, let me beg of you, as I am obliged to you alone for effecting this marriage——

Da. To me alone indeed.

Si. That you will use your farther endeavours to reclaim your young master.

Da. O ! I'll use my endeavours.

Si. You have a fine opportunity now while the humour lasts.

Da. Make yourself easy upon that head.

Si. Set about it then ; but where is he ?

Da. I fancy he's at home.

Si. I'll go and let him know this I have told you.

Da. I am no longer a man of this world, nor can I see any prospect but setting out immediately for the house of correction ; for I can have no pretence for prayers and supplications. I have thrown every thing into irretrievable confusion. I have deceived my master, and at the same time fix'd *Pamphilus* to a marriage he will this day be obliged to, against his will, and contrary to his expectations ; when all things would have been quiet, could I have been so too. Such are the effects of my wise head ; but here he is, I see him coming out. Lord take pity on me. I wish there

was any place here I could jump from and break my neck.

SCENE V.

Pamphilus, Davus.

Pa. Where is this rascal, that has plung'd me into this abyss of misery?

Da. Heavens shield me!

Pa. But I own I richly deserved it, for being so weak and silly as to trust my life and fortune to a pitiful fellow of a servant, and am accordingly rewarded for my folly; but if I live he shall not escape——

Da. If I get my neck out of this noose, I shall afterwards set all danger at defiance.

Pa. For what can I now say to my father? Can I deny him in the same breath that I have promised him? How can I now look him in the face, and do such a thing? So that what to do with myself, I know not.

Da. Nor, I am sure, do I know what to do with myself, tho' I am most seriously thinking about the matter. I'll go tell him that I'll find out some expedient or other to procure some small delay.

Pa. O you.

Da. He sees me.

Pa. Come hither, Sir, and let me know what you say for yourself? Do you see what a dilemma I am brought into by your contrivances?—

Da. But I'll get you out of them presently.

Pa. You get me out of them!

Da. You may depend upon it.

Pa. Ay, as you have done now.

Da. No, better I hope.

Pa. What, do you think I shall trust any more to you, you rascal? You are a proper one indeed to set affairs to right, when they are perplex'd. When I was easy, I have got my self all at once embroil'd in a marriage, by your means——And did I not tell you what would happen?

Da. You did.

Pa. And what do you deserve?

Da. The gallows. But give me a little time to recover. I'll think of something presently.

Pa. I

Pa. I wish only I could make an example of you instantly, as you deserve—But at present I must employ my time in taking care of my self and not chastizing you.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Charinus, Pamphilus and Davus.

Charinus.

IS it to be conceived or imagined, that the mind of any man should be so turn'd as to rejoice in the misfortunes of others, and build his own happiness on their misery? Could one think such people did exist? And of all sorts of men, they are the worst, who, when you ask them any thing, are afraid of denying you; but when the time comes of making good their promises, and they find themselves obliged to be open with you, tho' they are then afraid of looking you in the face, necessity forces them to throw aside all sense of shame. Who are you? What have I to do with you? Why should you think I would wrong myself for you? Am I not to take care of my self preferable to another? And if you upbraid them with breach of honour, they seem lost to all sense of such reproach: So that on occasions when every man ought to throw aside reserve, then they are bashful; and when a man of honour would blush, then they are quite insensible.—But what course must I take? Shall I go and expostulate with him on the wrong he has done me? Indeed I have enough to upbraid him with; but then shall I be the better for that? Yes; I shall at least ease my own mind so far as to let him know I am sensible how basely he has used me.

Pa. *Charinus*, unless some assistance from heaven intervenes, I have unwarily ruin'd you and myself.

Ch. Unwarily too; so I find you have your excuse prepar'd. Yes, Sir, you have kept your word with me.

Pa. What is it you mean?

Ch. Would you amuse me with pretences too?

Pa. Sir, I don't understand you.

Cb. When I told you I was in love with *Philumena*, then she became agreeable to you.—How unfortunate I am in having judg'd of you by myself?

Pa. Sir, you wrong me by your suspicions.

Cb. Was it not enough you should marry my mistress, but must you feed me too with imaginary hopes, and sport with my passion? Well, I wish you joy of her.

Pa. Joy of her? Alas, you know not how wretched I am, and into what labyrinths of misery this fellow of mine has led me.

Cb. It is natural for a servant to follow the example of his master.

Pa. You would not talk so, if you knew me, or how distractedly I am in love with another.

Cb. O yes, I know very well you have had words with your father, because he could not prevail upon you to marry *Philumena*, and he is now angry with you on that very account.

Pa. Nay, to shew you how great my distress is, this marriage was not in fact design'd, nor was any wife intended for me.

Cb. I understand you, you was forced to it by the violence of your own inclinations.

Pa. Hold, Sir, you don't know yet the state of the affair.

Cb. I know one thing—you are to be married to her.

Pa. Why do you interrupt and teaze me so? I tell you this fellow never left off begging, praying and urging me, till he prevail'd upon me to say to my father that I would marry her.

Cb. Who did so?

Pa. Why *Davus* here.

Cb. *Davus*?

Pa. Ay, 'twas all owing to him.

Cb. And why?

Pa. I know not. Only my evil genius got the better of me when I followed his advice.

Cb. Did you this, *Davus*?

Da. I did, Sir.

Cb. And I wish you was hang'd for your pains.—Why, you rascal, suppose all the enemies he has had

combined to draw him into a scrape, what other advice but this could they have given him?

Da. I am deceiv'd I own, but not discouraged.

Ch. O to be sure.

Da. As this has not succeeded, I must go to work some other way, unless you imagine, perhaps, that because this has failed, there is no other way of remedying this evil.

Pa. Nay, I doubt not but if you set your brains at work, instead of this one marriage, you may load me with a couple.

Da. It is my duty, as I am your slave, to do every thing in my power, by night or by day, and even to hazard my life for your service: But, on the other hand, if things happen otherwise than can be expected, you ought to forgive me — What I do, I do from a good intention, tho' it may not succeed; or if you think another can do it better, take it out of my hands.

Pa. With all my heart, only leave me as you found me.

Da. I will do so.

Pa. But my situation requires it being done instantly.

Da. I think I hear the door of *Glycerium's* house open.

Pa. Well, and what of that?

Da. I am thinking.

Pa. Have you begun to do that at last?

Da. Come, I'll do the business yet.

S C E N E II.

Myfis, Pamphilus, Charinus and Dædus.

My. My dear soul, ly quiet and don't vex yourself; I'll find your *Pamphilus*, wherever he be, and he shall come to you.

Pa. *Myfis.*

My. O *Pamphilus*, I am glad I have met with you.

Pa. What is the matter?

My. My mistress begs, if you have any regard for her, you will come to her; for she wants of all things to see you.

Pa. Alas! the miseries of my present situation overwhelm me more and more—that she and I both should be render'd so miserable, and all by this fellow's

means! For I suppose that is what she wants me for, she has heard of this affair of my being to be married.

Ch. And how quiet every thing might have been, if he had kept from meddling.

Da. You're a fine gentleman indeed; as if he was not mad enough himself without your help, so you must make him worse.

My. Indeed that is the very case, it is upon that account her poor heart is like to break.

Pa. *Myfis*, I here solemnly swear by every deity in heaven, I never will abandon her; no, not if I were certain I should make all mankind my foes. She is the wife of my own choice and affection—I have got her—Our tempers suit each other—and adieu to all who would endeavour a separation. Death alone shall part us.

My. You hear my drooping spirits.

Pa. You may depend upon the truth of it, as surely as on the Delphick oracle. If it can be brought about, that I get clear of this marriage without my father's thinking it is owing to me, I shall be extremely glad; but, if that cannot be, I will do what is always in my power, flatly refuse it. Now, Sir, what think you of me?

Ch. Why that you are as wretched as I.

Da. I am now thinking what is to be done.

Ch. That is right; I know what you're upon.

Da. Come, I'll execute this for you, I warrant.

Pa. But something must be done immediately.

Da. It shall be done instantly.

Ch. What is it?

Da. Don't mistake, Sir, it is upon his account not yours.

Ch. O Sir, I am satisfied.

Pa. Let me know what you intend.

Da. I am afraid the rest of the day will be scarcely sufficient to put it in execution; so that I have no time left for talking. Therefore get away both of you, for you are a hindrance to me.

Pa. I'll go see my *Glycerium*.

Da. And

Da. And what becomes of you ; where do you dispose of your self ?

Ch. Would you have me tell you the truth ?

Da. Why he's beginning a long story to me.

Ch. What shall I do ?

Da. Can't you be satisfied that I give you even part of a day longer to look about you, whilst I retard his marriage ?

Ch. But yet, *Davus*.

Da. What now ?

Ch. Do, contrive that I may have her.

Da. Nonsense.

Ch. If you can do any thing, come and let me know.

Da. What do you talk of my coming, I can do nothing for you.

Ch. But if you should.

Da. Well, I'll come then.

Ch. If any thing should happen, I shall be at home.

Da. *Myfis*, do you wait a little here, till I come out.

My. For what ?

Da. Because there is occasion for it.

My. Make haste then.

Da. I shall be here in an instant.

S C E N E III.

Myfis, sola.

True it is that there is no good in this world without some mixture of evil.---Good God, who would not think that this *Pamphilus* was the greatest blessing my mistress could have, a friend, a lover, a husband, and one she could depend on in all exigencies ; and yet see what anxiety she suffers on his account. In short, the uneasiness on one hand, in my opinion, over-balances the pleasure on the other. But here comes *Davus*.—Bless me, what is the meaning of this ? Whither are you carrying the child ?

S C E N E IV.

Da. Now, *Myfis*, I stand in need of your assistance in this affair. You must exert all your parts and dexterity.

My. What is it you are about ?

Da. Take the child from me immediately, and lay it before our door.

My. Not on the ground, I hope.

Da. You may take some herbs off this altar, and lay under it.

My. And why don't you this yourself?

Da. That I may be able with a safe conscience, if the old gentleman ask me, to swear I did not do it.

My. O, I understand you. But how long, pray, have you been troubled with these qualms of conscience?

Da. Come, make haste, that I may let you know what I want further with you.—O *Jupiter*!

My. What's the matter.

Da. Here comes the bride's father. I'll alter my scheme from what I first intended.

My. I know not what you are talking of.

Da. I'll make as if I was coming this way from the right; and be sure you observe what I say, and make as proper answers as you can.

My. I understand not one bit of what your are about; but, if you think I can be of any manner of service to you, as you know better than I, I'll stay with all my heart, to give you what assistance I can.

S C E N E V.

Ch. I am now return'd, after having made the necessary preparations for my daughter's nuptials, that I may order her to be sent for. But what's this here? Upon my word, a fine boy; did you, woman, lay down this child here?

My. Where is *Davus* gone?

Ch. Why don't you answer me?

My. What shall I do, I can see him no where.

Da. Bless me, what a crowd there is at market? And what a bustle the people make; besides, provisions of all sorts are monstrously dear. And now I have finished my speech.

My. How came you to leave me so, all alone?—

Da. Hey-day, what's here to do? Why, what child is this? Who brought it here?

My. Are you mad, to ask me such questions.

Da. Whom else should I ask, for I see nobody here but you.

Ch. I wonder whence this child comes.

Da. Won't

Da. Won't you please to answer me what I ask you ?

My. I am so confounded—

Da. Step to the right hand, a little this way.

My. You're out of your wits, sure. Did not you bring it here yourself ?

Da. Say not one word of more than only to answer me properly the questions I ask you.

My. You put a hard task upon me.

Da. To whom belongs this child.——Answer me aloud. *(Aside to her.)*

My. Why to you.

Da. Ha, ha, he, a pretty story truly.——But it is no wonder if such baggages carry their impudence to any height.

Ch. I am mistaken if this woman does not belong to the *Andrian*.

Da. And could you find none else to play your tricks upon but us ?

Ch. I think I came here just in the nick of time.

Da. Come, away with this bantling from our door.——Hold ; don't move it an inch. *(Aside to her.)*

My. I pray God confound you, for putting any poor creature into such a flutter.

Da. Don't you hear what I say to you, or not ?

My. What do you want ?

Da. Have I not told you ? Whose is that child you have laid before our door ? Tell me instantly.

My. As if you did not know.

Da. Don't trouble your head with what I know, answer me what I ask you.

My. Why it is yours.

Da. Yours, what do you mean by yours ?

My. Why *Pamphilus's*.

Da. What, my master ?

My. How now, you rogue, would you deny it ?

Ch. I think I had good reason all along to get clear of this marriage.

Da. O the impudence of the hussy !

My. What do you make such a bawling about ?

Da. So this is the brat, I saw carried into your lodgings last night.

My. You audacious rogue.

Da. It is a truth. I saw with my own eyes that old woman *Canthara* carrying it in a basket.

My. What a mercy it is we had women of credit present at the delivery.

My. But you are mistaken in the man you think to chouse by this trick. You think, I warrant, that if *Chremes* saw this child here, he would refuse to give his daughter; but he would do it so much the rather.

Cb. Hold there, my friend, you reckon without your host.

Da. If you don't therefore take this child away immediately, I'll throw it into the kennel, and tumble you in the dirt along with it.

My. You are certainly mad or drunk.

Da. But one piece of roguery generally follows another, for I am told you give out, that she's a citizen of *Athens*.

Cb. What's this?

Da. And that the laws will oblige him to marry her.

My. Why, you rascal, and is she not a citizen?

Cb. I find I had like to brought myself into a pleasant sort of scrape.

Da. Who is this speaks? O *Chremes*, you come most seasonably. Hear me, what I am to tell you.

Cb. I have already heard every thing.

Da. What, have you?

Cb. I tell you, I have heard the whole from the very beginning.

Da. Have you indeed? Then you see how far they have dar'd to carry the matter.—As for this jade, she ought to be made an example of immediately. This is a gentleman not to be put upon by such a minx as you; 'tis not me, a poor servant, you have to deal with.

My. Woes me! indeed, good Sir, I have said nothing but the truth.

Cb. I am satisfied; but is *Simo* within?

Da. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Chremes.*

Davus taking *Myfis* about the neck.

My. Don't touch me, you rascal, don't, I say. My mistress shall know of this.

Da. Why, you fool, you know not the meaning of all this.

My. How should I?

Da. This is our bride's father. And we could have found no other method to let him into the secret of what we wanted him to know.

My. Then you ought to have told me.

Da. Oh no; 'twas better to leave you to the workings of nature, you would not have done half so well had you been tutor'd.

SCENE VI.

Crito, Myfis, Davus.

Cr. I am told this is the street *Chrysis* lived in; she who chose rather to acquire wealth here at the price of her virtue, than to live poor and honest in her own country; and as she is dead, I am heir at law to what she has left.—But I see some people whom I will ask.—Your servant.

My. Dear me, who is this I see? Is not this *Crito*, *Chrysis*'s kinsman? 'Tis, to be sure.

Cr. *Myfis*, how do you do?

My. O *Crito*, your servant.

Cr. Well, *Myfis*, is my cousin dead?

My. Ay, and has left us in a miserable way.

Cr. Why, how do matters go with you? How do you live? Are affairs all right?

My. Why, Sir, as the saying is, we do as we may, since we can't as we would.

Cr. And how does *Glycerium*? Has she found out, yet, her parents?

My. I wish she had.

Cr. What has she not found them yet? Then, I'm sure, I have no business at *Athens*; had I known that, I should never have set a foot here.—For this girl was always believ'd to be *Chrysis*'s sister; indeed she passed for such, and is now in possession of what she has left; and the example of others sufficiently warn me how foolish and dangerous it would be to enter into a law-suit in a strange country. I fancy, too, she has, by this time, found some friend and protector, for she was almost a woman when she left her own country. People would call me a litigious knave, a fellow that wanted to trick others out

out of their lawful inheritance.—Besides, I would not strip the poor girl of the little she has.

My. O *Crito*, you are a good man, I find you are still the same.

Cr. Come, as I am here, shew me the way, I'll go see her.

My. If you please, Sir,

Da. I'll go along with them, for I don't want our old gentleman to see me at present.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Chremes, Simo.

Ch. **N**O, *Simo*, I have shewn friendship to you enough in all reason, and have run a sufficient risk ; you should not therefore press me any farther ; my complaisance to you has been carried so far, that I had almost sacrificed the life and happiness of my own child.

Si. But I do earnestly beseech you, that you will make effectual these promises and professions of friendship you lately made me.

Ch. How unjust and partial you are to your own inclinations ! You have neither reason nor moderation in your importunities, nor think of what you now ask ; for if you allowed yourself to reflect ever so little, you would not use me in this manner.

Si. Use you ? How do I use you ?

Ch. I am surprized you should ask that question. Did you not prevail upon me so far as to consent to give my daughter to your son, even when I knew him engaged to another woman, and averse to the match ; when I could not depend upon her being happy, or the marriage being of any long continuance ; that at the risk of her happiness and quiet I might be the means of reclaiming him.——This, I say, I consented to, when there was but any probability of things happening well ; now there is no probability, you ought to give over. They say the young woman is an *Athenian* born ;
besides,

besides, she has brought him a child ; so think no more of a marriage in my family.

Si. Dear Sir, I beg for God's sake, you would not listen to what they say, whose immediate interest it is to make my son appear as bad as possible ; for all these stories are trump'd up merely to hinder his marriage ; and when they see their views are frustrated, they will then give over.

Cb. But you are certainly wrong ; for I myself heard your servant *Davus* but just now disputing upon this account with her maid.

Si. I know it.

Cb. But in earnest ; for it was when none of them knew I was in hearing of them.

Si. I make no doubt of it, for *Davus* told me so, that he believed they would try this ; and I intended to have mentioned it to you to-day, and can't think how I came to forget it.

SCENE II.

Davus, Chremes, Simo.

Da. Now, ye may be all quiet and secure.

Cb. There is *Davus*.

Si. Whence comes he ?

Da. Myself and this stranger assure you of full protection.

Si. What a plague is all this ?

Da. The man is worth his weight in gold ; and never did any one come at a more seasonable juncture.

Si. Who is this the rascal is so delighted with ?

Da. Every thing now is out of all possibility of danger.

Si. I must speak to him.

Da. My master ! what shall I do ?

Si. O, your servant, good Sir.

Da. O ! *Simo*, and neighbour *Chremes* ; well, every thing is now ready.

Si. You have been very diligent.

Da. You may send for the young people when you please.

Si. Mighty well. That's the only thing remains now to be done, I suppose.

Cb. But

Ch. But heark'e you, Sir, what business had you there?

Da. Who, I?

Si. Yes, you!

Da. I?

Si. You, I say.

Da. I went in but just now.

Si. I don't ask you about the time, but what was your business.

Da. Attending your son, Sir,

Si. What, *Pamphilus* there? How I am tortured! Why, you dog you, did not you tell me but just now they had quarrelled?

Da. So they have.

Si. Then what business has he to be with her?

Ch. What business do you think? He has gone on purpose to scold a little.

Da. Why now, *Chremes*, I'll tell you a monstrous affair. There is a man, who he is I know not; but a shrewd and close old fellow he is. To see him, he appears a man of the greatest worth. There is, as it were, a settled authority in his looks, and his words seem to carry conviction.

Si. Well, and what of him?

Da. Nothing at all, only I heard him say—

Si. Say what?

Da. That he knew *Glycerium* to be a citizen of Athens.

Si. Here, *Dromo*, *Dromo*, come out.

Da. What is the matter.

Si. *Dromo*!

Da. Hear me, Sir.

Si. Let me hear but one syllable more from you.—

Dromo!

Da. I beseech you, Sir, let me speak.

Enter Dromo.

Dr. What is your pleasure, Sir,

Si. Take this fellow in, immediately.

Dr. Who?

Si. *Davus*.

Da. And why, pray?

Si. Pe-

Si. Because it is my pleasure—take him off, I say.

Da. What have I done?

Si. Away with him.

Da. If I have told one word of a lie, I'll be bound to suffer death.

Si. I'll hear nothing. Now, Sir, I'll nettle you in my turn.

Da. Tho' what I say be true.

Si. Yes, tho' it be.—Be sure you keep him up close; and, do you hear, let him be tied neck and heels. Come, if I live, I'll shew both of you what it is to impose upon a master and a father.

Ch. Don't, I beg of you, put yourself in such a passion.

Si. O my son! *Chremes*, don't you pity me, to take so much pains, and be under this anxiety for such a child? Come, *Pamphilus*, come. Come out, and let us see, if you have any remains of shame yet left.

SCENE III.

Pamphilus, Simo, Chremes.

Pa. Who wants me? heavens! it is my father.

Si. Well, now let us hear what you say for yourself.
—O you.—

Ch. Pray, Sir, what you have to say, say with calmness, and do not use harsh language.

Si. Can any language be too harsh for him? Well, Sir, this fine lady of yours is, then, a citizen of *Athens*, I find.

Pa. So they say, Sir.

Si. So they say, Sir! He is lost to all sense of shame, cares not what he does, nor shews any signs of remorse. You don't so much as see the least change in his countenance. Ah me! to have a son so abandon'd, who in defiance of the laws of his country, and the customs of his fellow-citizens, and in open disobedience to the commands of his father, would chuse to live with a woman, to the disgrace of himself and his family.

Pa. Woes me! how wretched I am.

Si. What, *Pamphilus*, have you found that out, at last?—No, 'twas then, when you gave such a loose to your vicious inclinations, when you determined to gratify them

them at any rate; then 'twas you became indeed a wretch. But, after all, what am I doing? Why should I vex and torment myself thus? Is it fitting I should suffer for him, or disquiet the peace of my old age on account of his folly? Have her, take her—I have done with you.

Pa. My father!

Si. My father! Yes, you deserve such a father. There's a family, children and wife—all, in spite of your father; and people stubborn'd to prove her a citizen too.—You have done heroically.

Pa. Sir, I beg I may be allowed to speak a few words.

Si. What can you say to me?

Ch. Nay, but pray hear him.

Si. Hear him, what should I hear?

Ch. But allow him to speak for himself.

Si. Well, let him.

Pa. That I am in love with this woman, I acknowledge; and if you think that a crime, I acknowledge that likewise. I give myself up entirely to your will and pleasure, lay what commands you please upon me, and I am ready to obey. If you insist upon my leaving her, and marrying another, I'll bear it the best I can. One thing only I beg of you, that you will not believe this old man was brought hither by my means; and that you will let me clear my self of this, and bring him before you.

Si. Bring him to me!

Pa. I do request this of you.

Ch. What he says is reasonable; you ought to grant him this.

Pa. Let me prevail upon you, Sir.

Si. Well, be it so. Any thing, *Chremes*, so I can be satisfy'd that I am not imposed upon by him.

Ch. Ay, a small matter obtains forgiveness from a parent to a child.

S.C.E.N.E IV.

Crito, Chremes, Simo, Pamphilus.

Cr. Sir, (to *Pamphilus*) you need use no intreaty—I would do it for your sake, or for the sake of truth, or out of regard to the young lady herself; any of these is a sufficient inducement to me.

Chr. Who

Chr. Who is this I see? *Crito* of *Andrus*. And 'tis the very same. *Crito*, your servant. What brings you to *Athens*, so great a stranger?

Cr. Why, I don't know, it has happened so; but is not this *Simo*?

Chr. Yes.

Si. Do you want me? 'Tis you, I suppose, who say that this *Glycerium* is a citizen of *Athens*.

Cr. Yes. And do you deny it?

Si. Do you come so well prepar'd, with your tale at your finger's ends?

Cr. What do you mean, Sir?

Si. Mean? Do you imagine you shall do such things here with impunity? Shall you corrupt the morals of young gentlemen, and take advantage of their youth, by debauching their minds, and affording them incentives to vice?

Cr. Is the man in his right senses?

Si. And be a coupler too, to procure husbands for harlots?

Pa. How I tremble! God grant he may hold out.

Chr. If you knew whom you have to do with, you would not talk in this manner. This man is a man of worth.

Si. He a man of worth? To come just at the time of this marriage, and never here before? Is such a man as that to be credited, *Chremes*?

Pa. Was I not afraid of my father, I could give a very good reason for his coming at this time.

Si. A fellow suborn'd—

Cr. How?

Chr. *Crito*, this is his way, don't mind him.

Cr. Nay let him mind himself; for if he goes on in any further abuse to me, he shall hear what he won't like. What have I to do with you or your son or his marriage? If any thing has happened cross in your family, what have other people to do with it? For as to what I say, the truth or falsity of it may easily be known.—A good while ago, a merchant was shipwreck'd on the isle of *Andrus*, and with him a young child;

child ; he, in his distress, happen'd to apply himself to *Chrysis's* father.

Si. Ay, he's beginning his story.

Cr. Am I to be thus interrupted ?

Ch. Go on, I beg of you.

Cr. This *Chrysis's* father was my relation, and assisted him in his extremity. And at that time I heard the man himself say he was an *Athenian* citizen. Soon after, he died.

Chr. His name pray !

Cr. His name, so soon. *Phania.*

Ch. Heavens !

Cr. I think I am certain he called himself *Phania* ; one thing I remember perfectly, he said he came from *Rhœmus*.

Ch. O *Jupiter* !

Cr. There are many, besides myself, in the isle of *Andrus*, who have heard the same.

Chr. And would to God what I hope may prove true. Pray tell me one thing, did he say the child was his own ?

Cr. No.

Ch. Whose then did he say she was ?

Cr. His brother's.

Ch. My own daughter, beyond all doubt.

Cr. How !

Si. What ? What did you say ?

Pa. Come, *Pamphilus*, this is worth your listening to.

Si. What makes you think so ?

Ch. This *Phania* was my own brother.

Si. I know it, I was acquainted with him.

Ch. At that time our country being the seat of a war, to avoid the troubles, he left it, followed me into *Asia*, and not thinking it safe to leave the child behind him, took her along with him. Since which, this is the first news I have heard of either of them.

Pa. I am almost besides myself ; and am distracted between fear, hope and joy, at this most surprising and unexpected piece of good fortune.

Si. Indeed, I am glad upon many accounts, that this lady of yours proves to be his daughter.

Pa. I believe it, Sir.

Chr. But.

Chr. But there is one circumstance I am not satisfied in, and what occasions still some doubt.

Pa. You are starting difficulties where there are none.

Cr. What is that, pray?

Cb. Why the name is not the same.

Cr. You are right; the child did go by another name.

Cb. What name, *Crito*? Can you remember it.

Cr. I'm thinking.

Pa. Yes, but I won't trust to your memory in what concerns me so much, when I can put you to rights myself.—Her name, *Chremes*, was then *Pasibula*.

Cb. 'Tis she.

Cr. Ay, the very same.

Pa. I have heard herself mention it a thousand times.

Si. I fancy, *Chremes*, you will easily believe we all wish you joy of this discovery.

Chr. I do believe it, from the bottom of my heart.

Pa. Well, Sir, have you any objections now?

Si. O none at all, son, we are now of one mind.

Pa. Thank you, Sir, and hope my good *Chremes* will let me continue in the possession of my wife.

Cb. O Sir, possession is the best plea in the world; if your father puts in no exception.

Pa. No, that he won't.

Si. No, no, you are all safe for me.

Cb. Her dowry, *Pamphilus*, is ten talents.

Pa. As to that, what you please, Sir.

Cb. Well, I must beg you pardon, and go see my child. Come, *Crito*, you must go along; for, I dare say, she will hardly know me.

Si. Well, but *Pamphilus*, why don't you send for your bride?

Pa. Sir, you very properly put me in mind of my duty; and I'll go give *Davus* orders about it immediately.

Si. He can't do it for you.

Pa. Why so?

Si. Because I believe he has got a very lawful impediment.

Pa. What is that?

Si. If

Si. If I am not mistaken, he lies tied neck and heels.

Pa. O Sir, that was not well done.

Si. I can't say as to that, but I am sure I order'd it to be well done.

Pa. Pray, Sir, give orders for his releasement.

Si. It shall be done.

Pa. But soon.

Si. I'm just going in.

Pa. What a joyous and happy day has this been!

S C E N E V.

Charinus, Pamphilus.

Ch. I am come out here to see how things go on with *Pamphilus*, and there he is——

Pa. People would not perhaps think that I myself believed what I am now going to say, but at this time I please myself with the thoughts of it. I look upon the immortality of the celestial deities to consist chiefly in that their pleasures are sincere without any alloy or mixture of misfortune; and I myself shall enjoy a small portion of immortality, if my present happiness meets with no interruption.—But now let me reflect whom I would most wish to see and impart this my joy.

Ch. What joy does he talk of?

Pa. And there comes *Davus*, whom I would wish before all others; for I am sure that poor fellow will partake in my good fortune with all his soul.

S C E N E VI.

Davus, Pamphilus, Charinus.

Da. Where is *Pamphilus*?

Pa. *Davus*.

Da. Who is that?

Pa. Why, 'tis I.

Da. O *Pamphilus*!

Pa. You know not, *Davus*, what has happen'd to me.

Da. No; but I very well know what has happen'd to myself.

Pa. And I too.

Da. That happens according to the way of the world, that you should know what ill has befallen me, sooner than I should know what good fortune has attended you.

Pa. My

Pa. My *Glycerium* has found out her parents:

Da. I am rejoiced to hear it.

Ch. How !

Pa. And her father is a most intimate friend of ours.

Da. Who is he ?

Pa. Why, *Chremes* himself.

Da. That is excellent indeed.

Pa. And there is now no manner of objection ; I shall be married to her immediately.

Ch. He has surely dreamt in his sleep, what he wish'd for when awake.

Pa. Then as to the boy, *Davus*—

Da. O ! ask no more about him—He'll be fortune's favourite.

Ch. I am happy if all this be true. I'll go speak to them.

Pa. Who is this ? O ! *Charinus*, you come just in the nick of time.

Ch. Sir, I wish you joy of your good fortune.

Pa. What, have you heard of it ?

Ch. I have, Sir, heard every thing ; and desire you will think of me in your prosperity. *Chremes* is now your own, and I am certain will do whatever you desire him.

Pa. Sir, I do think of you ; and think it will be too long for us to wait till he comes out, therefore come along with me to *Glycerium*, with whom he is ; and, *Davus*, do you go home, and get every thing ready for bringing her to our house. What do you stay for ? Why don't you make haste ?

Da. I am going this instant. (*to the audience*) You need not wait till they come out, for the affair of the marriage, and what else is to be done, will be transacted within doors.

The End of the Andrian.

Si. If I am not mistaken, he lies tied neck and heels.

Pa. O Sir, that was not well done.

Si. I can't say as to that, but I am sure I order'd it to be well done.

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Si. It shall be done.

Pa. But soon.

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Da. O *Pamphilus*!

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Da. No; but I very well know what has happen'd to myself.

Pa. And I too.

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Cb. I am happy if all this be true. I'll go speak to them.

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Pa. What, have you heard of it ?

Cb. I have, Sir, heard every thing ; and desire you will think of me in your prosperity. *Chremes* is now your own, and I am certain will do whatever you desire him.

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Da. I am going this instant. (*to the audience*) You need not wait till they come out, for the affair of the marriage, and what else is to be done, will be transacted within doors.

The End of the Andrian.

Mr. Glycerin has found the instrument.
De. I am rejoiced to hear it.
Co. How?
De. And his father is a most intimate friend of ours.
De. Why?
De. Why, Co. is himself.
De. That is excellent indeed.
De. And there is now no manner of objection; I shall
be married to her immediately.
Co. He has truly dreamt in his sleep, what he
wished for when awake.
De. Then as to the boy, I have
De. O! no more about him. I'll be father's
friend.
Co. I am happy if all this be true. I'll go speak to
him.
De. Who is that? O! Clever, you come just in the
nick of time.
Co. Sir, I wish you joy of your good fortune.
De. What have you heard of it?
De. I have, sir, heard every thing, and that you
will think of me in your gratitude. Clever is now
your own, and I am certain will do whatever you de-
termine him.
De. Sir, I do think of you; and think it will be too
long for us to wait till he comes out, therefore come along
with me to Clever, with whom he is; and Dea.
do you go home and get every thing ready for bringing
her to our house. What do you say for? Why don't
you make haste?
De. I am going this instant. (To the entrance.) You
need not wait till they come out, for the sake of the
marriage, and what else is to be done, will be man-
aged while George

63 JY 17

THE
EUNUCH:
A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
Feast of *CYBELE*,

WHEN

L. POSTHUMIUS ALBINUS, and L. CORNELIUS MERULA, were Curile *Ædiles*.

In the Consulship of

M. VALERIUS MESSALA, and
C. FANNIUS STRABO.

In the Year of ROME 592. and before
CHRIST 160.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Phædria,
Chærea, *his Brother.*
Parmeno, *Servant to Phædria.*
Laches, *Father of Phædria and Chærea.*
Antipho, } *young Gentlemen.*
Chremes, }
Thraſo, *an Officer.*
Gnatho.
Sanga, *Servant to Thraſo.*
Dorus, *an Eunuch.*

W O M E N.

Thais, *a Courtezan.*
Dorias, } *her Maids.*
Pythias, }
Sophrona, *a Nurse.*

Scene, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about six or seven Hours.



T H E
E U N U C H.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The street before Thais's door.*
Time, *the forenoon.*

Phædria, Parmeno.

Phædria entering.

WHAT then shall I resolve upon? Shall I go see her, now that she sends for me of herself? or shall I summon up my resolution, and not submit any longer to be thus used by a woman of her character? She has refused to see me, and now again I am invited. Ought I to accept her invitation? I am determined I will not, should she beg me ever so earnestly.

Par. Indeed, Sir, if you could hold it out, nothing could be more wisely resolved, or more like a man:

D 2

but,

but, on the other hand, if you pretend to rebel, without having courage enough to go through, and finding you are unable to resist any longer, come and humble yourself when you are not ask'd, and without making any terms, declaring the violence of your passion, and that you cannot live any longer under her frowns ; then all is over, you are a lost man. She'll use you like a dog, once she finds you so absolutely in her power.

Ph. For which reason I desire of you, that, while things are in this situation, and before I am hurried into any unadvised proceeding, you will think of what is proper for me to do.

Par. Sir, such things as in their own nature will admit of no certain rule or method cannot be governed by the laws of reason or prudence ; and in love are all those evils. Wranglings, jealousies ; one time quarrelling, then making it up ; sometimes war, sometimes peace ; all which are uncertain as the weather, and therefore pretending to subject them to certain rule and method, would be just the same as for a man to pretend to be mad on the principles of reason. For as to what you think with yourself, now you are in passion ; shall I go near her again ; she who has preferr'd another before me, and who refused me access ? No, let me alone, I'll die first. All this fine reasoning will vanish into air at the first dissembled tear, which she, poor soul, will squeeze out with great difficulty. — You will then be the first to blame yourself, and make your submission even before you are ask'd.

Ph. O monstrous ! I am fully sensible what a base creature she is, and how wretched I myself am ; yet tho' I am weary of my present situation, I am so violently in love, that wittingly, willingly, and knowingly, with my eyes open I rush upon my own destruction, nor do I know what to do.

Par. What should you do but redeem your self from your chains at as easy a price as you are able ; if you can't on the terms you would, you must do it as you may ; and don't continue in this manner afflicting yourself.

Ph. Would you have me do so ?

Par. To

Par. To be sure, if you are wise. Add not afflictions to those you already suffer from your love, and what that brings, bear with all the patience you can.—But there she comes, the sea that swallows up our substance, for what we should have, she devours.

SCENE II.

Thais, Phædria, Parmeno.

Tb. How uneasy I am, and afraid lest *Phædria* should be offended at my refusing him access yesterday, and that he should put another construction upon it than I intended.

Pb. I tremble, *Parmeno*, every joint of me, when I see her, and my blood runs chill in my veins.

Par. O never fear, come nearer her, she is a fire that will soon warm you —

Tb. Who is this speaks? O! is it you, my *Phædria*? What is the reason of your standing here? Why did you not immediately come in?

Par. Not a word of his being shut out.

Tb. Why don't you speak?

Pb. Yes, your doors, I find, are always open to me; I am the chief favourite.

Tb. Let these things alone.

Pb. How let them alone? O *Thais*, *Thais*! I wish I could so share in your love, that such things gave you as much pain as they do me; or that I could bring myself to be indifferent about them.

Tb. My dear life, my *Phædria*, don't be uneasy—'twas not that I have a greater regard or love for any one else; but there was a necessity for it; it could not be avoided.

Par. Ay, poor creature, so 'twas; the violence of her love made her throw the door in his face.

Tb. So, master *Parmeno*, are these your jokes, well you may go on; but in the mean time let me acquaint you with the reasons that made me send to you.

Pb. Go on.

Tb. But tell me, in the first place, can he be secret?

Par. Who, I? As close as the grave. But I must tell you, on this condition only I can be secret; what truth I hear I never divulge or tell again; but if you begin with any feign'd, false or vamp'd-up story, you

may as well cry it in the market-place; in that case I am as full of chinks as a leaky tub, and run out at every corner. Therefore, if you would have what you say be kept a secret, be sure you say nothing but the truth.

Th. My mother was by birth a *Samian*, and lived at *Rhodes*.

Par. That shall remain a dead secret.

Th. A certain merchant made her a present of a young girl, taken from *Attica*.

Ph. A citizen?

Th. I believe so; but we are not certain. The child herself told the names of her father and mother; but as to the particular part of the country she came from, or any signals of her parentage, whereby she could be own'd, she was too young to give any account of. The merchant told us, he had heard the pyrates, from whom he bought her, say she was carried away from *Sunium*. As soon as my mother had her, she took care of her instruction and education all the same as if she had been her own child, so that most people believed she was my sister. After which I came here with that merchant, with whom alone I then had any concern, who died and left me all I now have.

Par. Both of that is false, so I am not bound by my bargain.

Th. How so?

Par. Because I am sure you could never keep to one man, nor did that merchant give you all you have; for this gentleman here has pretty largely contributed his mite.

Th. Well, I don't deny that, but let me go on, and come to what I want to tell you—In the mean time this officer who then fell in love with me, and whom we are now talking of, went into *Caria*, and during that time, I first became acquainted with you, since which you know how intimate I have lived with you, and that I have in all things put greater confidence in you than any other.

Ph. I doubt *Parmeno's* secrecy in regard to this, too.

Par. Oh! that's beyond all question—

Th. I

Tb. I beg you will mind what I say. My mother died there not long ago ; and her brother, who is naturally covetous, finding this young lady to be extremely handsome, and that she played and sung excellently well, immediately brought her to market, and exposed her to sale. It so happened that my friend the officer was there at that time, who bought her with a design to make me a present of her, without knowing any thing of what I have been telling you—He is now arrived, and finding me engaged with you, makes excuses for not giving her to me. He says if he was sure that I would prefer him before you, and was not afraid lest, after he had given me the young woman, I should leave him for you, he would make me a present of her ; but pretends to be afraid of that ; tho' I suspect he has taken a liking to her himself.

Ph. Has nothing farther passed between them ?

Tb. No, for I have enquired into that. Now, my *Phædria*, I have a great many reasons that make me solicitous to get her out of his hands. First of all, as she passes for my own sister ; and then, that I may have an opportunity of giving her back and restoring her to her friends ; for I am here a stranger in this country, without any friend or relation to protect me, and I therefore want to oblige some one by this, that I may have a patron in case of need ; for which reason I beg you will assist me, that I may effect it the more easily ; and, to attain that, allow him for a few days to be with me, without interruption.—You don't answer me.

Ph. What answer can you expect from me, after using me in this manner ?

Par. Well done, master, I commend you. You are now awaken'd from your lethargy, and shew yourself a man.

Ph. I knew all the time what this would end in. A young girl was carried off by a set of banditti : My mother brought her up as her own child : She passed for my sister, and I want to get her from the man who has her, that I may restore her to her relations ; and all this fine tale amounts to no more, than that my rival is to be received, and I discarded. Nor can there be any other rea-

son for it, but that you love him better than you do me, and are afraid this young woman should steal his heart from you.—

Tb. I afraid of any such thing !

Ph. Pray tell me what other reason can there be ; for is he the only one that makes you presents ? Or did you ever find my generosity wanting to you ? When you mentioned t'other day, that you wanted a *Black* to attend you, did not I leave every thing else and purchase one ?—You told me besides, that you would have an *Eunuch*, because truly they waited only upon queens ; and I have got you one. No longer ago than yesterday I paid twenty minæ for them—Even tho' I received such a slight from you, I was not forgetful of what I had promised ; but for these things I am held cheap.

Tb. What do you mean by all this, my *Phædria* ? Tho', to be sure, I would very fain have this young creature out of the hands she is in, and think the way I propose most likely to effect it, yet, rather than disoblige you, I'll do whatever you would have me.

Ph. Rather than disoblige me ! O ! *Thais* I wish these words were spoken with truth and from your heart ; could I think you sincere in that, there is nothing I would not undergo.

Par. O *Jupiter* ! he's gone already, one word does the business. Bless me, how soon he surrenders !

Tb. Ah ! *Phædria*, you need not doubt my sincerity. What did you ever ask of me, even in the most careless manner, that you did not obtain ? And I can't prevail upon you to grant me only these two days.

Ph. If it were only for two days ; but I'm afraid these two will be twenty.

Tb. No indeed only two days, or—

Ph. Or—I don't care, you may do as you please.

Tb. It shan't be longer then ; let me only prevail upon you for that time.

Ph. Well, it shall be as you would have it.

Tb. I thank you, and am obliged to you.

Ph. I'll go into the country, and there do penance for these two days—That I'm determined upon, since I
must

must comply with your request. *Parmeno*, do you take care the *Eunuch* and the *Black* be brought to her.

Par. Yes.

Ph. Well then, *Thais*, for these two days, I bid you farewell.

Th. And farewell you, my dear *Phædria*; have you any other commands?

Ph. What commands should I have, but when you are with that other, tho' you be present in person, that you be absent in mind; that night and day you preserve your heart for me; that you wish for me, hope for me, dream of me, wait for me, think of me; that you take delight in me alone, and that your thoughts never wander upon any one else. In a word, that I be your heart and soul, as you are entirely mine. [Exit.

Th. I am so far unhappy, that *Phædria*, I'm afraid, may not perhaps believe entirely what I say, and will perhaps judge me to be like others in my way; but as to myself, who know my own thoughts, nothing is more certain than that every word of what I have said is true, and that no one is so dear to me as he; so that the step I have taken in this affair is merely on account of this young lady, whose brother I hope I have well nigh found, and is a gentleman of distinction—He appointed to be with me this very day; I'll go in and wait till he comes.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Phædria attended by Parmeno.

Phædria.

Remember you do as I ordered you, and let them be carried thither immediately.

Par. Yes.

Ph. And let it be done carefully.

Par. Yes.

Ph. And soon.

Par. Yes.

Ph. Are these instructions, think you, sufficient?

Par. O! you need not be so solicitous, it can be managed without any difficulty—I wish you could with equal certainty, assure to yourself some valuable acquisition, as you are certain of losing these presents.

Ph. And I myself am lost with them, which is a matter of much more concern to me. So you need not grumble at the other.

Par. I don't grumble, far from it; I'll take care your commands be punctually executed. Have you any thing farther?

Ph. Set off my presents as pompously as you can, and keep that rival of mine at as great distance as possible.—

Par. I should have done that, if you had not spoke a word.

Ph. I'll go into the country, and there remain.

Par. I think you should.

Ph. But hearkee.

Par. What do you say?

Ph. Do you think I can hold it out, and have resolution enough to continue?

Par. Upon my word I do not; for you will either return immediately, of your own accord, or want of sleep will oblige you.

Ph. I'll make myself undergo so much fatigue, as I shall sleep whether I will or no.

Par. Your fatigue will rather keep you awake. You'll get nothing by that.

Ph. O fy! *Parmeno*, you know nothing of the matter—This effeminacy must be shaken off, 'tis a distemper of the mind, and I indulge myself too much in it. What is two days, suppose I was not to see her even for three days?

Par. Three days! Three whole days, take care, Sir, what you say.

Ph. I tell you, I'm resolv'd upon it. [Exit.]

Par. In the name of *Jupiter*, what is this? A distemper of the mind 'tis sure enough. That one should be so changed from himself, by this silly passion, as not be known for the same man?—For till, this took possession

possession of him, no one was wiser in his conduct than he, more prudent or more temperate——But who comes here? O! this is *Gnatho* the *Parasite*, who belongs to the officer, and brings this girl along with him as a present to *Thais*——Bless me what a fine creature! 'tis odds but I shall make a scurvy figure with this poor *Eunuch* of mine. This lady excells in beauty even *Thais* herself.

SCENE II.

Gnatho, Parmeno.

Gn. What a difference has heaven made betwixt one man and another! How greatly does a wise man excel a fool? This reflection has arisen in my mind from what I have just now seen. I met to-day one of my own rank and condition, and in his way, a good sort of man enough, who had, as well as myself, squander'd his fortune; he was all in rags, meagre, dirty and squalid. How came you to be in this miserable way, said I to him? Because, replied he, I have spent all I had; and alas! to what a pitch of necessity am I reduc'd. My friends and acquaintance now desert me. I look'd upon him as a contemptible creature for this, in comparison of myself. Why, you wretch, said I, are you fallen so low, that you have no resource within yourself? Have you lost all common sense with your money? Don't you see me, who have undergone the same fate as you, jolly, healthy, well equip'd, and in good case? I have every thing, tho' fortune has bestowed nothing; and want for nothing, tho' I am not worth any thing. But alas! cried he, I can neither submit to be a buffoon, nor bear to be kick'd. You fool, said I, do you think any thing is to be done that way? You are egregiously mistaken; a man might have done something that way about an age ago; but mine is a new invented profession of my own; a sort of game that I have sprung entirely myself—There are in the world a set of men, who are very great blockheads, yet think themselves great wits; them I follow and stick close to; but so far from being a buffoon to them, I make them serve for my amusement, while I admire their great parts, and am sure to praise every thing they say; and should they con-

tradict themselves, with the same breath I praise that likewise. If any man affirms a thing, I affirm it; if he denies it, I deny it. In a word, I have laid this down as a rule, to flatter every one, and I find it the most profitable trade a man, at this day, can follow.

Par. A most dextrous fellow this! he falls in with fools, and converts them into madmen.

Gn. As we were discoursing in this manner we happen'd to come to the publick market; all the tradesmen flock'd about me, butchers, bakers, cooks, poulterers, who had been obliged to me both in my prosperity and adversity, and are often obliged to me now; they came and paid their compliments, invited me to supper, and were glad to see me; when this other poor creature saw I was so much respected, and that I got my living so easily, he earnestly beg'd I would initiate him into the mysteries of my profession: I desired him to become one of my sect, if he could; that as the disciples of the philoiochers derive their names from the masters of the respective schools, so all parasites for the future may be distinguished by the name of *Gnathonicks*.

Par. See the effects of idleness, and living at the expence of others.

Gn. But I delay too long to carry this young lady to *Thais*, and invite her to supper. Is not this *Parmeno*, our rival's servant, who is here waiting at the door? I find all is well; these gentlemen are allowed time to stand here and cool themselves—I have a great mind to divert myself a little with this fellow.

Par. These people imagine, that, by this present, *Thais* will be all their own.

Gn. *Parmeno*, your friend *Gnatho* is your obedient humble servant—How goes the world with you?

Par. Why, I'm standing here.

Gn. I perceive you are. But do you see nothing that is an eye sore to you?

Par. Yes, you.

Gn. I believe so, but do you perceive nothing else?

Par. Why do you ask?

Gn. Because you seem somewhat melancholy.

Par. Not in the least.

Gn. I would not have you. But what do you think of this young lady?

Par. Pretty well.

Gn. I nettle him.

Par. How this fellow deceives himself!

Gn. Do not you imagine this will be an acceptable present to *Thais*?

Par. You speak so, on the supposition, I fancy, that we are out here. But remember human affairs are still fluctuating.

Gn. My friend *Parmeno*, I'll procure repose for you, at least these six months to come; I won't allow you to fatigue yourself running up and down, and sitting up till break of day. Are you not much obliged to me?

Par. Who, I? Prodigiously.

Gn. I always think of my friends.

Par. You are greatly to be commended.

Gn. You're going perhaps some where——let not me detain you.

Par. I'm going nowhere.

Gn. Then shall I beg a favour of you—Will you introduce me to *Thais*?

Par. Very well; yes, we know her doors are open to you now, as you bring that young lady along with you.

Gn. Would you speak to any one in the house? Shall I send them out to you—

Par. Wait only till these two days are over, and you who can open these doors now, with your little finger, shall be fain to kick with your heels, and not get admittance either.

Gn. Well, but do you intend to keep here in this station? Are you posted as a centinel that no message may come from the officer to *Thais*?

Par. You're extremely pleasant; and I don't wonder that such exquisite sallies of wit please him whom you serve. But I see my master's youngest son coming this way—I can't think what brings him from the *Piræum*, for he is now upon duty there. This cannot be for nothing; he is in a hurry too and looking about him, for what reason I cannot tell.

SCENE III.

Chærea, Parmeno.

Chæ. What shall I do; the young lady is lost, and so am I who have let her slip out of my sight——Where shall I look, or where search for her? Whom shall I ask, and which way shall I go? What course to take I know not—This alone is my comfort, that be where she will, she cannot long be concealed——How exquisitely beautiful she is——From this moment I blot out of my mind the remembrance of all other women——These every-day beauties one meets with, now quite disgust me.

Par. Ay, and there is our young master, he is talking too something of love——Heavens have mercy upon their aged father!—For if once this youngster gets any thing of that kind in his head, all the whims and extravagancies of the other are but a joke to the pranks he will play.

Ch. May the Gods confound that old fellow, who stopped me, and myself for waiting to hear him, or paying any regard to him. But here is *Parmeno*. *Parmeno*, how is it?

Par. What is the matter with you? Whence do you come? You seem in mighty concern at something or other.

Ch. Who, I? I neither know whence I come, or whither I am going, my mind is so distracted.

Par. How so, pray?

Ch. I am in love.

Par. In love!

Ch. Now, *Parmeno*, let me find you to be the man I always took you for; you know you had used to say, *Chærea*, if you ever find a mistress that you fall in love with, you shall then see how useful a man I will be to you; this, you may remember you was wont to say, when I purloin'd my father's provisions, and used to bring them privately to you into your little cell.

Par. Hold your tongue, you fool.

Ch. Nay, it is certainly fact; and I insist now upon the performance of your promises. And, besides, the lady I speak of, is an object worthy of all your attention and diligence——She is not as our girls commonly
are,

are, whom their mothers cramp and squeeze into a slender shape. If a girl grows and is plump, they cry she'll make a good fat landlady ; and so stint the poor creature in her victuals : Be nature ever so kind, they take care however that miss shall be as slender as a taper ; and by this means they think their daughters will gain sweethearts.

Par. And what sort of a lady is this of yours ?

Ch. A face quite new.

Par. Bless us !

Ch. With a true original complexion, and her person plump and healthy.

Par. Her age ?

Ch. Sixteen.

Par. The very prime.

Ch. Now procure her for me by force or stratagem, or entreaty, or any how ; no matter, so I am in possession of her.

Par. What is she ?

Ch. I can't tell.

Par. From whence is she ?

Ch. I can't tell that either.

Par. Do you know where she lives ?

Ch. I'm ignorant of that too.

Par. Where did you see her ?

Ch. In the street.

Par. How came you to lose sight of her ?

Ch. That's what I was cursing at as I came along ; nor do I think any fellow alive is so perpetually disappointed in every piece of good fortune, as myself.

Par. What happen'd to you now, I pray ?

Ch. Quite undone.

Par. What was it ?

Ch. You know, don't you, *Archidemides*, an acquaintance and friend of my father's ?

Par. Very well.

Ch. As I was following the lady, he met me.

Par. At a very unseasonable time, truly.

Ch. Ay, things of less consequence happen unseasonably, *Parmeno*. But this was a most miserable and unfortunate accident. I can safely swear I have not seen him, these six months, excepting at this very time

time when of all others it was the most unlucky, and when I least wish'd for it. Is not this, think you, something monstrous? What say you?

Par. To be sure it is.

Ch. No sooner did he see me, but he made up to me; tho' he was a good way off, stooping, trembling, quivering and groaning—Ho! *Chærea*, heark'e, heark'e. Upon this I stop'd. Do you know, says he, what I want with you? No; tell me, answer'd I. To-morrow, says he, I have a cause to be try'd. And what then? Be sure you tell your father that I desire he'll not forget to be in court early to-morrow morning. He was above an hour in telling me this. I ask'd him if he had any further commands. He said he had not, and I went away. When I look'd for the lady, she had in the mean time turn'd down here into this street.

Par. I could lay my life on't she is the very same that is now given in a present to *Thais*—

Ch. But when I came here, I could see nothing of her.

Par. Was any body with her?

Ch. Yes; a man and a maid.

Par. The very same, yes, 'tis she. There is no manner of doubt of it; you need enquire no farther about her.

Ch. You're thinking of something else.

Par. No, I am not.

Ch. Tell me, do you know her, or have you ever seen her?

Par. I have seen her, and know her; and I know too where she is gone.

Ch. What, my *Parmeno*, do you know her?

Par. I do.

Ch. And where she lives?

Par. She is brought here as a present to *Thais*.

Ch. Who could have it in their power to make so noble a present?

Par. *Thraso* the officer, your brother *Phædria*'s rival.

Ch. Then I'm afraid my brother *Phædria* will be distanced.

Par. And

Par. And you would think so the more, if you knew what for a present he is at the same time to make her, on his part.

Ch. What is it, pray?

Par. An *Eunuch*.

Ch. What, that wither'd ugly thing you bought yesterday.

Par. The very same.

Ch. He'll be hiss'd out of doors and his present along with him. But I did not think *Thais* had been our neighbour.

Par. She has not been so long.

Ch. It is strange I have never seen her. Tell me, is she as handsome as they give her out to be?

Par. Yes, indeed.

Ch. But nothing, I suppose, to this of mine.

Par. No, that isn't to be supposed.

Ch. *Parmeno*, pray contrive how I may come at her.

Par. I'll do my best, and try all ways I can to assist you. Have you any thing farther?

Ch. Where are you going?

Par. Home; to bring these presents to *Thais*, according to your brother's orders.

Ch. Happy *Eunuch*! who is to be admitted into that house.

Par. Why so?

Ch. Do you ask that? He'll see and converse with a creature of the most exquisite beauty, as a fellow-servant; be under the same roof with her; sometimes eat with her, and, at times, sleep near her.

Par. Suppose you was to be this happy mortal.

Ch. How so, *Parmeno*? Let me know.

Par. Suppose you take the *Eunuch*'s dress.

Ch. His dress! What then?

Par. And I bring you there in his stead.

Ch. I hear you.

Par. And say you are the *Eunuch*.

Ch. I perfectly understand you.

Par. And then you enjoy all that happiness you was now mentioning; eat with her, be always near her, touch her, sport with her, and sometimes sleep near her;

her; for none of them know you, or who you are; besides your age and face may very well make you pass for an *Eunuch*.

Cb. Spoke most excellently; a more happy contrivance could never have been thought on—let us go in, and you equip me in the *Eunuch's* garb and carry me there.

Par. What do you mean? I was jesting.

Cb. Come, leave your fooling.

Par. Bless me, what a scrape I have brought myself into? Where do you drag me? You'll throw me down; let me alone, I say.

Cb. Come, come, let us go.

Par. Will you still persist?

Cb. I am determined upon it.

Par. Take care you are not too eager and rash in this business.

Cb. No, I am not, come—

Par. Yes, but I shall smart for the consequences of this adventure.

Cb. Come along.

Par. We are setting about a thing we cannot justify.

Cb. What, is it a crime for me to be carried into the house of a courtesan, to serve one of them a trick, and pay them in their own coin, for the property they make of us, and the advantage they take of our youth? Should not we deceive them, as they deceive us? Is not this more pardonable than to cheat my father out of money to supply them with? Every one, I fancy, would blame me for the latter, and every body commend me for doing the other.

Par. Well, if you are so resolved, then go on with it; but I hope you will not afterwards lay the blame upon me.

Cb. That I won't.

Par. Do you lay your commands upon me?

Cb. I require, order, and command you; nor will I bate an inch of my authority.

Par. Follow me.

Cb. And may heaven crown our enterprize with success.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Thraſo, Gnatbo, Parmeno.

Thraſo.

YOU ſay *Tbais* was very thankful.

Gn. Yes, extremely ſo.

Tb. Greatly rejoiced, was n't ſhe ?

Gn. Not ſo much for the value of the preſent, as that it was given her by you—'Tis that flatters her pride.

Par. I am come here to wait a favourable opportunity to introduce myſelf, with what I have brought—— But here comes our officer.

Tb. I am particularly diſtinguiſhed in this reſpect ; every thing I do has the good luck to pleaſe.

Gn. I have always obſerved it to be ſo.

Tb. The king himſelf uſed to take peculiar notice of what was done by me ; when he hardly vouchſafed to think of other people.

Gn. A man of wit and addreſs can, by a happy turn, ſuch as you are maſter of, make that which others are at great pains in acquiring, turn to his own account.

Tb. You hit off the very thing.

Gn. The king therefore muſt——

Tb. You are right.

Gn. Muſt have had you always in his eye.

Tb. Juſt ſo. He committed to me the care of his whole army, and entruſted me with all his ſecrets.

Gn. Wonderful indeed.

Tb. And more than that, if he was at any time wearied, either with the crouds of a levee, or the fatigues of buſineſs with his miniſters, and had a mind to enjoy himſelf—— You underſtand me——

Gn. Ay, quite well—When he had a mind to diſburden himſelf to a private friend——

Tb. You have it——Then he uſ'd to retire in private with me alone.

Gn. You ſpeak of a king, who muſt have had an elegant taſte——

Tb. He certainly had a taſte beyond what was common.

Gn. Nay,

Gn. Nay, I believe beyond whatever any man had, as he chose you for his particular companion.

Th. Upon this I became an object of envy ; every one endeavoured to undermine me ; but I valued them not of a rush ; they were all mad in their own minds, but one in particular to whom the king had given the command of the elephants ; this man happen'd one time to say something I did not like, and said I to him, How now, *Strato*, do you take so much upon you, because you command wild beasts ?

Gn. Most facetiously and satirically said, with a vast mixture of good sense——Extremely well indeed——You cut him to the quick——What could he say ?

Th. He was struck dumb.

Gn. To be sure he must.

Par. Gracious heaven ! was there ever such a completely ridiculous coxcomb, and such a thorough scoundrel met together !

Th. But, *Gnatho*, did you never hear how I managed that gentleman of *Rhodes* at an entertainment ? Surely I must have told you.

Gn. No, you never did—but pray let me hear it.—I am now to hear it, I think, the fiftieth time. [*Aside.*]

Th. This young gentleman of *Rhodes* I mentioned to you, and I, were together at an entertainment ; I happen'd to have a girl, and he began taking liberties with her, and to insult me—What do you mean, said I, you impudent fellow ? You, who are ready yourself to be dish'd up, are you looking after dainties ?

Gn. Ha, ha, he.

Th. What's the matter.

Gn. Most wittily and facetiously said ; nothing can exceed it——Was this yours, I took it to have been of an old standing.

Th. Did you ever hear it made use of ?

Gn. O yes, often ; and it is looked upon as quite sterling.

Th. 'Tis mine, I assure you.

Gn. I'm a little concern'd tho', you should have been so severe on a young gentleman, who was not aware who he was meddling with.

Par. You

Par. You very well deserve to be hang'd.

Gn. And pray what answer did he make?

Th. He was struck dumb; every one present was like to die with laughing; and all of them afterwards stood in awe of me.

Gn. No wonder they should.

Th. But heark'e, do you think I should clear myself to *Thais* of the suspicion she has that I am in love with this other girl?

Gn. By no means; on the contrary you ought to encrease that suspicion.

Th. Why so?

Gn. Do you ask that? If she at any time mentions *Phædria*, or speaks well of him, in order to vex you. You understand me—

Th. I do.

Gn. This is the only check you can have upon her. When she speaks of *Phædria*, you speak of *Pamphila*—When she desires *Phædria* to be admitted to the banquet, you ask for *Pamphila* to sing a song; and if she praise the one as a handsome gentleman, you cry up *Pamphila* as an extraordinary beauty—In a word, you can retort upon her, and vex her in your turn.

Th. If she was really in love with me, that would be a good way.

Gn. So long as she likes the presents you make her, and is in expectation of more, you may depend upon it she is in love with you, and that you have it always in your power to make her uneasy—She will be in dread of disobliging you, lest you take up with another, who will then reap the advantages she now enjoys.

Th. What you say is right, I did not think of it.

Gn. How you talk, Sir. You only did not attend to it, or you would have found it out a thousand times more readily than I can pretend to.

S C E N E II.

Thais, Thraſo, Parmeno, Gnatho, Pythias.

Tha. Methinks I heard the voice of my officer just now, and there he is—*Thraſo*, your servant.

Thr. O *Thais*, my dear, how is it? Does not your regard for me increase, since I sent you that musick girl?

Par. How

Par. How genteel that is ! to put the lady in mind, at first sight, of what he had given her.

Th. Greatly, Sir, and you very well deserve it should be so.

Gn. Let us go to supper then ; why do you wait any longer ?

Par. Ay, there is another ; how exactly they are fitted for each other.

Th. When you please, I am ready.

Par. I'll go up to them, and make as if I had just come from home. Are you going abroad any where, *Thais* ?

Th. Oh, *Parmeno*, you come in good time, for to-day I am going abroad.

Par. Whither ?

Th. What, don't you see him there ?

Par. I see him, and am sorry to see him. When you will, the presents from *Phædria* are ready for you.

Thr. What do we wait for, why don't we go ?

Par. Pray, Sir, if you please, allow us likewise to make our presents, and to have a little conversation with the lady.

Thr. Pretty presents, I suppose ; nothing comparable to ours.

Par. That we shall see presently—Call them people I order'd to be brought out. Do you come this way immediately——This girl is from *Ethiopia*.

Thr. And cost I suppose about three minæ.

Gn. Hardly so much.

Par. Where are you, *Dorus* ; come hither this way, this an *Eunuch* for you ; observe how genteel he is, and just in the flower of his age.

Th. Upon my word he seems a fine youth.

Par. What do you say to this, *Gnatho* ? Ha ! do you despise this present too ? And what say you to it, *Thraso* ? What, both silent ? That is praise sufficient ; try him at his book, his exercises, or at his musick, I'll answer for his being master of all the accomplishments proper for a gentleman.

Thr. I cannot say but I like the *Eunuch* very well.

Par. And

Par. And the gentleman who sends you this does not require you should confine yourself entirely to him, and be debarr'd seeing every one else, nor does he brag of the battles he has fought, or the wounds he has received; he lays no restraint upon you as a certain other person does; only when it is convenient for you, and when you please, and at a proper opportunity, he will then be glad if you allow him to wait upon you.

Thr. One would think this fellow belong'd to some starving pitiful scrub of a master.

Gn. I am sure no one would keep such as him, who had money to purchase another.

Par. Hold you your prating, firrah. I look upon you as below the very dregs of mankind; for surely any one that could stoop so low as to flatter such a one as this, would crawl in the kennel for a morsel of bread.

Thr. Shall we not go now?

Th. I'll only go and carry them in, and when I have given the necessary orders about them, will step out again presently. [*Exeunt Thais, Che. and Eunuch.*]

Thr. I'll go; do you, *Gnatho*, wait for her.

Par. Right. It would not become an officer of your rank to be seen with his mistress in the streets.

Thr. I shall not trouble myself about you; you are like your master.

Gn. Ha, ha, he.

Thr. What do you laugh at?

Gn. At what you said just now; and when I think of that affair of the *Rhodian*—But here comes *Thais*.

Thr. Go before and make haste to get things ready at home.

Gn. I'll take care.

Th. *Pythias*, be sure you remember carefully, if *Chremes* should come, first of all to beg of him to stay; if that is not convenient, that he will come again, and if he won't do either, you must bring him to me.

Py. I'll be sure to remember it.

Th. What else had I to say? Ay, take great care of the young lady, and don't one of you stir out.

Thr. Let us go then

Th. (*to her attendants*) Follow me.

SCENE

Ch. The more I think of this matter, the more I am convinced that this *Thais* will bring me into a scrape, I find myself so deceived and cozen'd by her from day to day—The first time she sent to desire to speak with me; if any one had ask'd my business with her, I did not know her so much as by name; when I came, she found pretences to detain me; she said, she had a matter of the greatest concern to talk with me about, and had made the due supplications to the gods. I then had a suspicion, that she had some design upon me; after that, she sat down by me, was extremely complaisant, and enter'd into the common topicks of conversation; when that was over, she began to be more particular—ask'd me how long my father and mother had been dead? I answered, a long time; then enquired whether I had not a small estate at *Sunium*, and how far it lay from the sea? I believe in my conscience she longs for it, and wants to chouse me out of it: After which she enquired if I had not a little sister, who had been lost from thence? and if any one was along with her? what things she had about her at the time, and if any one could know her again? I cannot conceive what she could mean by all these questions, unless perhaps she may have the impudence to put herself upon me for my sister that was then lost; but if that sister be alive, she is now sixteen and no more; and *Thais* is rather older than I. She has now sent a pressing message to me, to beg I would come to her. She shall either tell me plainly what she would be at, or trouble me no more; for I'll not come a third time. Who is within?

Py. Is any one at the door?

Ch. Yes, *Chremes*.

Py. O, the finest gentleman alive.

Ch. Did not I suspect right, that some snare was laying for me?

Py. *Thais* earnestly entreats you to come again to-morrow.

Ch. I am just setting out for the country.

Py. Do, come again I beg of you.

Ch. I

Ch. I tell you I cannot.

Py. Then stay here till my mistress returns.

Ch. I can't do that neither.

Py. Do, pray, my dear *Chremes*.

Ch. Get you gone, you hussy.

Py. If you are determined then, be so good as to step over the way to her.

Ch. That I'll do.

Py. Go along, *Dorias*, with this gentleman, and carry him to *Thraso's* house.

SCENE IV.

Antipho solus.

Ant. Yesterday several of us young gentlemen made an appointment at the *Piræum*, to meet to-day and sup together. *Chærea* was chosen master of the feast, and accordingly we each gave him our rings, and the time and place was agreed upon—The hour of appointment is now, and nothing is prepared at the place we were to meet; nor can he himself be found. I cannot tell what to say or guess about the matter; and the rest of our company deputed me to look for him—I'll go to his house, and see if he is at home; but who comes out from *Thais*? Is it he, or is it not? 'Tis he most assuredly. But what a figure he makes, and how he is dress'd. In the name of wonder what can this mean? I am quite astonished, and cannot imagine what the matter may be—But I'll stop here, at some distance, and see to find out this mystery.

SCENE V.

Chærea, Antipho.

Ch. Is any one near? No. Does any one follow me? I see nobody—May I then give a loose to the transports of my joy? O *Jupiter*! now is the time when I would gladly wish to die, that no accident of my life may interrupt this exquisite happiness. But is there no one of my acquaintance to meet me, and have the curiosity to follow after me, and ask a thousand questions; why I caper and frisk about so, what it is I seem so rejoiced at, whence I came, and whither I am going, how I got thus appalled, what I mean by it, and whether I'm in my senses?

E

Ant.

Ant. I'll go up to him, and do him this favour he so earnestly requests—*Chærea*, what's the matter? What all this capering for? Why in this dress? What do you seem so rejoiced at? What do you mean by all this? Are you in your right senses? Why do you look so at me? Why don't you speak.

Ch. O my friend, what a lucky day has this been!—I am glad I have met you, for there is no one living I more desire to see.

Ant. Pray let me hear an account of this affair—

Ch. Nay, I only beg you will have patience to hear me out. Don't you know the gentlewoman here my brother is engaged with?

Ant. Yes, is not her name *Thais*?

Ch. The very same.

Ant. So I thought.

Ch. She had this day a present made her of a young girl: Need I make any speeches in praise of her to you, *Antipho*, who know what a delicate taste I have of beauty—She struck me at first sight.

Ant. Say you so.

Ch. If you once saw her, I am satisfied you would acknowledge you never beheld her equal: In short I fell in love with her. By good luck there was an *Eunuch*, my brother had bought for *Thais*, and had not been carried home to her. Our servant *Parmeno* put a scheme into my head, which I immediately set about to execute.

Ant. What was that?

Ch. Hold your tongue, and you'll know it so much the sooner. It was to change dress with the *Eunuch*, and be carried to *Thais*'s house in his stead.

Ant. What, carried there for an *Eunuch*?

Ch. Ay, just so.

Ant. And what advantage could you reap from this project?

Ch. Don't you perceive that? To see, hear, and be in company with her I so violently loved. *Antipho*, do you think that was not a good reason, and a good scheme? I was accordingly delivered to *Thais*, who very joyfully

fully brought me home, and delivered up the young maiden—

Ant. To whom, to you?

Ch. Yes, to my care.

Ant. Then she was deliver'd into safe custody.

Ch. She gave orders that none of the male species should come near her, and gave me as strict orders not to stir from her; but that I should keep close by her in the inner part of the house—I bow'd, and looked down upon the ground with much modesty.

Ant. Poor man!

Ch. I am going, says she, abroad to supper; and accordingly took her maids along with her; a few remained, to wait upon the other, but they were novices in things of that kind, quite unexperienced. They began to get things ready for her to bath, and I desired them to make what haste they could. While they were busy about that, the young lady sat by herself in a retired closet, looking at a picture of *Jupiter* coming down to *Danae* in a shower of gold—I likewise look'd at it; and as I found he had been given to such frolicks of old, it gave me fresh courage, that a god had turn'd himself into the shape of a mortal, and stole thro' another's house, to play such another trick to a young damsel—But then what god? He who with the sound of his thunder shakes the summit of *Olympus*—And ought an insignificant reptile like me scruple such an enterprize. No, I will execute what I intend, and with great cheerfulness. While I was thinking thus with myself, the young lady was called out to bath; she went, returned, and then they placed her on a couch. I stood waiting their commands, when one of them said, *Here, Dorus*, take this fan and keep her cool and airy, while we go into the bath; when we have done you may bath too, if you have a-mind. I look'd demure, and took the fan.

Ant. I would have given ever so much to have seen that brazen front of yours, how it look'd, when like a great booby you took the fan.

Ch. This was scarcely said, when they all run out of doors to bath, making that noise and disturbance fer-

vants generally do when their masters or mistresses are out of the way ; and in the mean time miss fell asleep ; I peep'd at her from under the fan, look'd about to see if the coast was clear. When I found it was, I bolted the door.

Ant. And what after that ?

Ch. After that, you fool ?

Ant. I own I am so.

Ch. Do you think I would let slip so happy, so short, so wish'd and unexpected an opportunity, which fortune threw in my way ? I must have really been what I pass'd for.

Ant. You are certainly right : But, in the mean time, as to our appointment.

Ch. Every thing is ready.

Ant. You're an industrious fellow—but where ? At home ?

Ch. No ; at the house of *Discus* our freed man.

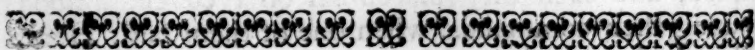
Ant. That's a great way from this, but we must make the more haste—Come get off this garb of yours.

Ch. Where can I undress me, I shall be undone, for home I dare not go ; I am afraid lest my brother should be there ; and likewise that my father be come from his country house.

Ant. Come home with me, that's nearest, and you may do it there.

Ch. That's well thought of, let us go and we'll consult together upon proper means how I may have her afterwards.

Ant. With all my heart.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dorias.

AS I hope to be saved, as far as I have seen of this swaggering officer, I am terribly afraid he'll raise some riot, or even offer an insult to *Thais*. For after this young gentleman, *Chremes* the young lady's brother, was come, she desired of *Thraso* he might be admitted

mitted into their company ; upon which he began to be furly, tho' he durst not flatly refuse : *Thais* insisted he should invite him ; and this with an intent of detaining him, because she could not well, at that juncture, discover to him what she had to tell him about his sister—*Thraso* invited him, but with a very bad grace : *Chremes* stay'd, and *Thais* began to discourse with him—Upon this the other took it into his head, that she had brought a rival before his face, and resolv'd to do something that would chagrin *Thais*. Here, my lad, says he, go and call *Pamphila*, that she may divert us with a song—*Thais* exclaimed against this : What bring her into publick company ? He insisted upon it, and so to quarreling they went—In the mean time my mistress privately put off her jewels and trinkets, and gave them to me ; for which reason I know she will get away as soon as she can.

SCENE II.

Phædria.

Ph. While I was on my way to our country *Villa*, I began, upon the road, to think of one thing after another, and to put the worst construction on every thing, as is the case when any uneasiness perplexes the mind. In short, as I was thus ruminating, I pass'd the house without thinking, and was got a good way beyond it before I was aware : I return'd, but still uneasy, and when I came to the road that turns down to our farm, I stopp'd, and reflected with myself, must I remain here two whole long days by myself, and not see *Thais* ? And what if I do, there is nothing in that. Nothing in that ? Why if I must not come near her, I may nevertheless see her—If I cannot do the one, I may surely do the other—And there is some comfort even in the least blessings of love. So I then pass'd the house designedly. But what makes *Pythias* come out in this manner, as if she was frighten'd ?

SCENE III.

Pythias, Phædria, Dorias.

Py. Where shall I find that abominable, that audacious wretch ? Or where shall I look for him ? That any one durst perpetrate such an atrocious piece of villany !

Ph. Bless me ; I dread what this can be—

E 3

Py. And

Py. And the monster was not satisfied with ruining her, but has tore off her garments and drag'd her by the hair.

Ph. How?

Py. O if I could meet with him I'd tear his eyes out!

Ph. I know not what, but I find some notable disturbance has happen'd in the family since I have been gone—I'll go to her. What is the matter? What are you in such a hurry for? Or whom do you look for, *Pythias*?

Py. Ah! *Phedria*, do you ask whom I am looking for? You're a pretty gentleman indeed, to send such presents into a family.

Ph. What is it you mean?

Py. Do you ask? That *Eunuch* whom you sent to my mistress has made a rare piece of work of it here. He has ravished the young woman that *Thraso* gave to my mistress—

Ph. What is it you say?

Py. Alas! I'm undone.

Ph. You're drunk, woman.

Py. I should be glad all that wish ill to me were drunk with the like dose.

Dor. My *Pythias*, what a monster of a creature was that?

Ph. You're mad, could an *Eunuch* do such a thing?

Py. Nay I know not what he is, but what he has done is too plain. The girl herself is all in tears, and when you ask her any questions, is afraid to speak; and as for the gentleman himself he has absconded—And I am mortally afraid, moreover, has not left the house empty-handed.

Ph. I cannot conceive that such a heavy lubbard can be gone far. Very likely he is returned to our house.

Py. Pray see, if he is.

Ph. You shall know immediately.

Dor. Mercy on us! I never so much as heard of such a vile thing all my life before.

Py. For my share I have heard, indeed, they love women, but I never imagined they were such dangerous creatures; but I did not reflect, or I would have lock'd

lock'd him up somewhere, and not have trusted the girl with him.

SCENE IV.

Phædria, Dorus, Pythia, Dorias.

Pb. Get out, firrah! What, are you loitering in your nest still? Come, shew yourself, you rascal.

Dor. I beseech you, Sir.

Pb. See how he has distorted the features of his face. How came you back here, firrah? How is this you have chang'd your cloaths? What answer can you make? Had I not come immediately, *Pythias*, I should not have found him at home; the rascal had got himself quite equip'd for his escape.

Py. What, have you laid hold him?

Pb. Yes, that I have.

Py. O brave!

Dor. That's lucky indeed.

Py. Where is he?

Pb. Why, don't you see him?

Py. See him! see whom?

Pb. Him you wanted to see.

Py. What fellow is this?

Pb. The *Eunuch* who was brought to you to day.

Py. I assure you, *Phædria*, not one of us ever saw him with our eyes till this minute.

Pb. Not see him!

Py. Pray, Sir, did you think this was he who was brought to us to-day?

Pb. Most certainly, for I had ne'er another.

Py. Dear Sir, this creature bears no resemblance to the other. He was a genteel good-looking fellow.

Pb. Why so was this, a little while ago, when he was drefs'd in his parti-colour'd robe; he looks homely now, because he has not got that on.

Py. Pray don't talk at that rate, as if the difference between them was no more than you would make it—The youth that was brought to us to-day, *Phædria*, was such as you would be delighted with the sight of. This is a musty, drowsy, tawny, wither'd old fellow.

Pb. What can all this mean? You will, at this rate, make me, that I shall not know the very person I purchas'd

chas'd with my own money. You, Sir, did I not buy you?

Dor. You did buy me.

Py. Pray, Sir, order him to answer me a question.

Ph. Ask him.

Py. Did you come this day to our house? He denies that. But another did, who was about the age of sixteen, and whom *Parmeno* brought along with him.

Ph. Come, clear this matter up to me. First of all, how came you by this dress you have on?—Won't you speak? Why don't you answer me, you rascal?

Dor. *Charea* came.

Ph. My brother?

Dor. Yes.

Ph. When?

Dor. To-day.

Ph. How long since?

Dor. A little while ago.

Ph. With whom?

Dor. With *Parmeno*.

Ph. Did you know him before?

Dor. No.

Ph. How then could you know he was my brother?

Dor. *Parmeno* said he was——He gave me this dress.

Ph. What shall I say to this?

Dor. And the young gentleman put on mine; after which they went out together.

Py. Now, Sir, do you think I am drunk or not? Are you convinced now, that violence has been offered to this young lady?

Ph. Don't make such an outcry, woman. Do you give credit to what a fellow like this says?

Py. There is no occasion to give credit to him, the thing shews itself.

Ph. Come a little this way. Don't you hear? A little farther——That will do. Answer me again, did *Charea* take your cloaths?

Dor. He did.

Ph. And did he put them on?

Dor. Yes.

Ph. And was he carried to *Thais* in your stead?

Dor. He

Dor. He was.

Ph. O heavens ! what an impudent and wicked rogue this is.

Py. Woes me ! I hope you are now convinced that we have been treated in a most scandalous and base manner ?

Ph. No wonder such a foolish huffey as you should believe what any one says. I know not what to do—Be sure, firrah, you deny every thing you have said—Can't I force the truth out of you ? Did you see my brother *Chærea* ?

Dor. No.

Ph. I find there is no getting any thing out of you otherwise than by punishment—Come this way. The fellow says one thing at one time, and another thing at another. Fall down upon your knees and beg my forgiveness.

Dor. Pray, good Sir, forgive me.

Ph. Get in immediately.

Dor. Hei, ho.

Ph. I could fall upon no other way to come off tolerably ; for I find the thing is certainly so. What, shall I have these tricks put upon me, by such a scoundrel as you ?

Py. So sure as I am alive, this is all *Parmeno's* doings.

Dor. I believe so too.

Py. I warrant you I'll pay him back in his own way. But, *Dorias*, what must we do in the mean time ?

Dor. In regard to the young lady ?

Py. Would you have me conceal the affair, or tell it ?

Dor. I think if you are wise, you'll keep what you know a secret, both as to the *Eunuch*, and the affair of the young lady. By this means you will keep yourself clear of all embroils, and do her an acceptable piece of service. You need only say, that *Dorus* is run away.

Py. I'll do so.

Dor. But is not this *Chremes* ? Then *Thais* will be here presently.

Py. What makes you think so ?

Dor. Because they had begun to wrangle when I left them.

Py. Do you go in with your mistress's jewels, I shall get intelligence from *Chremes* how matters go.

S C E N E V.

Chremes, Pythias.

Ch. I am certainly in for it; they have caught me at last. This wine has got the better of me, and yet so long as I sat still, I thought myself as sober as a judge; but when I got up my head and my heels gave way at once.

Py. *Chremes*!

Ch. Who is this? Ah, *Pythias*, how handsome you are grown since I last saw you.

Py. You are certainly a good deal merrier.

Ch. It is most certainly a true saying, good wine and good cheer are the two pillars of *Venus*—Has *Thais* been here long?

Py. Is she gone from *Thraso*?

Ch. Long ago, an age since—They have had a violent quarrel.

Py. Did not she desire you to follow her?

Ch. No; but as she went away she made a sign to me—

Py. Well, and was not that enough?

Ch. I should not, however, have understood her meaning, if the officer we were in company with had not explain'd it by kicking me out of doors. But here she comes herself; I cannot imagine how I have got here before her.

S C E N E VI.

Thais, Chremes, Pythias.

Th. I make no doubt but he'll be here presently, with an intent to take away the young lady; but let him come. If he lays a finger upon her, it shall be at his peril. I can bear with his blustering and his big words, while they are but words; but if he proceeds farther, he shall know the difference.

Ch. *Thais*, I have been here this hour.

Th. O my *Chremes*, you are the very man I wanted; don't you know all this disturbance has happen'd upon
your

your account ; and that the whole of this affair relates to you ?

Cb. To me ? How ? What do you mean by that ?

Th. I have suffered this and a hundred such abuses, merely because I would restore to you your sister.

Cb. Where is she ?

Th. With me, at my house.

Cb. Bless me ! at your house ?

Th. I assure you, she is brought up in such a manner as becomes both you and her.

Cb. What say you ?

Th. Nothing but truth. I intend to make a free gift of her to you back again, without any consideration whatever.

Cb. I'm much obliged to you, madam, and will make you a suitable return.

Th. But take care that you do not lose her, before you get her, *Chremes* ; for this is her whom *Thraso* is coming to take away by force.—Do you go, *Pythias*, and bring out that little coffer that contains the things belonging to *Pamphila*.

Cb. *Thais*, don't you see ? —

Py. Where does it ly ?

Th. In the trunk—Why don't you make more haste ?

Cb. Don't you see what a power of people he is bringing along with him ? I, I——

Th. What, you're not afraid, my man ?

Cb. Hold your prating. I afraid—No man in the universe less so.

Th. It is necessary, on this occasion, you should be courageous.

Cb. I am afraid you do not know what for a man I am.

Th. Think of this ; that he you are now to contend with is a foreigner, not known as you are, and has less interest and fewer friends.

Cb. I know all that ; but I think prudence directs us not to run into any danger which can be as well avoided. I think therefore we had better prevent his doing us an injury than punish him for it afterwards—So, do you go in and barricade the house, and I'll run

to the Forum—'Twill be better I have some friends with me in this affair.

Th. Stay.

Ch. I tell you it is most adviseable—

Th. Stop, I say.

Ch. Let me go, I'll be here again in a minute.

Th. You have no occasion for any friends at all. You need only say she is your sister; that you lost her when she was young; that you have now found her, and shew him the tokens.

Py. There they are.

Th. Take them. If he offers any violence, carry him before the officers of justice—You understand me?

Ch. Perfectly well.

Th. And be sure you speak this with spirit and resolution.

Ch. That you may depend upon.

Th. Come, tuck up your cloak—The Lord defend me! for this protector of mine stands grievously in need of one himself.

SCENE VII.

Thraaso, Gnatho, Sanga, Chremes, Thais.

Thr. Shall I, *Gnatho*, put up with such a notorious insult as this? No, I'll die first. *Simalio*, *Donax*, *Syriscus*, follow me. First I'll take the house by storm.

Gn. Right.

Thr. Then I'll carry off the young lady.

Gn. Mighty well.

Thr. Then I'll revenge my quarrel upon *Thais*.

Gn. Nobly resolved.

Thr. Here you, *Donax*, do you form the center with your body of engineers. *Simalio*, do you take the command of the left wing; and you, *Syriscus*, post yourself on the right—But where are the rest? Where's *Sanga* with his battalion of scullions.

Sa. Here is *Sanga*, captain.

Thr. How now, you poltroon, do you intend to fight with a dish-clout, that you bring one here?

San. I, Sir? I knew the bravery of my commander, and the intrepidity of his soldiers, and brought it along with me to wipe away the blood.

Thr. Where

Thr. Where are all the others?

San. Others! what a plague, there is only *Sannio* left to look after the house.

Thr. Do you form them into a line of battle, I'll take my station in the rear, and send my orders from thence.

Gn. Thus it is to be wise: When he has disposed of the rest, he takes care of a proper station for himself.

Thr. This was *Pyrrhus's* manner.

Ch. Do you see, *Thais*, what they are about? It will certainly be a prudent step to barricade the doors.

Th. This fellow who appears now to you such a hero, is at the bottom a rank coward—Don't be dishearten'd.

Thr. What is your opinion of the matter, *Gnatho*?

Gn. I wish we had a body of slingers to beat them out of their strong holds—— They would soon be obliged to retire.

Thr. But there is *Thais* herself.

Gn. Why, then, don't we immediately make the attack?

Thr. Hold—It is the business of an experienc'd commander to try what can be done by parley, before he comes to extremities. How do you know but she may do what I desire of her, without being forc'd to it?

Gn. Heavens! what a blessing it is to be endowed with wisdom. I never approach you, but I come away with some useful lesson.

Thr. *Thais*, answer me one thing first of all. When I gave you this young girl, was it not on condition that I should have you to my self for these few days?

Tb. And what then?

Thr. Did not you bring another gallant into company before my very face?

Tb. What business have you with him?

Thr. And did not you leave me and go away privately with him?

Tb. Because I had a mind to it.

Thr. I desire therefore you will give me *Pamphila* back again, or I'll take her by force.

Ch. Give you her back again, touch her if you dare, you forry fellow!

Gn. Pray,

Gn. Pray, Sir, hold your tongue, you know not what you're about.

Cb. What have you to do in the affair, firrah?

Thr. Shall I not touch what is my own?

Cb. Your own, you scoundrel!

Gn. Take care what you say. You know not what a great man you are now reviling.

Cb. I desire you will immediately begone, for you know not what you're doing. I tell you, if you make any more riot here, I'll make you remember the day, the place, and who you are meddling with, so long as you have to live.

Gn. How I pity you, for making a man of this consequence your enemy!

Cb. I'll break your bones, firrah, if you are not gone immediately.

Gn. Say you so, you bully, is it thus you treat us?

Thr. What are you? How came you to interfere? What business have you with her?

Cb. You shall know that: First of all I declare her to be a free woman.

Thr. How!

Cb. Yes, a citizen of *Athens*.

Thr. Strange!

Cb. And my sister.

Thr. What a front this fellow has!

Cb. Now, *Thraſo*, I give you warning that you don't offer her the least violence—*Thais*, I'll go to her nurse *Sophrone*, and bring her here, that she may see the tokens.

Thr. Will you pretend to forbid me taking what is my own?

Cb. I do forbid you.

Gn. Do you hear this? The fellow convicts himself of robbery. Is not this a sufficient plea to go upon?

Thr. And do you, *Thais*, say the same?

Th. You may wait, if you please, for an answer.

Thr. What shall we do now?

Gn. Let us go back again, she'll come to herself presently, and beg your forgiveness.

Thr. Do you think so?

Gn. There

Gn. There can be no doubt of it. I know the ways of women; when you are complaisant, they are in their airs; if you keep upon the reserve, they comply of themselves.

Thr. You judge right.

Gn. Shall I not now dimiss our men?

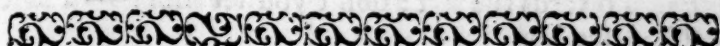
Thr. When you please.

Gn. Sanga, you will take care, as becomes a brave officer, that our troops now think of their houses and families.

San. As to me, I have been thinking of supper this great while.

Gn. You're an honest fellow.

Thr. Follow me this way.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Thais, Pythias.

Thais.

WILL you continue to plague me, huffey, with this dark discourse of yours? I know and I know not—I hear so; and he's gone away; and I was not here—Can't you speak plain, and tell me at once whatever it be. I find the young lady in tears, with her cloaths tore, and she won't speak a word—The *Eunuch* run off—How comes this to be? What is the reason? Won't you speak?

Py. What would you have a poor creature like me say? I hear he was no *Eunuch*.

Th. What then?

Py. Why that *Chærea* —

Th. What *Chærea*?

Py. That young man, *Phædria*'s brother.

Th. What do you say, huffey?

Py. And I have now found out it was he.

Th. What business had he to do with us? How was he brought here?

Py. I know not; only I believe he was in love with *Pamphila*.

Th. What an unfortunate wretch I am! if what you say

say be true, all my hopes are ruined. And is it for this the young lady is in tears?

Py. I suppose so.

Tb. What do you say, you vile creature? Did not I lay the strictest commands upon you when I went away?

Py. What more could I do? She was given up to his care alone, as you had ordered.

Tb. And so I find you have given the wolf the sheep to keep. I am quite ashamed to have been so imposed upon——What sort of a man is he?

Py. Hush, mistress! pray don't speak, all is well, we have the very man himself.

Tb. Where is he?

Py. Towards the left; don't you see him?—There!

Tb. I see him.

Py. Get him seized as soon as you can.

Tb. And what should we do with him, then, you fool?

Py. Do you ask what we should do with him?—Look at him, pray, and see if he does not seem the most impudent fellow that ever breath'd——

Tb. I don't think he does.

Py. And then how audacious he is to appear here again.

SCENE II.

Chærea, Thais, Pythias.

Ch. Both *Antipho's* father and mother were at home, as if on set purpose, so I could get in no way but they must see me; and while I was standing before the door, there came up one who knew me: As soon as I perceived him I took to my heels, and got into one by-alley, then to a second, and so on to a third, running as hard as I could, and getting away for fear any acquaintance should meet me——But is not this *Thais* whom I see? 'Tis certainly she herself; I am at a loss how to behave. But what need I care? What can she do to me?

Tb. Let us go up to him.—So, *Dorus*, your servant, good Sir, tell me, did you run away?

Ch. I did so.

Tb. And was that well done?

Ch. No.

Tb. De

Th. Do you imagine you shall escape being punished for it?

Ch. I beg you'll forgive this one fault, if I ever do so again, take my life.

Th. Was you afraid I should prove a severe mistress?

Ch. No.

Th. What then?

Ch. I was afraid of this woman here that she would have complained to you of me.

Th. What had you done?

Ch. I committed a small fault.

Py. A small one, you brazen face! is it a small crime, think you, to debauch a young lady who is a citizen?

Ch. I thought she had been my fellow servant.

Py. Your fellow servant! and what then? O! I could fly upon him and tear his eyes out! What does the monster come and laugh at us?

Th. You're mad, huffey, begone.

Py. Why so? I think 'tis only what I owe such a fellow, if I did do it, especially as he acknowledges himself your servant.

Th. Come, let us leave off this trifling; you have not acted, *Charea*, as becomes you in this affair; for suppose I deserved such usage as this, it comes, notwithstanding, very ill from such a gentleman as you are, and of such a family: And I am so perplexed in regard to the young lady, that I know not what course to take; for you have by this so thoroughly broke all my measures, that I cannot now restore her to her family and friends, as I wish'd to do; and by doing so I expected to have secured to myself the friendship and protection of a family I might rely on, *Charea*.

Ch. I hope this will lay the foundation of a perpetual friendship between us. It very often happens that from incidents of the like nature, and from disagreeable beginnings, the greatest intimacy commences. How do you know but providence has order'd it so?

Th. I am sure, I am extremely willing and glad to take it in that light.

Ch. One

Ch. One thing I beg you would believe, that what I did proceeded from no intention of affronting you, but entirely from the violence of my passion.

Tb. I do believe it, and upon that account I the more readily forgive you. I am not of a relentless nature, nor so void of experience, as not to know how violent are the dictates of that passion.

Ch. And I declare to you, *Thais*, upon my honour, that I have a most sincere regard for you.

Py. In my opinion, mistress, you ought to take care that he don't play you some farther trick.

Ch. I durst not, if I had a mind.

Py. O! I have no faith in you.

Tb. Be quiet, and give over.

Ch. Now I must beg that you will aid me in this affair; I trust and give myself up entirely to you; I beg you to be my patroness; and earnestly request your assistance, for I cannot live unless I have this young lady for my wife.

Tb. But if your father should —

Ch. O, no fear of him, he'll certainly consent, if she is a citizen.

Tb. Wait a little, if you please, her brother will be here presently; he is gone for her nurse, who brought her up from a child; and you shall be here yourself when we examine into the particulars.

Ch. I'll tarry with all my heart.

Tb. But would it not be better to step in than stand in the street?

Ch. That I shall be very glad of.

Py. Pray, madam, do you know what you are about?

Tb. What is the matter with you?

Py. Do you let him come into your house again, after what has pass'd?

Tb. Why not?

Py. Take my word for it, he'll cause some new disturbance.

Tb. Hush, be quiet.

Py. O I find you know not what a sort of man he is.

Ch. I won't do any thing, *Pythias*.

Py. I'll

Py. I'll not believe it, till I find it be so.

Ch. You shall have the keeping of me, *Pythias*.

Py. I'll neither keep you, nor trust you with any thing to keep—I desire, tho', that you'll keep your hands off.

Th. There comes her brother most luckily——

Ch. For heaven's sake, *Thais*, let us get in, I would not for the world he saw me in the streets in this garb.

Th. Why so? Are you ashamed?

Ch. That's the very reason.

Py. The very reason? Ay, but you was not ashamed to——

Th. Go before then, and I'll follow you. *Pythias*, do you wait upon *Chremes*, and bring him in.

S C E N E III.

Pythias, Chremes, Sophrona.

Py. What now shall I think upon? What method or means, can I devise, to be even with that rascal *Parmeno*, for playing us this dog's trick?

Chr. I beg, good nurse, you would move a little faster.

Soph. I do move.

Chr. I see so, but do not find you advance a step.

Py. Have you shewed these tokens to the nurse?

Chr. All of them.

Py. Well, pray, and does she recollect them?

Chr. She remembers every one of them exactly.

Py. I am vastly glad of it, for I wish the young lady well with all my heart——Walk in, pray; my mistress has been expecting you some time. I see this good gentleman *Parmeno* walking this way. With what a careless air he saunters at his ease!—But I hope I shall have it in my power presently to disturb his quiet a little—I'll step in first and learn what has happened in regard to the young lady; after which I'll come and see if I cannot sweat this rascal a little.

S C E N E IV.

Parmeno, Pythias.

Par. I am come here again to see how *Chærea* has managed his matters; if he has conducted himself, as he ought, heavens! how greatly and how deservedly shall I be applauded! for not to mention that I have put him in

in a way of succeeding in a very difficult and otherwise expensive intrigue, as he would have been in the hands of a rapacious courtesan; I have been the means of procuring him the woman he was so much in love with, and that without any loss, trouble or expence; and besides that, I have put him in a way, which I think of more consequence to him than any thing, of early knowing the ways and practices of these harlots, that he may hold them in detestation ever afterwards. When they appear abroad, nothing can be neater, cleaner, or more exactly elegant—If they sit down to table with a gallant, they are decent and delicate; but to see them at home nasty and squalid, with all the marks of poverty, how shamefully filthy they are, how coarsely and voraciously they feed, soaking their crums in the broth of yesterday; I say, to know all these things is of great advantage to a young gentleman.

Py. I promise you, good Sir, you shall suffer for indulging yourself in these reflections; I'll learn to speak of our profession with more reverence another time.

SCENE V.

Pythias, Parmeno.

Py. Mercy on me! what a cruel and bloody action is this!—unhappy youth!—O! what a villain *Parmeno* must be, to bring the young gentleman here!

Par. What can this be?

Py. My heart bleeds, and I have run out of doors, that I might not be witness to such a dismal spectacle—Bless us all! They threaten to do what I shudder to think of!

Par. O heavens! what is this? Am I then utterly undone?—I'll go to her. How is this, *Pythias*? What is it you say? Whom are they to use in this barbarous manner?

Py. O you vile wretch! while you intended to put a trick upon us, you have utterly undone the young gentleman whom you brought here for an *Eunuch*.

Par. Why so? Tell me, pray, what has happen'd.

Py. I'll tell you—Don't you know that the young lady that was given in a present this day to *Thais* is a citizen of *Athens*, and that her brother is a gentleman of the first rank?

Par. I

Par. I know nothing of the matter.

Py. But so she is found to be——Now this young gentleman of yours has ravished her. When her brother heard this, who is of a fiery and violent temper——

Par. What did he do?

Py. First of all he had him bound in a most merciless manner——

Par. Had him bound!

Py. And tho' *Thais* begg'd of him in the most earnest terms that he would spare him——

Par. What is this you say?

Py. He persists in the resolution of inflicting upon him the punishment the laws appoint for adulterers, which I never beheld, and hope never shall.

Par. How dare they think of committing so heinous an outrage?

Par. Why so heinous?

Par. Can any thing be more so? Who was ever seized for an adulterer, in the house of an harlot?

Py. I know nothing of the matter.

Par. But that you may know then, I tell you this is my master's son.

Py. What, is this he?

Par. And therefore *Thais* will do well to look to it, that no violence be offered him——But what hinders me from going, myself?

Py. Take care, *Parmeno*, what you do, lest you bring ruin upon yourself, and do him no manner of service; for they look upon you as the author and contriver of every thing that has happen'd.

Par. Heavens assist me! what can I do? Or what course shall I take?——I see my old master coming from the country——Shall I speak to him of this, or not?——I will do it, tho' I know I am to suffer for it; but there is a necessity that he should interpose and relieve his son.

Py. You are in the right—I'll go in, and do you tell him every thing exactly as it has happen'd.

La. I reap this advantage from the near situation of my country house to the town, that I am never tired either with town or country ; as soon as I begin to be so, I shift my quarters—But is not this our *Parmeno* ? Yes, it is. Who does *Parmeno* wait for before this door ?

Par. Who is this ? O, my master, I'm glad to see you safe in town.

La. I say, who is it you wait for here ?

Par. I cannot speak ; my tongue falters.

La. What makes you shake so ? Is any thing the matter ? Let me know immediately.

Par. Sir, I would have you be persuaded of what is really the truth, that whatever has happened is nowise owing to me.

La. What has happen'd ?

Par. You ask very properly ; I ought to have told you that first. *Phædria* bought an *Eunuch*, to make a present of to this woman.

La. What woman ?

Par. *Thais*.

La. Bought one ?——I shall be undone—For how much ?

Par. Twenty minæ.

La. I'm ruined.

Par. Then your son *Chærea* is in love with a musick wench.

La. How ! He in love ? Does he already give his mind to harlots ? Is he come to town ?——There is mischief upon mischief.

Par. Don't look at me, I beseech you ; I had no hand in it, I assure you.

La. Have done speaking of yourself—As for you, you rascal, I'll——But be quick and let me know the bottom of all this.

Par. *Chærea* was brought here for the *Eunuch*.

La. For the *Eunuch* ?

Par. Yes ; and they have seized and bound him within doors, and threaten to punish him as an adulterer.

La. Hea-

La. Heavens have mercy upon me !

Par. See the audaciousness of these strumpets.

La. Is there any mischief or calamity farther, that you have not told me of ?

Par. That is all.

La. I'll rush into the house immediately.

Par. It is a matter beyond all doubt, that I shall dearly pay for this ; but it was necessary in the present case, and I have this comfort, at least, that I shall be the occasion of bringing these fine ladies to exemplary punishment ; for the old gentleman has been long wishing for an opportunity of making an example of them, and now he has found one.

SCENE VII.

Pythias, Parmeno.

Py. I know not when any thing has happen'd, that has given me half the joy, as when I found old *Laches* come into our house so mistaken as he was. It was matter of laughing to me, who alone knew what he was afraid of.

Par. What is this now ?

Py. I am come out to look for *Parmeno*. Where can he be ?

Par. Does she enquire for me ?

Py. There he is. I'll go up to him.

Par. What is the matter, you fool ? What do you gigue at ? Won't you speak ? What is the matter with the wench ?

Py. O dear ! my sides are ready to burst with laughing.

Par. And at what, pray ?

Py. Do you ask that ? In all my life did I never meet with such a noodle, nor do I suppose I ever shall—It is not in my power to express what a fine piece of work you have made within doors—And at first, too, I was simple enough to take you for a shrewd cunning fellow—What, was you such an ass as to believe what I told you ? Was it not enough you had put the young gentleman upon doing a bad action, but must you go and discover it to his father ? Poor creature ! how he looked when the old gentleman found him in the dress of the

Eunuch ?

Eunuch? How do you find your pulse beat now? *Parmeno*, don't you look upon yourself in a fair way to be tuck'd up.

Par. How, you jade, what is it you say? Have you imposed upon me, and do you laugh at it? And do you think we are fit to be the jest of such a baggage as you.

Py. Extremely fit, in my opinion.

Par. And do you think to escape unpunished for this?

Py. I set you at defiance.

Par. I'll return your favour back again, I assure you.

Py. No doubt; but then I hope you'll allow some time to it; whereas, alas! your affairs admit of no delay; you're on the point of receiving the due reward of your merits, for putting a young gentleman upon committing infamous actions, and then betraying him to his father. You'll have both father and son settle accounts with you presently.

Par. I'm in a comfortable situation indeed.

Py. *Parmeno*, I give you joy of this, as a return for the favour you was pleased to confer upon us; and leave you to your own meditations.

Par. I have betrayed myself (like a rat) by my own squeaking.

SCENE VIII.

Gnatho, Thraso.

Gn. What do you intend now, *Thraso*? Or upon what design are we come here? How are you to act?

Thr. To make my submission to *Thais*, give myself up to her disposal, and do whatever she commands me.

Gn. Do you mean so?

Thr. Why may not I give myself up to her, as well as *Hercules* gave himself up to *Omphale*?

Gn. I like the comprison, and hope in the same manner to see your head broke with a slipper——But don't her doors open, blefs me!

Thr. Who, in the name of wonder is this? There is a new face I never saw before, coming out in a great hurry.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Cherea, Parmeno, Phædria, Gnatho, Thraso.

Ch. Is there this day, a man alive more happy than I? Surely no one. The immortal gods have shewn an instance of their power in me, to whom so many fortunate incidents have happen'd all at once.

Par. What makes him so over joyed?

Ch. O my *Parmeno*, the author, contriver and finisher of all my joys, do you know how happy I am? Know you that my *Pamphila* is found to be a citizen?

Par. Yes, I have heard as much.

Ch. But do you know that she is betroth'd to me?

Par. No, but I am glad to hear it, from the bottom of my heart.

Gn. Do you hear that, *Thraso*?

Ch. Then as to my brother *Phædria*, how glad I am that he too is prosperous in his love; we are now but one family, *Thais* has given herself up to us, and come under the protection of my father.

Par. Your brother then has *Thais* entirely to himself.

Ch. Entirely.

Par. That affords me another satisfaction; this officer, who so plagued us, is turned then out of doors.

Ch. Do you make haste and look for my brother, that he may know this as soon as possible.

Par. I'll see if he is at home.

Thr. I fancy, *Gnatho*, 'tis pretty plain that my affairs, too, are all over.

Gn. Indeed, I think, that admits of no doubt.

Ch. What shall I first think of, or whom shall I praise the most? Him, who put this into my head, or myself for so boldly executing it? Or shall I give the merit of it to fortune, who rules over human affairs, and who in the space of a day has brought about so many and so lucky incidents? Or what shall I say of the easiness, and good nature of my father—O great Jupiter, do thou but continue to us this good fortune.

Pb. Heavens! what incredible things has *Parmeno* just now told me—but there's my brother.

Ch. Here he is.

Pb. Brother I am glad to hear this good news.

F

Ch. There

Cb. There cannot be a more worthy object of affection and esteem than this *Thais* of yours, she is such a well-wisher to our family.

Pb. Hey day! do you trumpet forth her praises to me?

Thr. What shall I do, the less hopes I have, the more I'm in love—*Gnatho*, all my hopes are in you, do something for me, I beseech you.

Gn. What would you have me do?

Thr. Try what you can by prayers, presents or entreaties, that I may come in for at least some share of her favours.

Gn. It is not easily to be effected.

Thr. I know you can manage the matter, if you set about it; and if you bring this about, you may ask of me any thing you will, and be sure of having it.

Gn. Say you so?

Thr. I do.

Gn. Then if I do this for you, I expect your house will always be open to me, whether you are there or not, and that I be always welcome, tho' I am not invited.

Thr. I promise you it shall be so.

Gn. Then I'll set about this business.

Pb. Who is this I hear talking? *Thraso*.

Thr. Gentlemen, your servant.

Pb. Perhaps you do not know what has happen'd here.

Thr. Yes, I do know.

Pb. How comes it then I find you hereabouts?

Thr. Depending upon——

Pb. And do you know what you have to depend upon? I tell you, Sir, if I find you ever, after this, fauntering near this place, it will be in vain for you to make excuses, that you was in quest of some body, or that your business called you this way; I'll make an example of you.

Gn. Fy, Sir, do not talk in this manner.

Pb. But I tell you so it is.

Gn. I took you for a gentleman of more good nature.

Pb. You may depend upon it, it shall be so.

Gn. Be

Gn. Be so good as hear me a little, and if you don't like what I propose, then do as you please.

Pb. Well, let's know what you have to say.

Gn. Do you, *Thraso*, step aside for a little. First of all, Gentlemen, I would have you be persuaded that what I do in this affair is principally upon my own account; but if it answers your end at the same time, I hope you will have no objections.

Pb. Well, what is it you propose?

Gn. I propose you should admit this officer, who is a rival of yours, into a partnership with you.

Pb. How! into a partnership?

Gn. Only think a little, Sir. In the manner you live with *Thais*, (for indeed you live sumptuously) as you can afford but little towards such an expence, and she must some how or other get wherewithal to support you, it is impossible you can meet with a man fitter or more convenient for your purpose——In the first place, he is rich, and no one is more profuse; then he is a silly, foolish, empty fellow, lies snoring night and day; so that you can be in no danger of his supplanting you; and you may send him about his business, whenever you find him troublesome.

Pb. What is to be done in this case?

Gn. And what, I think, deserves in the first place to be regarded, no one entertains more freely or more genteelly.

Pb. I have a vast notion this man may be serviceable in some shape or other.

Cb. And I am of the same opinion.

Gn. You are in the right. I have only one thing more to beg, gentlemen, that you will receive me into your protection; this I have been long endeavouring to obtain.

Pb. Well, Sir, you are welcome.

Cb. Ay, with all my heart.

Gn. And for this favour, gentlemen, I put him into your hands, as a dish ready serv'd up, for your profit or amusement.

Cb. I am quite satisfied.

Pb. I think he very well deserves it.

Gn. Thraso, you may come when you please.

Thr. Pray, what is this we are about?

Gn. These gentlemen, Sir, did not know you—when I told them what sort of a man you was, and set you off in your proper colours, as you deserved, they made no difficulty.

Th. I am obliged to you and return you my thanks—Indeed, during the whole course of my life, I never met with any but who greatly esteem'd and loved me.

Gn. Did not I tell that here was a natural Attic elegance?

Ph. We find you was not wrong in your description of him—now let us go off—

The End of the Eunuch.

17 JY 63



THE

THE
Self-Tormentor:

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
Feast of *CYBELE*,

WHEN

L. CORNELIUS LENTULUS, and L. VALERIUS FLACCUS, were Curule *Ædiles*.

In the Consulship of

TIB. SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS,
and M. JUVENTIUS.

In the Year of ROME 590. and before
CHRIST 163.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Chremes.

Clitipho, *his Son.*

Menedemus.

Clinia, *his Son, in love with Antiphila.*

Syrus, *Servant to Clitipho.*

Dromo, *Servant.*



W. O M E N.

Sostrata, *Chremes' Wife.*

Antiphila, *a young Woman of Virtue.*

Bacchis, *a Lady of Pleasure, kept by Clitipho.*

Phrygia, *Bacchis' Maid.*

Antiphila's *Nurse.*

Scene, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about six or seven Hours.



T H E
SELF-TORMENTOR.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Chremes, Menedemus.

Chremes.



HO' our acquaintance be but of a very short date, and has arisen from the time you purchas'd this estate, without any other particular reason; yet the good qualities I have discovered in you, or our being neighbours, which creates something akin to friendship, makes me that I cannot help telling you with freedom and familiarity that I think you are doing what is inconsistent with your age, and beyond what your circumstances in life can possibly require. For, in the name of God, what is it you would be at, or what do you intend? You are now sixty

E 4,

years.

years of age, or better, as I guess—No gentleman has a finer or greater estate in this neighbourhood—No one more servants, and yet you perform all servile offices as if you had no one to do them for you. For I never stir out so early in the morning, or come home so late in the evening, but I find you ploughing, digging, or engaged in some such business—You give yourself no respite, nor seem to have any regard for yourself—I am certain you cannot think this a pleasurable way of living—But you will perhaps say, that it grieves you to see how little is done about the ground—Take my word for it, if you would employ the time you take in working yourself, to overlook the servants you have about you, it would be much more for your advantage.

Men. Have you, *Chremes*, so much leisure from your own affairs, that you can find time to look after those of others, and what in no way concerns you?

Chr. I myself am a man; and cannot be indifferent to what concerns the misery or felicity of my fellow creatures. But suppose I speak to you by way of giving advice or receiving information—That if you are right, I may follow your example; if you are wrong, that I may dissuade you from doing what I think so.

Men. You do as you think proper; I find this method of life necessary for me.

Chr. Is it necessary for any man to make life miserable?

Men. Yes, to me it is.

Chr. Nay, if your labouring in this manner answers any good purpose, I should be far from advising you against it; but what misfortune is this hangs over you, what can you have done to deserve so severe a penance?

Men. Ah me!

Chr. Do not weep. Let me into the secret of your woes, whatever they be—unbosom yourself with confidence, and keep no reserve. And be assured that if my commiserating you can assuage your grief, or my advice extricate you, or my fortune assist you—in any shape you may command me.

Men. And do you then desire to know my story?

Chr. Yes, for the very reasons I have just given you.

Men. Well,

Men. Well, then you shall hear it.

Cbr. But in the mean time lay down these rakes and harrows, and don't so fatigue yourself.

Men. No, you must excuse me.

Cbr. What can you mean by this?

Men. I beg you will let me alone, that I may give myself no respite from labour.

Cbr. But I will not let you alone.

Men. Indeed you are in the wrong.

Cbr. Bless me! what a weight they are.

Men. I deserve it all.

Cbr. Now, if you please to begin.

Men. I have one only son——have, did I say? alas!

Chremes, I had one, but whether I have him now or not is uncertain.

Cbr. How so?

Men. You shall hear. There came here a poor strange woman from *Corinth*; and my son was so violently in love with a Daughter of hers, that he lived with her almost as if she had been his wife, and this without my knowledge. When I found the matter out, I went to work not as a man of humanity ought, or as the ticklish disposition of youth requires; but with severity, as is the usual way of parents, and continued upbraiding him every day; what, do you think to go on in this course, whilst I, your father, am alive, and keep a mistress in the same manner almost, as if she was your wife? No, you are mistaken and don't know me, if you think so, *Clinia*. I will own you for my son no longer than you behave as my son ought to do; and if you behave otherwise, I will in my turn behave to you as I think you deserve: This vicious course of life proceeds from nothing but a habit of idleness. When I was of your age, I did not keep the company of harlots, but, as I had no fortune of my own, went into *Asia*, and there acquired fortune and reputation by my service in the wars——In short, the affair came at last to this, that the young man, by hearing such disagreeable things so often repeated, was quite tired out——Besides, he thought, I suppose, that my years and the natural affection of a parent to a child, made

me better able to know and judge for him, than he could do for himself, and so, *Chremes*, he went into *Asia*, and enter'd into the service of the king of *Persia*.

Chr. How!

Men. Yes, *Chremes*, and has now been gone three months.

Chr. Indeed you are both to blame——Tho' at the same time, this shews your son was neither insensible to honour, or wanted for spirit.

Men. As soon as I had heard of this from such as were privy to the affair, I went home, overwhelm'd with grief, and almost distracted by the trouble and agitation my mind was in——I sat myself down, and my servants came about me; some help'd to undress me, others were busy in getting ready every thing for supper; and every one doing all in their power to make me easy, and sooth my melancholy——When I saw this, I began to reason with myself; what, do so many people make it the business of their lives to please me alone? so many servants waiting, and such an expensive attendance only to gratify me? But my only child, who had as good or indeed a better title to expect these things than I, as his age was more fitted for things of this nature——Him I have, by my ill judg'd severity, driven from his family and his home; should I continue in this, I think I deserve any punishment; and so long as he leads this miserable life, an exile from his native country, forc'd to it by my harsh usage, so long am I determin'd to lead a laborious, and penurious life likewise, to do all I can for his advantage, and punish myself for my treatment of him——This resolution I immediately put in practice; I left no one thing in my house, disposed of all my moveables, and scraped together what I could. My servants, both men and maids, I sold, all excepting such as were absolutely necessary to carry on my country business, and could earn their own livelihood; I parted with my house, and by this means rais'd about fifteen talents, with which I bought this estate;—and in it I drudge, as you see; thinking that, by making myself miserable, I, in some measure, atone for the wrongs I have done
my

my child, and look upon it as a crime for me to indulge in any pleasure, till he is again safely restored to me.

Chr. I believe you are an indulgent parent, and that he would have proved a dutiful son, had he been properly managed——But the truth is, neither of you knew one another; and when this is the case there can be no living comfortably together; you never let him into the secret how much you lov'd him, and he never put that confidence in you a child should in a parent; otherwise this never would have happen'd.

Men. To be sure what you say is true, and I am much to blame.

Chr. Menedemus, But I hope all will yet be well—and my mind gives me that you will soon see him again safe and in good health.

Men. God grant I may.

Chr. It will be so—and in the mean time—come and be my guest, to day is the feast of *Bacchus*.

Men. I cannot, Sir.

Chr. Why can't you? Give yourself at least a little respite from misery—I dare say, you could do nothing so agreeable to your son, in his absence.

Men. No, no, it would ill suit me, who have drove him to a life of hardships to indulge myself at the same time in pleasure.

Chr. Are you then fix'd upon this?

Men. I am.

Chr. Then, your servant.

Men. Yours.

Chr. He has brought tears in my eyes, and I pity him from the bottom of my soul——But it is now time I should send to my neighbour *Phania* to come to supper—I'll go myself and see if he is at home——(*a servant meets him, and speaks to him*) I find there was no occasion to put him in mind, they tell me he has been there some time; so I keep my company waiting myself; and will therefore go in. But who is this that opens the door and comes out of my house? I'll step aside for a little.

SCENE II.

Clitipho.

There is nothing yet, needs any way alarm you, *Clinia*——The people you sent don't stay longer than is necessary, and I am persuaded she will come along with them some time to day; therefore lay aside that anxiety which torments you to no purpose.

Chr. Who's this my son speaks to?

Clit. My father is here, just as I could wish——Sir, you come very seasonably.

Chr. What is the matter?

Clit. Don't you know our neighbour *Menedemus*?

Chr. Yes.

Clit. And do you know he has a son?

Chr. I heard he was in *Asia*.

Clit. No, he is at this moment in our house.

Chr. What is it you say?

Clit. I just now met him as he landed, and have brought him to sup with us; as we have been intimate together from our childhood.

Chr. What you tell me, gives me great pleasure; and I wish from my heart *Menedemus* himself had been invited to make one of the company, that I might have the pleasure of surprising him with this unexpected good fortune, at my own house——And it is time enough to do it yet.

Clit. Take care what you do, Sir, it is not at all proper.

Chr. Why?

Clit. Because he is not yet determined what measures to take——He is but just arrived, and afraid of every thing; his Father's displeasure, and the constancy of his mistress; for he is desperately in love with her, and it was only upon her account all this disturbance happened, and that he fled his country.

Chr. I know it very well.

Clit. He has now sent his boy into town to enquire after her, and I have sent our *Syrus* along with him.

Chr. And what does the young gentleman say?

Clit. Say, why that he is the most wretched of all creatures.

Chr. He

Chr. He wretched! no one alive has less reason to think so. What is to hinder him from enjoying every thing that can constitute a man's happiness; when he is restored in safety to his parents, country, friends, family, relations and the possession of wealth—Tho', indeed, all these things depend on the disposition of him who possesses them; to a mind rightly disposed to enjoy them, they are blessings, but otherways they are so many curses.

Clit. His father was always of a morose nature— And I dread nothing so much as that in his passion he will do something severe by him.

Chr. Who, he?—But I must check myself, for it may be of use to my son, that the other is kept in awe.

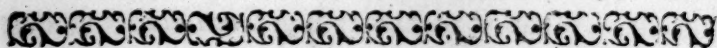
Clit. What was you saying, Sir?

Chr. I'll tell you. Whatever the matter was, the young man ought not to have gone off—And suppose his father was stricter with him than what was agreeable, he ought, notwithstanding, to have bore with it; for whom is he to bear any thing from, if not from his father? And pray which do you think most reasonable, a son to comply with the will of a father, or a father to give way to the humours of a son?—And as to what he may pretend of his father being severe, there is nothing in it, for the hardships that children think put upon them by parents, are almost all of the same nature—The most indulgent of fathers will not all allow a son to go on in a course of whoring and debauchery; or supply him extravagantly in expences; but all this contributes to make children good and virtuous; and when once the mind of a young man becomes vitiated with bad habits, it then becomes necessary to take proper measures, and this is a standing maxim that a man should always take warning and derive some useful example to himself from the misfortunes of others.

Clit. Yes, Sir, I am of that opinion too.

Chr. Well, I'll go in and see what they have prepared for our entertainment—And, as the time is so far gone, be sure you are not out of the way.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Clitipho solus.

HOW improper a judge is a father of a son—They expect we should become old at our very birth, and have none of those passions natural to our age; so they bring us to the standard of their inclinations, as they are now, instead of what they were at our time of life—If I live to have a son, he shall find in me an indulgent parent, in whom he may place confidence and expect forgiveness; and not such a one as I have—Gracious heaven! to hear him talk, when he is a little in liquor, of his own former exploits! and now he preaches up the doctrine of taking warning from others. But as cunning as he thinks himself to be, he hardly knows that he may as well talk to a post; and that the admonitions of my mistress have a much deeper effect upon me—She again uses another sort of stile—Why don't you let me have this, and why don't you make me a present of that—To which I can make no proper answer, and am, in fact, the most unhappy fellow in the whole world; for as to *Clinia*, tho' he has his own difficulties, yet he has to do with one who has been soberly and modestly brought up, and is quite a stranger to the trade of these bitches; but my madam is arrogant, rapacious, expensive, high in her airs, and known to half the town—When she asks money or presents from me, I'm obliged to put the best face upon the matter I can; should I once tell her I have nothing to myself, I should then stand a good chance of never seeing her face again—Well, this is a misfortune but of a late date, and the old gentleman knows not, as yet, any thing of the matter.

SCENE II.

Clinia, Clitipho.

Clin. Were my affairs, in regard to my mistress, in such a situation as I could wish, I know these people would have been here e'er now; but I'm afraid her virtue has been corrupted during my absence, and there are
many

The SELF-TORMENTOR. III

many concurring circumstances, that increase my uneasiness upon that head——The opportunity she has had by my being absent, her living in this town, her youth, and the vile principles of her mother, under whose direction she is, and who now thinks of nothing but making the most of her.

Clit. Clinia——

Clin. Woes me!

Clit. Are you looking about you, lest any one should come out from your father's and see you?

Clin. I'll be upon my guard. I know not what the matter is, but my mind bodes me no good.

Clit. And why will you pretend to form a judgment, before you do know something of the matter?

Clin. If there was not something extraordinary, I know they would be here.

Clit. They will be here presently.

Clin. And when will that presently be?

Clit. You don't consider that it is a pretty good distance, and you know the way of these ladies—— They are a year almost combing and patching, before they are rigged out.

Clin. O Clitipho, how my heart beats.

Clit. Take courage, there comes Dromo and Syrus both together.

SCENE III.

Syrus, Dromo, Clinia, Clitipho.

Syr. Is this possible, Dromo?

Dro. It is even so as I tell you.

Syr. But while we have been engaged in this chat, I find the ladies have lag'd behind.

Clit. Here comes your mistress, do you hear that, Clinia?

Clin. Ay, Clitipho, now I begin indeed to hear and see and breathe.

Syr. And it is no wonder they should march slowly, for they have a goodly equipage along with them; a whole troop of hand-maids to attend them.

Clin. My hopes are all ruin'd! How comes she by all this attendance?

Clit. You don't ask me that question?

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Syr. We ought not to have left them; for they have matters of no small value along with them.

Clin. Ah me!

Syr. Both dress and jewels to a considerable amount; and it now begins to be late, and they know not their way—We acted very imprudently, and therefore, *Dromo*, do you go and meet them—make haste; what does the fellow wait for?

Clin. Alas! how are all my hopes blasted.

Clit. What is the matter now? what is this you are solicitous about?

Clin. Do you ask what is the matter, when you see her coming attended by maids, and with jewels and changes of dress—She, whom I left with only one girl—How do you think she could come by all this?

Clit. Oh! now I understand you.

Syr. Bless me, what a troop there is of them, I am sure our house can scarce hold them. And then what a quantity of victuals and drink they will consume! Our old gentleman will run distracted—But there they come, just as I wished for.

Clin. O God! is all faith and honour lost in these days! have I been wandering and forlorn, an exile from my country, and you, *Antipbila*, in my distress, forsaken me, and in my absence made a market for yourself—Yet on your account am I now in this disgraceful situation, and for you have been undutiful to my father, for which I am now both ashamed and wretched; that I did not listen to him when he so often warned me of what sort of creatures you were—But I will now follow his advice, tho' I refused to do so, when I might have found my account in it—In a word I am miserable and undone.

Syr. I find he lies under a mistake from what we have been talking—Sir, you judge of the state of your affairs, in regard to your mistress, otherways than it is—for her way of life now is the same it has formerly been, and her constancy to you the same as ever. At least, as far as I can judge from all circumstances.

Clin. What do you say? I beseech you let me into the particulars; for nothing in life can give me equal
satisfaction

satisfaction as to find myself wrong in my suspicions.

Syr. First of all then, that you may be informed of every thing, the old woman, who pass'd for her mother, was not so; however, she is dead—This I heard her mention to the other lady, as we were upon the road.

Clin. Who is this other?

Syr. Wait a little, Sir, and let me finish what I have begun. You shall know the other afterwards.

Clin. Well, be as quick as possible.

Syr. As soon as we arrived at the house she lives in, *Dromo* knocks at the door—An old woman comes out; when she had open'd the door, *Dromo* immediately enters, and I after him—The old woman put the latch upon the door, and went to her work again. And I think if any thing can be, this is a clear proof how she spent her time in your absence, as we came in upon her unexpectedly, for that gave us an opportunity of judging what was her usual way of living, which of all other things gives the greatest light into a person's natural disposition. We found the young lady herself very assiduous at her needle, indifferently clad in mourning, on account, I suppose, of the old woman who had died; no sort of jewels or ornaments, but in the garb of one who dressed to please herself, without paint or patches, as if she expected to see galants. Her hair hung loose and long, and carelessly thrown back about her head—Come, I think this looks well.

Clin. O my *Syrus*, deceive me not into a false joy.

Syr. The old woman was busied in spinning, and there was, besides, one little girl, who was at work along with her, all in tatters, dirty and ragged.

Clin. If this account be true, as I doubt not but it is, who so happy as you, *Clinia*. You know this girl whom he talks of as being in this mean and ragged condition; and there can be no greater sign of a woman living chastly, than her attendants being so neglected, for such as would come at the mistress seldom fail in their gratitude to the maid.

Clin. Go

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Clin. Go on, *Syrus*, I beseech you, and be sure you seek not to ingratiate yourself by falsely flattering my hopes—What said she, when you mentioned me?

Syr. As soon as we told her you was return'd, and that you beg'd she would come to you, immediately she left off working, and melted into tears, which any one could perceive were shed upon your account.

Clin. As I hope for mercy, my joy is so great, that I hardly know where I stand; considering how alarm'd I was before.

Clit. But I knew your fears were groundless, *Clinia*. Now let us know, *Syrus*, who this other is.

Syr. Why, we are bringing here *Bacchis*, your flame.

Clit. How, *Bacchis*! Whither do you intend to carry her?

Syr. Where do you think, but to our house.

Clit. What, to my father?

Syr. Yes, to your father.

Clit. Was ever such impudence heard of?

Syr. Look ye, Sir, nothing great and arduous can be attempted without danger.

Clit. A fine story truly; so you are to establish your reputation as a hero at the expence of my life; and undertake an enterprize, where the least slip must end in my ruin. And what is the scheme of all this, pray?

Syr. There is nothing in it.

Clit. What do you tell me of nothing?

Syr. If you will allow me, I will explain myself.

Clin. Let him go on.

Clit. Well, Sir, proceed.

Syr. This affair is just so as if——

Clit. What a harangue this fellow is beginning.

Clin. Why, *Syrus*, your master is in the right; let these flourish alone, and come to the point.

Syr. It is impossible for me to contain; indeed, *Clitipho*, you use me ill in many respects, nor is it possible for me to put up with it any longer.

Clin. to *Clitipho*.] You must hear him; therefore be quiet.—

Syr. You're

Syr. You fall in love with women, wish to enjoy them, and want to have money to squander upon them; but all this, forsooth, must be effected without your running any risk; indeed you are no fool, if that, by the by, be not folly, to expect impossibilities—The short of the matter is this—if you are determined to have your mistress, you must run these risks; or if you do not chuse that, you must relinquish all hopes of her; and therefore chuse which you like best; tho' I am positive that my plan is safe and secure; for your mistress may be with you at your own house without any fear of discovery, and by the same means I will find a way to raise the money you want for her use, which, you know, you talk'd to me so long and so much of, that I have been quite stun'd—Now, pray, what more would you have?

Clit. Ay, if this could be.

Syr. You'll find so, when you try it.

Clit. Come then, unravel your scheme, and let us know how deeply it is laid.

Syr. We'll pretend that *Bacchis* is *Clinia's* mistress.

Clit. Mighty well, and, in the mean time, how is he to dispose of his own? Is she to pass for his other mistress too, as if one at a time was not enough?

Syr. No, she shall be brought to your mother.

Clit. And what then?

Syr. I have not time to acquaint you with my reasons for every thing; but I go upon sure grounds.

Clit. All stuff: I see no grounds you go upon sufficient to induce me to run this hazard.

Syr. Hold then, I have another expedient, which you both must allow will be attended with no danger.

Clin. Ay, for God's sake, think of something of that kind.

Syr. I will; and I intend to go immediately to meet them, and desire them both to go back again.

Clit. How, what do you say?

Syr. By this means I'll rid you of all your fears, that you may take your sleep in quiet.

Clit. What shall I do now?

Clin. What should you do, but make the most—

Clit. *Syrus,*

Clit. *Syrus*, do tell me in earnest——

Syr. You may follow your own measures, but let me tell you, you will wish for such an opportunity again, when it is too late.

Clin. I say make the most of your present good fortune; for it is odds, if you ever have it in your power again to be on such terms with your mistress.

Clit. *Syrus*, I say——

Syr. You speak to me in vain, for I am determined in my resolution.

Clit. What you say, *Syrus*, is certainly right, come back, pray do.

Syr. I find he grows very warm upon it. What would you have with me?

Clit. Come back, I say.

Syr. Here I am, what is it you want, presently you'll say you do not approve of this.

Clit. No, *Syrus*, I give myself, my love, and my reputation entirely up to you, and submit to your judgment, only take care you do nothing that may deserve blame.

Syr. That admonition, Sir, is absurd, for I apprehend I am full as much interested in the event as you. If any misfortune should happen, you will come off with a scolding bout, but my back must suffer for all; for which reason you may depend that I will have all my wits about me; only in the mean time you must prevail upon *Clinia* to let her pass for his mistress.

Clin. As to me, I'll do any thing; for I find matters are come to that pass as makes it necessary.

Clit. I am vastly obliged to you, *Clinia*.

Clin. But in the mean time you must take care that nothing escapes from *Bacchis*.

Syr. O no; she has received her instructions upon that head already.

Clit. One thing I much wonder at, *Syrus*, how you could so easily persuade her to come, who gives herself airs to people of the first quality.

Syr. I took her in the seasonable minute, which of all things is most material; for I just happen'd to come, when an officer was strongly soliciting a night's lodging;
she

she managed this gentleman with great address, taking all the advantages she could of his pressing eagerness, with a view, at the same time, of making a merit of it to you—— But hark ye, you must take care and be upon your guard, you know what a quick scent your father has on these occasions, and I know myself how little command you have of yourself— We must have no shrugs, no whisperings, or coughing, or sighing or simpering.

Clit. You yourself shall applaud my behaviour.

Syr. Well, take care.

Clit. You'll be surpris'd to see me.

Syr. But how soon these ladies have overtaken us.

Clit. Where are they? Why do you hold me?

Syr. Remember, this is not your mistress.

Clit. I know she is not, not before my father, but now——

Syr. No, nor now.

Clit. Pray let me——

Syr. I tell you, you shan't.

Clit. Pray do, only for a little.

Syr. I order to the contrary.

Clit. Only to salute her.

Syr. If you are wise, you'll be gone.

Clit. Well, I must go, and what becomes of *Clinia*?

Syr. He must stay.

Clit. What a happy fellow is he!

Syr. Go, march off.

S C E N E IV.

Bacchis, Antiphila, Clinia, Syrus.

Bacchis.

Indeed, my *Antiphila*, I heartily commend you, and judge you extremely fortunate, who endeavour to adorn your mind suitably to the charms of your beauty; and am far from being surpris'd that you should be the object of every one's admiration; for your conversation soon convinced me of your amiable disposition, and when I reflect upon your way of living, and of all such who will not be common, I am no ways surpris'd, that we who are so, should be of quite a different turn from the other.—For it is your advantage to be decent
and

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and reserved; but for us, the people with whom we converse, will not allow us to be so—for they see no charms in us but those of our beauty, and once that is faded, they go some where else, and unless we can make some provision beforehand, are left forsaken and desolate. On the other hand, you, who determine to spend your days with one man, whose disposition is similar and agreeable to your own, find such always constant to you; and are united together by the ties of mutual love so that no disappointment is ever likely to interrupt your happiness.

Ant. I cannot judge for others; but this was always my own constant view and endeavour to found my own happiness upon his.

Clin. And therefore, my dear *Antiphila*, you, and you alone, make me see again with pleasure my native country—for while deprived of you all the difficulties I underwent, were light in comparison of what I felt from your absence.

Syr. I do believe it.

Clin. I can scarce contain myself, *Syrus*—and think it very hard I should be debarr'd the conversation of so amiable a creature.

Syr. As far as I can judge of your father's disposition, you are likely to undergo this hardship some time longer.

Bac. What young gentleman is this, that looks at us?

Ant. Ah! support me I beseech you.

Bac. For God's sake, what is the matter?

Ant. I shall swoon away.

Bac. Bless me, what ails you, why do you look thus amaz'd, *Antiphila*?

Ant. Do I behold *Clinia* or no?

Bac. Whom do you behold?

Clin. My dearest life.

Ant. O *Clinia*, my long wish'd for *Clinia*.

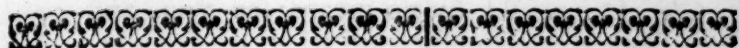
Clin. And how are you, my dear?

Ant. Well, now you are return'd.

Clin. *Antiphila*, my dear *Antiphila*, the object of all my wishes, do I clasp thee in my arms?

Syr. Go in now: For my old master has expected you some time.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Chremes, Menedemus.

Chremes.

IT is now daylight, and yet I have not knock'd at my neighbours door here, that I might be the first messenger to acquaint him with the good news of his son's arrival; tho' at the same time I know it is what the young man himself does not desire; but as I find *Menedemus* takes his going away so much to heart, I think it would be wrong to deprive him longer of such an unhop'd for pleasure, especially as no harm can result from the discovery; and therefore I will not longer conceal it—for I will do what I can to serve the old gentleman, in the same manner as I find my son doing every thing in his power to assist the other, who is his companion and friend; and I think it is but reasonable that we old folks should assist one another too.

Men. Either I am born with a constitution particularly adapted to unhappiness, or that saying must be false, that time takes off the edge of grief; for mine encreases every day more and more, and the longer my son is absent from me, the more my sorrow encreases, and the more I feel from the loss of him.

Chr. I need not call, for I see him just coming out; and will go and speak to him.—*Menedemus,* Good morrow—I bring you tidings of what you will, of all things, be most glad to hear.

Men. Any thing concerning my son, *Chremes*?

Chr. He is alive and well.

Men. Where is he, I beseech you?

Chr. Where think you? with me, at my house.

Men. Who, my child?

Chr. Yes, your child.

Men. And is he returned?

Chr. Ay, as sure as you are there.

Men. What, my son *Clinia*?

Chr. I say, your son *Clinia*.

Men. Pray,

Men. Pray, bring me to him.

Chr. He would by no means see you, and avoids you from a consciousness of what he has done; he is even afraid you will treat him now with much more severity than ever.

Men. And did you not tell him how much I was the reverse?

Chr. No, Indeed.

Men. Why so, *Chremes*?

Chr. Because you would judge extremely ill both for him and yourself, should you let him know your weakness in that respect.

Men. Alas, I can hold out no longer—I have already too much acted the part of an austere father.

Chr. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, that you run into extremes, both ways, too severe or too indulgent; and will bring yourself into equal inconveniences from the one as from the other; formerly, rather than allow your son to keep company with a woman, who was satisfied with little, and content with any thing, you forced him to fly his country; and now, when she cannot be kept but at an infinite expence, you are willing to support him in any extravagance; for, to let you know, she is now quite mistress of the art both to ruin and to please, and comes attended with no less than ten damsels, carrying all manner of trinkets and changes of raiment; were he a governour of a province, he could never bear the expence; much less will your means support it.

Men. Is she too at your house?

Chr. Yes, yes, she is there, as I have found to my cost—I have treated her and her attendants with one supper, and, if I was to give them such another, should never be able to hold out a third. For, not to mention other things, it is hardly to be conceived how much they drank, before they could fix upon their wine: One sort was good for nothing, another too rough; pray, Sir, can't you let us have some that is more filky; there was not a cask or hogshhead in my cellar I did not broach, and every servant in my family was kept busy; and this for one night only; now think what will be your case,

case, whom they will live upon, night and day—I solemnly protest, that I pity you from the bottom of my heart.

Men. He shall even do as he pleases ; let him waste, squander and consume all I have—I am determined to bear with every thing, so be that I keep him with me.

Chr. If you are resolved to do so, I think it nevertheless of concern to you, that he should not imagine you are privy to, or encourage, his extravagance.

Men. What would you have me do ?

Chr. Any thing rather than what you propose—Let him have, what you please, by the hands of another—suffer yourself to be chous'd by the tricks of a servant ; and indeed, I found out they were about that, and laying their heads together ; my *Syrus* was in close conference with your servant, and the young men were plotting between themselves—It is better for you to spend a pound that way than a penny the other—For in this case, the money is not the great concern ; it is how we may supply your son with as little danger as possible to his morals—Should he once find out, that you would sooner lose all your estate, and even your life, than part from him, what an opening would this be to all manner of debauchery in him, and the source of perpetual disquiet to you ? for the best of us are apt to take too much liberty from too much indulgence—He would then think of nothing but gratifying all his passions, without reflecting whether his demands ought to be complied with or not ; so that you would ruin your fortune and be unhappy in your son ; for should you deny him any thing, he would immediately have recourse to that by which he knows he can get the better of you, and threaten another elopement.

Men. What you say appears in itself reasonable, and most likely to prove true.

Chr. I assure you, I have not closed my eyes this night, thinking by what means I might be able properly to restore you your son.

Men. Let me embrace you, and beg that you will continue your good offices to us both.

Chr. You may depend upon my readiness at all times.

G

Men. And

Men. And do you know, what I would first have you set about?

Chr. Tell me.

Men. You say you found out that they were plotting to deceive me; pray set that on foot, for I long he should have what he wants, and I am anxious to see him.

Chr. I'll take care of that, and give *Syrus* his lesson to set it forward—But some body is coming out of my house; and do you go home, that they may not suspect us to be plotting together—I have got a little business here upon my hands—My two neighbours, *Simo* and *Crito*, have a dispute about the boundaries of their lands, and have referr'd it to me—I'll go and let them know that I cannot be with them to day, as I had promised; and will return to you presently.

Men. Do so, I beg of you. Good God! is it so ordered in the course of nature, that people should judge more clearly in regard to what concerns others, than in what concerns themselves? Does it proceed from our being prejudiced ourselves from hope or anxiety? How much better does this man judge for me than I can do for myself!

Chr. I have disengaged myself, that I may be at more leisure to attend you.

SCENE II.

Syrus, Chremes.

Syr. I must leave no stone unturned; the money must be got at any rate, and the old gentleman one way or other choused out of it.

Chr. Did I not say, they were setting some project of this nature on foot? It seems *Clinia's* servant has not a head to conduct a matter of this importance, and therefore the matter is entrusted to *Syrus*.

Syr. Who is this speaks? Heavens preserve us, I hope he has not overheard me.

Chr. *Syrus*.

Syr. Sir!

Chr. What are you doing here?

Syr. Nothing: but I wonder I should find you here this morning so early, as you drank so hard last night.

Chr. No,

Chr. No, I did not drink too much.

Syr. Not too much, say you? You seem, as the saying is, to renew your strength like an eagle.

Chr. Well, let that pass.

Syr. This young lady is an agreeable facetious girl.

Chr. Yes, I think so too.

Syr. And upon my word, extremely handsome.

Chr. Pretty well.

Syr. I don't mean that she is comparable to the beauties of the last age; only as women are now; and therefore I don't wonder that *Clinia* is so much in love with her; but he has a sower, miserly, covetous old fellow of a father—I suppose you know him, he's our neighbour—And tho' he has more money than he knows what to do with, has obliged his son to leave his country, for mere want. Don't you know this to be the case?

Chr. Know it, ay, perfectly well. That fellow deserves to be hang'd.

Syr. Who?

Chr. Why, the young gentleman's servant.

Syr. Ecod, *Syrus*, I was in some pain for you.

Chr. I say, that fellow deserves the gallows, for allowing it to be so.

Syr. What would you have the man do?

Chr. Do? He should contrive some scheme, set about some plot, that his young master may have money to give the lady, and by this means this peevish old man would have been gratified even in spite of himself.

Syr. You're upon your jokes, Sir.

Chr. No, I tell you it was his duty to have done it.

Syr. Pray, Sir, are you serious, when you commend servants, that put tricks upon their masters?

Chr. Yes, in some particular cases.

Syr. There, I agree with you.

Chr. Because it sometimes may prevent very great evils; as in this case, it would have prevented this young gentleman from leaving his father.

Syr. Whether he is in earnest or not, I cannot pretend to say; only it makes me much more ready to try the experiment upon himself.

Chr. And what can the man be dreaming of, does he intend to wait till his master is obliged to go off again, for the same reason as before, not being able to answer the expence of keeping this mistress? Is he laying no plot against the old gentleman?

Syr. He is not, Sir, a fellow of parts.

Chr. And therefore you should put him in a way, for the young gentleman's sake.

Syr. If you lay your commands upon me, I can very easily accomplish it, for I look upon myself as a tolerable master in that kind of business.

Chr. So much the better.

Syr. I don't say this, out of vanity.

Chr. Go to work then.

Syr. You will please to remember then, that if any thing of the same nature should happen to your own son, as there is no answering for human frailties——

Chr. That, I hope, will never happen.

Syr. And so do I, most heartily—Nor do I mention this, as if I suspected any thing; only if it should, that you will please to recollect the purport of this conversation; you know he is in the heat of youth; and O! if there should be occasion, how nicely I would trim you, and work you like a piece of paste.

Chr. We shall think of that when the time comes; now set about the business in hand.

Syr. Never did I hear my master speak so much to the purpose, nor do I remember any such opportunity I ever had of deceiving him with impunity—But who is this comes from our house?

SCENE III.

Chremes, Clitipho, Syrus.

Chr. What sort of behaviour is this, *Clitipho*? What can you mean by it? Is this consistent with decency?

Clit. What have I done?

Chr. Did I not this moment see you put your hand into this woman's bosom?

Syr. Ruin'd and undone!

Clit. Who, I, Sir?

Chr. I saw you with my own eyes, so do not deny it; and you use your friend extremely ill, in taking
such

such liberties—Nothing can be more ungenerous than to bring a man to your house under pretence of friendship, and to tamper with his mistress—And last night, in your cups, you was extremely indecent.

Syr. Ay, ay, 'tis all over.

Chr. So very much so, that I assure you I did not know what might have been the consequences. I know the nature of lovers, they narrowly observe things, that people are not aware of.

Clit. But he has such a confidence in me, that he would not suspect any such thing.

Chr. Suppose he has; yet good breeding should teach you to retire sometimes and leave them to themselves. Your presence must be a check upon them, in a great many things—I judge of others from myself. There is not this day a man alive, before whom I would promiscuously take all manner of freedom. In some cases a man's dignity prevents him from doing what might bring upon him the imputation of levity, and at other times modesty requires we should abstain from what may be look'd upon as indecent and gross—This you may reasonably suppose the case with him, and therefore it becomes us to understand things in that light, and shew a suitable complaisance, whatever may be the place or occasion.

Syr. And what answer can your son make to this?

Clit. I am undone.

Syr. I often, *Clitipho*, put you in mind of these things, and have discharged the part of a prudent and honest man.

Clit. I beg of you, be quiet.

Syr. I know you don't desire to hear these things.

Chr. *Syrus*, I protest I'm ashamed of him.

Syr. No wonder you should, Sir, for it gives me no small uneasiness.

Clit. What, are you going on?

Syr. I say nothing but what I think to be just.

Clit. How, must not I go near them?

Chr. Is there then but one way of going near them?

Syr. We are gone, past all redemption; he'll betray the whole matter, before I can possibly get the money. *Chremes*, will you listen to a foolish fellow like me?

Chr. What would you have me do?

Syr. Order him somewhere out of the way.

Clit. Where shall I go to?

Syr. Where you please, only leave them to themselves—Take a walk.

Clit. A walk, whither pray?

Syr. As if there was not room enough for you. This way, that way, any where.

Chr. He is in the right, I think you ought.

Clit. I wish you was hang'd for obliging me to go from this.

Syr. Do you learn then to keep your hands off another time.

Syr. On the whole, Sir, what is your opinion of him? What do you imagine would become of him, if you did not use that authority Heaven has given you over him, to correct, admonish and restrain him?

Chr. I'll take care of that.

Syr. And now is the time to prevent him from being utterly lost.

Chr. He shall be looked after.

Syr. It is extremely necessary he should, for I find my authority over him growing every day less and less.

Chr. What progress have you made, *Syrus*, in the affair I was talking to you of, have you found out yet any expedient that pleases you?

Syr. You mean the affair of putting a trick upon *Menedemus*. I think I have hit upon something that will do.

Chr. You have an excellent head. Pray let me know what it is.

Syr. I will: but to think how strangely one thing happens after another.

Chr. What is that, *Syrus*?

Syr. This woman turns out a vile jade.

Chr. So it seems.

Syr. You

Syr. You will think so, when I tell you what she is about now. There was an old woman of *Corinth* lived here, who owed her a thousand drachms.

Chr. What of that?

Syr. She died and left a young girl, her daughter, behind her, who is now in the hands of this harlot, as a pledge for that money.

Chr. I understand you.

Syr. She has brought this young creature here along with her, who is now with your wife.

Chr. And suppose she is?

Syr. *Bacchis* demands of *Clinia*, this thousand drachms in ready money; and proposes to leave in his hands, as security for the money, the young lady, who, she says, will pay him the same sum.

Chr. And does she make this demand?

Syr. Ay, surely; I imagined it would be so.

Chr. And what do you think of it?

Syr. I intend to go to *Menedemus*, and tell him she was taken by pirates from the isle of *Caria*, that she is a lady of family and fortune, and if he should pay her ransom; that he would greatly find his account in it.

Chr. But you are out there.

Syr. How so?

Chr. I will answer for *Menedemus*. I do not chuse to pay her ransom, what do you answer to that?

Syr. I wish, Sir, you would answer more to my purpose.

Chr. I tell you, *Syrus*, there is no occasion for all this.

Syr. How, no occasion?

Chr. I tell you there is not.

Syr. I can't conceive how that can be?

Chr. You shall know presently—But hold, who is this coming out in such a hurry?



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sostrata, Chremes, a Nurse, Syrus.

Sostrata.

IF I am not deceived, this is the ring, the very ring which I believe was left with my daughter when she was exposed.

Chr. What can the meaning of this be, *Syrus*?

Soft. (*to the Nurse.*) What do you think, is it not the very same?

Nurse. I said so, as soon as you shewed it me.

Soft. But pray, good nurse, have you examined it sufficiently?

Nurse. I have.

Soft. Go in, and if she has bath'd, come and tell me. I will tarry here, to meet my husband.

Syr. She wants you, pray see what is the matter. She seems concerned about something, which I dare say is a matter of consequence, and I am anxious to know what it may be.

Chr. You need be no ways solicitous about the matter, for she is generally in the case of the mountain, bringing forth a mouse.

Soft. Well, husband!

Chr. Well, wife!

Soft. You are the very person I was looking for.

Chr. What would you have with me?

Soft. First of all I must beg you would not believe I would presume to do any thing contrary to your orders.

Chr. You would have me believe an impossibility—however, I do believe it.

Syr. I am not quite satisfied with this way of my mistress's clearing herself before hand.

Soft. Do not you remember that I was with child, and that you ordered me, if I should have a girl, not to bring her up.

Chr. I

Chr. I know the matter now, you have brought her up.

Syr. Has my mistress done so? Then my young master will be enriched the backward way.

Soft. I did not; but there was here a good sort of a woman from *Corinth*, to whom I delivered her to be exposed.

Chr. Heavens! that any one could be so foolish.

Soft. Woes me! what have I done?

Chr. Do you ask that?

Soft. If I have done amiss, my *Chremes*, I have done it unknowingly.

Chr. I am fully convinced of that, should you deny it ever so, for you never do any one thing otherwise than unknowingly and imprudently—How many concurring instances of folly are there in this very action—First of all, had my orders been obeyed, the infant should have been made away with; not have pretended she was put to death, and, in fact, to have given hopes of preservation—But I will not insist upon that—I make allowance for the sentiments of pity, and the natural yearnings of a mother; only reflect upon your own imprudence in the management of it, and think what your intention could be—You gave your child up to this old hag, the consequence of which must be, that, in time, she would either be made a common prostitute, or openly sold to the best bidder—But I fancy you was of opinion, that, provided she did not die, no matter what became of her. There is no entering into any measures with people who can make no distinctions between what is right or wrong—Be the thing reasonable or unreasonable, hurtful or beneficial, they run headlong into their own notions.

Soft. My dear husband I own I have done wrong, and am convinced—I now beseech you, that as your understanding is so much superior to mine, you will make allowance for my folly, and that your clemency may prevail over my weakness.

Chr. I should not scruple to forgive you this one fault; but my over indulgence spoils you, *Sostrata*; however, let us hear an end of this affair you have begun.

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Soft. As we women are naturally foolish and superstitious, when I gave her to the old woman, I took a ring from my finger and desired her to leave that with the child, that if she died, she might have at least something of what belonged to us.

Chr. Nicely judged indeed; so that by this means you thought to save both her and yourself.

Soft. This is the very ring.

Chr. Whence had you it?

Soft. From the young woman *Bacebis* brought along with her.

Syr. How!

Chr. What is this she says?

Soft. She gave it me to keep, whilst she went and bath'd—At first I did not take notice of it, but when I had view'd it, I immediately knew it was the same, and came running to you.

Chr. Well, what do you think, or what have you been able to find from the young woman herself in relation to this affair?

Soft. I know not, only if you please to ask her yourself, and see if you can come at the circumstances.

Syr. Our affairs have a very bad aspect, and I see more into this matter than I wish for: If this proves so, she certainly belongs to us.

Chr. Is that woman alive you gave the child to?

Soft. I cannot say.

Chr. What account did she give you at the time?

Soft. That she had done as I desired her.

Chr. Let me know the woman's name, that she may be enquired after.

Soft. *Philtere*.

Syr. Ay the very same, I make no doubt but she's alive, and that I shall very soon be tuck'd up.

Chr. *Soft*rata, follow me into the house.

Soft. How agreeably am I disappointed—I was in the most terrible anxiety lest you should have been as relentless now, as you was at the time of her birth.

Chr. A man cannot always do as he could wish, if his circumstances will not permit him. At present, my
situ-

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situation is such that I desire to have a daughter; but at that time I wish'd for nothing less.

S C E N E II.

Syrus alone.

If I am not very much deceived, there is no great space of time between this and the period of my destruction; for I find myself very closely penn'd up in a corner, unless I can fall upon some means to prevent my old master from finding out this *Bacchis* to be his son's mistress. As to the affair of the money, or laying any schemes to trick him, that's all over. I gain a compleat victory, if I escape in a whole skin. Yet it grieves me to the very heart, to think of parting with so rich a prize—What can I do, or what can I invent? I must go another way to work. Invention and industry get the better of many difficulties—Suppose I should try this? No, that won't do. Or this? That's quite as bad. If any then, this will do. No, 'tis impossible. Come, I have it at last, ay, this cannot fail—I am shrewdly deceived if I do not fetch back this wandering sum of money to its proper master.

S C E N E III.

Clinia, Syrus.

Clin. Nothing now can happen so adverse, as to interrupt my happiness, so great is my unexpected good fortune. I will now entirely give myself up to the will of my father, and live even more temperate than he can wish for.

Syr. I am not mistaken. The young lady is discovered to be ours, I gather that from what he now says. Sir, I wish you joy on things having turned out so much to your satisfaction.

Clin. O, *Syrus*, have you heard of this?

Syr. Certainly, for I was with them at the time.

Clin. Did you ever hear of any thing happening so fortunately to any one?

Syr. Never in my life.

Clin. And, upon my honour, I do not rejoice so much on my account, as on her's, who, I know, deserves ever good thing that can possibly happen.

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Syr. So I believe. But, *Clinia*, you must now let me have your assistance; for the affairs of your friend are now to be minded, that the old man do not find out *Bacchis* to be his mistress.

Clin. O *Jupiter*!

Syr. Be quiet.

Clin. My *Antiphila* to be married to me!

Syr. Do you interrupt me, at this rate?

Clin. What can I do, *Syrus*, you must bear with the transports of my joy.

Syr. Indeed I find I must bear with you.

Clin. We shall live as happy as the Gods.

Syr. I see it is in vain for me to talk to you.

Clin. Well, go on, I'll hear you.

Syr. But you will not attend to what I say.

Clin. I will.

Syr. I say then we must now look after the affairs of your friend; for if you go away from us immediately and leave this *Bacchis* behind you, *Chremes* will immediately know that she is *Clitipho's* mistress; and if you take her with you, the thing will still remain a secret.

Clin. But nothing can be so great an obstacle as this to my marriage; for what can I, in that case, say to my father? you understand what I mean.

Syr. Perfectly well.

Clin. What can I say, what pretence can I make?

Syr. I would tell no lye about the matter, but the plain truth, just as it is.

Clin. What say you?

Syr. I would have you own your passion for *Antiphila*, claim her in marriage, and declare that *Bacchis* is *Clitipho's* mistress.

Clin. What you require is not only just and reasonable, but very easy to be accomplished; for I suppose I am only to beg of my father to conceal this from your old master.

Syr. So far from that, I would have him go tell him the whole matter directly.

Clin. How! are you in your right wits? You must by this means most effectually ruin him; for how can he possibly get off, upon this footing?

Syr. Of

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Syr. Of all the schemes I ever yet laid, I look on this to be my master-piece. In this I glory and triumph, that I am master of so much cunning and address, as to deceive both of them by telling the naked truth; so that when your father shall tell *Chremes* that *Bacchis* is *Clitipho's* mistress, he shall not believe him.

Clin. Ay, but this again is still a bar in the way of my marriage; for so long as *Chremes* believes the other to be kept by me, he will never let me have his daughter. And I suppose if you can any how take care of *Clitipho's* interest, you are but little solicitous what becomes of me.

Syr. What a plague, do you think I want this to last a whole age, 'tis but only for a day, till I can finger the money; give yourself no uneasiness, I don't want the farce to continue an hour longer.

Clin. Well, but is this all? Suppose *Chremes* should find it out, what is to be done then?

Syr. You may as well say, what must I do if the sky was to fall?

Clin. I am still in fears about what I shall do.

Syr. Why in fears? have you it not still in your own power to extricate yourself when you please, and lay the whole transaction open?

Clin. Well, well, let *Bacchis* be brought to our house.

Syr. Well done, and there she is just coming out.

S C E N E IV.

Bacchis, Clinia, Syrus, Dromo, Phrygia.

Bac. I have been foolishly enough induced by *Syrus's* promises to come hither, to receive the ten minæ his master had promised me—And if he now deceives me, he shall come in vain to beseech me to do so again; and when I have promised and appointed the time, and he positively promised in my name, when *Clitipho* shall be agog with expectation, I'll bilk him; and shall have the satisfaction of seeing Mr. *Syrus* undergo a hearty drubbing.

Clin. Why, *Syrus*, she seems to be in earnest to serve you.

Syr. And

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Syr. And it may be you think she is in jest: She'll do it as sure as I'm alive, if I don't take care.

Bac. These people seem to be asleep, but I'll wake them presently, hearke' *Phrygia*, don't you remember the house of *Charinus*, which that man just now shewed us?

Phr. I do.

Bac. And that it was just by this farm here upon the right?

Phr. Yes.

Bac. Go there as fast as ever you can. The officer, you know of, keeps holy-day there.

Syr. What is she about now?

Bac. Tell him, *Phrygia*, that I am kept here much against my will, but that I will one way or other give them the slip, and come to him presently.

Syr. I shall be undone. *Bacchis*, pray stop; where are you sending your maid, for Heaven's sake order her back.

Bac. Go along, *Phrygia*.

Syr. The money is ready for you.

Bac. And don't I wait here?

Syr. But it shall be given you presently.

Bac. As you please, I don't press you.

Syr. But do you know what is to be done?

Bac. What?

Syr. You are to go to the house of *Menedemus*, and all your attendance to be brought thither.

Bac. What do you mean, you rascal?

Syr. Mean? I mean to coin some money for your use, by that means.

Bac. What, sirrah, do you think I am to be made a jest of?

Syr. No, I should hardly think of that.

Bac. Am I still to be put off longer?

Syr. Not at all, I'll make good my promise to you immediately.

Bac. Well, then let us go.

Syr. Come this way, *Dromo*.

Dro. Who wants me?

Syr. *Syrus*.

Dro. What

Dro. What is the matter?

Syr. Make haste and bring all *Bacchis's* servants over to your house immediately.

Dro. Why so?

Syr. Ask no questions; but desire them to carry every thing they brought with them. Our old man will rejoice to find his expences, by this means lessened, but he little thinks how dear he is to pay for his savings—If you are wise, *Dromo*, you will keep your own counsel.

Dro. I shall be mute as a fish.

S C E N E V.

Chremes, Syrus.

Chr. As I hope for mercy, I do most sincerely pity the fate of poor *Menedemus*, in being so unfortunate—Bless me! to have a woman upon his hands, with such a train of attendants—Tho' the vast concern he was in for his son, will keep him from thinking of it for some days; but once he begins to feel the weight of such a daily expence, and that there is likely to be no end of it, he'll wish his son was gone again—But here comes *Syrus* very opportunely.

Syr. I'll go up to him immediately.

Chr. *Syrus.*

Syr. Sir.

Chr. How is it now?

Syr. I have been waiting this long while for an opportunity of seeing you.

Chr. You seem to have settled some point or other with *Menedemus*.

Syr. You mean in regard to what you spoke to me? I did it immediately.

Chr. Have you really?

Syr. I have really.

Chr. Come hither, *Syrus*, I cannot help stroaking your head for this good management of yours, and you may depend upon it, in some shape or other, I'll make you a recompence for this piece of service.

Syr. Ay, and if you knew how patly it came into my head.

Chr. What,

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Chr. What, *Syrus*, do you make a boast of your talents?

Syr. I don't indeed, I say nothing but the truth.

Chr. Let me hear how you have contrived it.

Syr. *Clinia* has told his father that *Bacchis* is *Clitipho's* mistress, and that he has brought her home to him, that it might be concealed from you.

Chr. Excellent.

Syr. Do you think so?

Chr. Nothing could be better thought of.

Syr. You will think still better of it when you know the whole; and therefore observe how the plot is carried on. He is likewise to tell his father that he has seen your daughter, that he likes her, and intends to ask her in marriage.

Chr. Who, she that we have just now discovered?

Syr. The very same; and *Menedemus* will ask your consent.

Chr. But why this, *Syrus*? for I own I do not comprehend it.

Syr. I wonder you are so slow.

Chr. Very likely I am so.

Syr. Money must be given——There are cloaths and trinkets, and—you understand me?

Chr. You mean money to purchase these things.

Syr. Ay; the very thing.

Chr. Well, but I will neither consent, nor betroth my daughter.

Syr. Won't you, why so?

Chr. Do you ask me why so? Betroth my daughter to a man——

Syr. That must be as you please——I did not say you was in reality to give her away, only that you should pretend so.

Chr. But I don't deal in pretences——Therefore play your game as you will, but keep clear of me; what, would you have me promise a daughter to a man I had no mind to give her to?

Syr. I did not think you would have scrupled it.

Chr. I'll do no such thing.

Syr. It

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Syr. It might be brought about without any difficulty; and I embarked in the affair, only because you had recommended it so strongly to me.

Cbr. That I do believe.

Syr. As to me, whatever I do is for the best, and in a way I think reasonable.

Cbr. And I would have you set about it as diligently as you can, only upon some other method.

Syr. With all my heart; it shall be done. But as to the money I mentioned to you, that your daughter owes to *Bacchis*, that must immediately be paid her.—Nor must you have recourse to any excuses, that you have no business with it; that the money was not lent to you, or by your orders; or that the woman could not pledge your child, without your consent: remember, Sir, it is a true saying, that very often the more law, the less equity.

Cbr. I am determined not to do it.

Syr. Come, Sir, other people may do so; but, I am sure, your sentiments of honour will never permit you to do a thing either mean or unjust: besides, the world looks upon you as a gentleman of fortune, and in flourishing circumstances.

Cbr. Then I will carry it to her myself.

Syr. You had better order your son to do it.

Cbr. Why him?

Syr. Because, at present, he lies under a kind of suspicion of being engaged to her.

Cbr. And what of that?

Syr. If he gives it her, it will look the more likely to be true, and I shall be better able to bring about what I intend—But here comes *Clitipho*: you will go then, and fetch the money?

Cbr. I will bring it immediately.

S C E N E VI.

Clitipho, Syrus.

Clit. There is nothing so easy in its own nature, but what will become irksome, if one does it against the grain.—Even this walk, which was far from being a tiresome one, has quite fatigued me: nor am I in dread of any thing so much as that I should again be deprived
of

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of an opportunity of seeing *Bacchis*.—And I heartily pray, that all the deities in heaven may confound you, *Syrus*, for taking such a thing into your head.—You are eternally contriving some such thing to plague and torment me.

Syr. You deserve, young man, to be well chid for your behaviour: your folly had well nigh ruin'd me.

Clit. I wish to God it had; for I am sure you deserved it.

Syr. I am glad you talk so, before I deliver you the money, which I was just going to have put into your hands.

Clit. What else can I say to you? You went away, and after having brought my mistress to me, would not let me come near her.

Syr. Well, my anger is over.—But do you know where she is?

Clit. At our house.

Syr. No, she is not.

Clit. Where then?

Syr. With *Clinia*.

Clit. Bless me!

Syr. Never mind it: you shall carry her the money, you promised her, presently.

Clit. You banter me. Whence am I to have it?

Syr. From your father.

Clit. You jest with me, sure.

Syr. You'll find it to be fact.

Clit. Then I am certainly a most lucky fellow.—I love thee, *Syrus*, from the bottom of my soul.

Syr. But here comes your father: be sure you shew no surprize at this thing; but follow my instructions, and do whatever he desires you, and speak as little as you can.

S C E N E VII.

Chremes, Clitipho, Syrus.

Chr. Where is *Clitipho*?

Syr. Say here am I.

Clit. Here am I.

Chr. Have you acquainted him with this affair?

Syr. I have told him the substance of it.

Chr.

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Chr. Take this money and carry it to her.

Syr. Why do you stand fix'd like a stone? Why don't you take the money?

Clit. Give it me.

Syr. to Clit.] Follow me quickly. You please to stay here, Sir, while we are gone; for there is nothing there will keep us long.

Chr. My daughter has now got ten minæ from me, which I reckon as paid for her maintenance; she will cost me ten more, to properly rig her out, and besides that must have two talents for her dower. How many things unreasonable and unjust has custom introduced? I must now lay aside every concern, and look out a husband for my daughter, and give him what I have earned by my labour.

S C E N E VIII.

Menedemus, Chremes.

Men. I esteem myself now the most fortunate of all men, as I have lived to see you reclaim'd, *Clinia*.

Chr. How widely he is mistaken.

Men. *Chremes*, you are the very person I was in quest of; to beg of you to save me, my son and my whole family.

Chr. Tell me what you would have me to do.

Men. You have this day found your daughter.

Chr. What then?

Men. My son would have her for his wife.

Chr. Bless me, what a strange sort of man you are?

Men. How so?

Chr. Have you so soon forgot what passed between us two in regard to letting yourself be deceived, that your son, by that means, might get a little money from you?

Men. I remember it.

Chr. That is the very thing, they are now about.

Men. Ah me! what is it you say, *Chremes*? Alas! I am mistaken. The affair is certainly so, and all my flattering hopes are vanished.

Chr. So then this lady who is at your house is *Clitipho's* mistress.

Men. So indeed they tell me.

Chr. And

Chr. And you believe it?

Men. Yes, I did believe every word of it.

Chr. And they tell you too, that he wants to be married to my daughter; so you are of course, after I have given my consent, to furnish him with money to purchase cloaths, jewels, ornaments and other necessary things for the bride.

Men. Yes, I see it. That is to be given to his mistress.

Chr. Do you make any doubt of it?

Men. Alas! I was transported with joy to no purpose; but I had rather any thing should happen than again lose my son—What answer then shall I carry back from you, that he may not perceive I have found it out, and be vex'd upon that account?

Chr. Vex'd say you? You indulge him far too much.

Men. Suffer me to go on as I have begun, and go through with the good offices you have already done me.

Chr. Tell him you have seen me, and that we have talk'd over the matter.

Men. I'll tell him so, but what is to be done next?

Chr. That I am ready to comply, that I am mightily pleas'd with him for my son-in-law, and if that is not enough, you may, if you please, say I have betroth'd her.

Men. That is the very thing I wanted.

Chr. That so he may the sooner ask, and you the sooner grant what you are so desirous to give him.

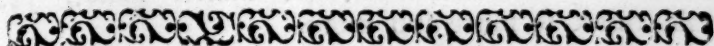
Men. I am greatly desirous to let him have what he asks.

Chr. As far as I can see into this matter, you'll soon have enough of that. But be it as it will, if you are wise, you'll answer his demands cautiously, and by little and little.

Men. I'll take your advice.

Chr. Go in now, and see what he asks, I shall be at home if you want me for any thing.

Men. I shall certainly want you, for I do not intend to do any thing without consulting you.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Menedemus, Chremes.

Menedemus.

MOST certain it is I am not remarkably quick-fighted, nor a deep politician; but this guide, this councillor of mine, my neighbour *Chremes*, goes infinitely beyond my mark; I readily acknowledge that any of these appellations commonly bestowed on a fool, such as dunce, blockhead, ass, driv'ler, idiot, or the like, may very properly be applied to me; but not one of them will suit him, his stupidity is beyond expression.

Chr. O prithee, wife, have done, and don't be plaguing the Gods so often with your thanks for having found your daughter; unless you think them like yourself, that they cannot understand a thing, unless it be told them a hundred times—But, in the mean time, I cannot conceive what makes my son and *Syrus* tarry so long.

Men. Who do you say are tarrying so long, *Chremes*?

Chr. So, *Menedemus*! are you come? Well, did you tell *Clinia* what I mentioned to you?

Men. Every thing.

Chr. And what did he say?

Men. He testified that joy which people do, who eagerly wish to be married.

Chr. Ha, ha, he.

Men. What do you laugh at?

Chr. I cannot help thinking of the tricks of that rascal *Syrus*.

Men. Is that the reason?

Chr. The fellow too can instruct in the art of grimace; and make people put on what countenance he will.

Men. Do you say that because my son appeared joyful?

Chr. The very thing.

Men. That likewise came into my mind.

Chr. What a subtle rogue!

Men. If

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Men. If you knew how the matter stands, you would think so more and more.

Cbr. Say you so?

Men. Only hear me.

Cbr. Stop a little. I would know first of all, how much they have taken you in for—As, to be sure, when you told I had betroth'd my daughter to your son, *Dromo* would put you in mind, that there must be cloaths, jewels and handmaids for the bride; and that you must give money to your son to purchase these things.

Men. He did not.

Cbr. What, say nothing?

Men. Not a word.

Cbr. Nor your son himself?

Men. Not a syllable; only was the more pressing that the nuptials might be celebrated.

Cbr. You surprize me. What did *Syrus* do, did he say nothing?

Men. Nothing at all.

Cbr. What could the meaning of that be?

Men. I know not, but am much surprized to find you at a loss, who see so clearly into the affairs of other people; tho', to say the truth, your man *Syrus* has instructed *Clitipho* in his behaviour so thoroughly, that no man would take this *Bacchis* to be my son's mistress.

Cbr. What is it you say?

Men. For not to mention their kissing and hugging, as that is nothing to—

Cbr. How, have they even carried on the appearance farther?

Men. Oh! that's hardly worth mentioning.

Cbr. How is it pray?

Men. Only hear me. There is a private closet in the back part of my house, with a bed and a couch.—

Cbr. Well, and pray what happen'd there?

Men. In a trice *Clitipho* retired thither.

Cbr. By himself?

Men. Yes, by himself.

Cbr. How I tremble.

Men. *Bacchis* immediately followed him.

Cbr. And she by herself too?

Men.

Men. Yes.

Chr. I dread to hear farther.

Men. After this they shut the door.

Chr. What, and did *Clinia* see all this?

Men. No doubt of it; for he was along with me all the time.

Chr. Menedemus, this woman is my son's mistress, and I am absolutely ruin'd.

Men. How so?

Chr. I can never pretend to keep house ten days longer.

Men. Are you alarm'd because your son does a good office to his friend?

Chr. His she-friend, you mean.

Men. You suppose then that to be the case.

Chr. Suppose, say you? The matter is as clear as day-light, is it to be imagined any one would be so passive and tame as to let his mistress before his eyes—

Men. Why not, that I might be the easier imposed upon.

Chr. You may well laugh at me, and I am mad with myself—How many things did I see with my own eyes, and how many circumstances were there that might have convinced me, had I not been the greatest idiot in nature. Woes me! but, if I live, they shall dearly repent it, for I will this moment—

Men. Why don't you moderate your passion and consider the consequences? Am not I a sufficient warning to you?

Chr. I am so enrag'd, *Menedemus*, that I am almost beside myself.

Men. How strange it is for you to talk so? ought you not to be blamed, for not taking that advice to yourself, which you can so readily give to others; that you, who are so very wise in what does not concern you, should have so little prudence in what immediately relates to yourself?

Chr. What would you have me do?

Men. I would have you do the very thing, you blamed me for not doing. Enter into his affairs with the friendship and affection of a parent; behave in such a manner, that he may put a confidence in you, ask
and

and demand what he wants of you only, and not have recourse to other methods and forsake you.

Chr. Nay, he shall sooner go to the furthest ends of the earth, than reduce me to beggary by his debaucheries—For should I pretend to supply his extravagancies at this rate, I shall be reduced to daily labour in real earnest.

Men. How many difficulties must you run yourself into, if you do not take care. You will first be relentless and severe, and afterwards forgive him, when you will have no thanks for it.

Chr. Ah, *Menedemus*, you know not the excess of my anxiety.

Men. Conduct yourself as you think proper; only as to my affair, are you willing to give your daughter to my son? Or have you any thing more agreeable in view?

Chr. I am perfectly satisfied with your son, and with the alliance into your family.

Men. What fortune shall I say you are to give her? Why are you silent?

Chr. Fortune?

Men. Yes, 'tis that I speak of.

Chr. Ah!

Men. If you cannot give a large one, be not solicitous. Neither my son nor I will be uneasy upon that article.

Chr. I thought two talents a sufficient fortune for me to give in my circumstances; but if you would preserve me, my estate, and my son, you must say that I have made a disposition to her of all I have.

Men. What are you about?

Chr. I would have you seem surpris'd at this, and at the same time ask him if he knows the reason why I do so.

Men. And as for me, I know not myself the reason why you should do so.

Chr. The reason? why, that I may reclaim him from this vicious course of life, and drive him to the extremity of not knowing what hand to turn to.

Men. What a wild scheme is this!

Chr. Suffer

Chr. Bear with me in this, and let me go on in my own way.

Men. If you are determined.——

Chr. I am determined.

Men. Then be it so.

Chr. Now let *Clinia* give notice to his bride that she get herself ready——My son I will argue the case with, as is fitting between a parent and a child——But for *Syrus*——

Men. What of him?

Chr. Of him? If I don't so anoint him, and so curry him, that he shall remember me the longest day he has to live; an impudent scoundrel too, who made a perfect jest of me; the dog would hardly have dar'd to play the same tricks to an old woman that he has done to me.

S C E N E II.

Clitipho, Menedemus, Chremes, Syrus.

Clit. And is it so, *Menedemus*? Has my father so suddenly thrown off all the regard for me which a parent has to a child? And for what pray? What mighty crime have I committed? 'Tis what is commonly done.

Men. I am sensible it must bear harder upon you who feel it, than upon any one else; but I myself am not much less concerned, and for what reason I know not, unless that I have a particular liking and affection for you.

Clit. You said my father was here.

Men. There he is.

Chr. Why do you blame me, *Clitipho*? whatever I have done in this affair was entirely on your account, and to provide against the effects of your folly. After I perceived your mind to be quite enervated, and that you only sought after present pleasures, without any respect to futurity, I fell upon a method to provide for you, that you should not have it in your power to squander away the fortune you might have——When I found I could not dispose of my estate to you, the natural heir to it, I had recourse to those who were nearest akin to you; and to them I have disposed and entrusted it——And there you will always find relief

H

against

against what your course of life must otherwise reduce you to ; you'll be found in cloaths, and have meat, drink and lodging.

Clit. Woes me !

Chr. This is better than for you to become heir, and *Bacchis* take possession.

Syr. Mercy on me ! what a confusion have I raised in the family, without intending it.

Clit. I wish I was dead.

Chr. First learn what it is to live ; when you once know that, if you don't like it you may try the other.

Syr. Sir, may I put in a word ?

Chr. Speak.

Syr. But with safety ?

Chr. Speak, I say.

Syr. I think it highly unjust and unreasonable that he should suffer for what I am only to blame for.

Chr. You please, Sir, to go about your business, and don't trouble your head any farther. No one accuses you ; you need fly to no altar, nor beg any one to intercede for you.

Syr. What is it you are about ?

Chr. I don't find fault with you or with him, for what you have done, nor is it reasonable you should find fault with me.

Syr. He's gone : I wish I had ask'd him one question.

Clit. What is that ?

Syr. Where I should have my victuals ; as he has so entirely abandon'd us——As for you, I find you have liberty to go to your sister's.

Clit. What, are matters come to such extremity that I should be in danger of knowing where I am to eat ?

Syr. So long as there is life, there is hopes.

Clit. Hope of what ?

Syr. That we shall at least have keen appetites.

Clit. Can you be merry in such a serious affair ? It would better become you to help me out with your advice.

Syr. I am about that now, and have been thinking of it, ever since I heard your father talk ; and as far as I am able to guess.——

Clit.

Clit. What?

Syr. I shan't be long about it.

Clit. Come tell me then.

Syr. Now I have it, why, I am of opinion you don't belong to these people.

Clit. What do you mean by that, *Syrus*? you are mad, sure.

Syr. I'll tell you my opinion of the matter; and do you judge for yourself; while you was with them alone, and they had no other object more nearly to engage their affection, you was indulg'd in every thing, and they gave you what you desired; now they have found a daughter who is really their own, they have at the same time found a reason to turn you out of doors.

Clit. This looks very like the truth.

Syr. Can you imagine that he is so offended as he pretends to be, only for what you have done?

Clit. Indeed I do not think so.

Syr. Then consider another thing; all mothers, in a difference between a father and a son, generally side with the latter, and become intercessors—Now that is not your case.

Clit. You are perfectly right. What would you advise me to do, *Syrus*?

Syr. I would have you speak your mind openly, and get at the bottom of it from themselves—If your suspicions are ill grounded you will incline them both to pity; otherwise, you will know whose you are.

Clit. You counsel me right, and I will follow your advice.

Syr. This came into my head very opportunely; for the more desperate *Clitipho's* situation seems to be, the more easily will he be able to prevail on his father and make him relent. I am not sure but he may be obliged to marry, and I shall then have the thanks of neither. But who is this? 'Tis the old man coming out, for which reason I will have recourse to my heels. I am amaz'd he has not before this ordered me to be laid hold off; I'll betake myself to *Menedemus*, and beg his intercession in my behalf, for as to the other's promises I have no faith in them.

SCENE III.

Soft. Unless you act with more moderation in this affair, you will certainly make your son desperate; and I am surprised how such a wild project could come into the head of any man.

Chr. Must I be eternally teased with you, woman! did I ever yet set my mind upon any one thing, that you have not opposed and thwarted me in? And if I was now to ask, if you know what I have done amiss, or the reasons why I have acted thus; you know nothing of the matter. On what grounds then, you foolish woman, do you take upon you to be thus impertinent?

Soft. Do I know nothing of the matter?

Chr. Nay, I had rather allow you do know, than be plagued with hearing always the same thing over again.

Soft. 'Tis out of all reason, to require me to be silent in a matter of so much consequence.

Chr. I don't require you to be silent, you may speak till your heart aches, but I'll nevertheless persevere in my resolution.

Soft. Will you?

Chr. Indeed I will.

Soft. You don't consider what mischief you will bring upon your family. He suspects that he is none of ours.

Chr. None of ours, say you so?

Soft. He does indeed, husband.

Chr. And do you own that?

Soft. Own it? Heavens forbid! own that my own child is none of mine!

Chr. You need not be afraid, sure, but that you can prove him to be yours, whenever you will.

Soft. You mean, as I have found out my daughter.

Chr. No, by much more certain tokens, the similarity of your dispositions, which perfectly correspond, for he is not possessed of any one vice, but the like may be found in you. Nor could any woman but yourself have brought such a son into the world. But there he comes——What a grave and sober appearance he has.

And,

And, if he was thoroughly known, how well his manners correspond with that!

SCENE IV.

Clit. My dear mother, if there was ever a time that you took any pleasure in me, when you voluntarily acknowledged me for your son, I most earnestly beseech you, to think of it now and take pity on me in this my great affliction; what I pray and beg, is that you will let me know who are my parents.

Soft. For Heavens sake, my child, let not such a thing enter into your imagination, that you belong to any but us.

Clit. I believe I do.

Soft. Alas! how is it you can ask such a question? So may the Gods preserve you to see us laid in the grave, as you are the child of both him and me; and if you have any love for me, let me never hear such a word again from you.

Chr. And if you have any fear of me, I desire I may hear no more of your leading such a life.

Clit. What life?

Chr. If you want to know I'll inform you; the life of a lazy, idle, debauch'd, spendthrift fellow——Believe this to be true, and then think whether you are ours or not.

Clit. This is not the language of a parent.

Chr. Had you proceeded from my brain, as they say *Minerva* did from *Jupiter's*, I would not a bit the more upon that account allow myself to be dishonoured by your infamous courses.

Soft. May the Gods avert any such thing.

Chr. As to the Gods, I cannot say; I'll do what lies in the compass of my own power. You are now enquiring after your parents, which you already have, but are no ways solicitous about what you want yet to know; how to behave dutifully to your father, and to save what he has laboured so hard to earn. What! to bring, under false pretences, before my very eyes——I am ashamed to mention an indecent word, as she is by; tho' you was not ashamed to do it.

Clit. Alas! how thoroughly I am displeas'd with my self; and how asham'd of my conduct, nor do I know what method first to fall upon, to obtain forgiveness.

S C E N E V.

Menedemus, Chremes, Clitipho, Sostrata.

Men. *Chremes* carries this matter much too far, and uses the young man too cruelly—I'll go out, and try to make it up. And there they come very opportunely.

Chr. Well, *Menedemus*, why is not my daughter call'd for, and the affair settled in regard to her fortune?

Soft. Pray, husband, do not so.

Clit. Sir, I beg you would forgive me.

Men. Come, *Chremes*, forgive him; let him prevail with you.

Chr. Would you have me make over my estate as a gift to *Bacchis*, and that with my eyes open? I will do no such thing.

Men. We will take care that shall not to be the case.

Clit. If you have any regard for my life, pardon me.

Soft. Do, my *Chremes*.

Men. Ay do, *Chremes*, don't so harden your heart against your son.

Chr. What is this? I find I cannot go on in the resolution I was determin'd in.

Men. Now you do as you ought to do.

Chr. I will comply upon this condition, that he does what I think he ought to do.

Clit. Lay your commands upon me, I will do whatever you order me.

Chr. Then you shall take a wife.

Clit. Sir!

Chr. I'll have no denial.

Men. He shall do it, I'll answer for him.

Chr. But I don't hear himself say a word.

Clit. What shall I do?

Soft. Do you hesitate, *Clitipho*?

Chr. Let him chuse which he will.

Men. He'll comply with every thing.

Soft. How-

The SELF-TORMENTOR. 151

Soft. However disagreeable you may now think such a state of life, you will be quite reconciled to it, once you are used to it.

Clit. I'll comply with your will, Sir.

Soft. Come, my son, you shall have a fine brisk girl, whom I'm sure you'll like, our neighbour *Phanacrates'* daughter.

Clit. Who, that red-hair'd, squint-eyed wench, with a gaping mouth, and a nose like a hawk's bill? I can never put up with this, Sir.

Chr. Mercy on us all! how dainty he is, one would imagine indeed that there was a turn for elegance.

Soft. I'll propose another for you.

Clit. What is the meaning of all this? if I must marry, I'll think of one for myself.

Soft. Now, my son, I commend you.

Clit. *Archonides'* daughter.

Soft. I like the match extremely.

Clit. Sir, there is one thing yet remains.

Chr. What?

Clit. I must beg your forgiveness of *Syrus*, for what he has done upon my account.

Chr. Be it so.

The End of the Self-Tormentor.



T H E

17 JY 63

THE
BROTHERS:
A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
Funeral Games of *L. Æmilius Paulus*.

WHEN
Q. FABIVS MAXIMVS ÆMILIANVS, and P.
CORNELIVS SCIPIO ÆMILIANVS AFRI-
CANVS, were Curule Ædiles.

In the Consulship of
L. ANICIIVS GALLVS, and M.
CORNELIVS CETHEGVS.

In the Year of ROME 593. and before
CHRIST 160.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Micio,

Demea, *his Brother.*

Eschinus, Demea's eldest Son, *in love with Pamphila.*

Ctesipho, *his Brother.*

Hegio, Sostrata's Kinsman.

Syrus, *Servant to Eschinus.*

Dromo, *another of his Servants,*

Geta, *Servant to Sostrata,*

Sannio, *a Pander.*

W O M E N.

Sostrata, *a Gentlewoman of Athens.*

Pamphila, *her Daughter.*

Canthara, *Nurse to Pamphila.*

Scene, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about six or seven Hours.



T H E
B R O T H E R S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Mitio, solus.

STORAX.—So ; I find *Echinus* is not returned, nor any of the servants who went to attend him home. It is truly said, that if you are out of the way, or tarry any where, 'tis much better to meet with what an angry wife says or suspects to have happen'd to you, than to feel what a tender parent dreads has befallen you. If you stay abroad longer than usual from your wife, she thinks you are with people that love you or you them, or that you are drinking and indulging yourself, that you are enjoying your pleasures while she sits moping at home—On the other hand, how different are my reflections on account of my son's not coming home—How many things rise to my imagination—that he has broken a limb, or got a fall, or that he suffers from the inclemency of the

H 6

weather.

weather. Strange! that any man should have connections in life which make him more solicitous, than he is for himself—And, what is still more strange, this young man is none of my own, but a son of my brother's, who is quite different from me in temper and disposition. From my youth I have always led my life here in town, at my own ease and free from the care of business; and, as to a wife, what such as he think the greatest happiness, I never had one. Now, on the other hand, my brother has led a life quite contrary to mine, has lived in the country, laboriously and penuriously, marry'd a wife; has had two sons, the eldest of which I have adopted; whom I have brought up from an infant, treated and lov'd him as he had been my own—My whole delight is in him, he alone is dear to me, and my greatest care is that he, on the other hand, should have the same affection for me; I make allowances, pass over faults, and think it not at all necessary to act only from the principles of authority; in a word, I have used him not to conceal from me these slips and fallies of youth, which other young men so industriously hide from their parents; for I am well convinced that whoever will deceive or tell a lye to his father, will do so, much more readily, to another; my maxim is that children are to be trained up not in fear, but made sensible to shame by open and liberal usage. My brother and I differ in opinion, we don't at all agree in this point, so that he often comes bawling to me what are you about, *Mitio*? you ruin this young man, why do you allow him to keep mistresses, and frequent taverns, and supply him with money to support himself in such a course of life? You keep him too fine in his cloaths; you are foolishly indulgent. Now he seems, on the other hand, to me too severe and rigid; and I think all men mistaken who imagine that authority is more established by severity than when it proceeds from love and friendship. For I go upon this principle, and reason thus; he who does what is right only thro' fear, will continue to do so no longer than he thinks he is to be found out; when he imagines he can do it privately, he will then follow the bent of his own inclinations.

nations : but he whom you win by kindness, does his duty with chearfulness ; he endeavours to make a suitable return for favours, and will be the same behind your back as before your face. This is the duty of a father, to bring a child up to do what is right from principle rather than from fear ; and is the real difference between a father and a master ; he who cannot make this distinction knows nothing of the management of children. But is not this my brother, whom I have been talking of ? It is——He looks very grave, I know not for what ; but I fancy he will begin the old affair of scolding. *Demea*, I am glad to see you.

SCENE II.

Demea, Mitio.

Dem. Oh ! I wanted you.

Mit. What is the matter now ? you look grave.

Dem. Do you ask me why I look grave, when we have such a young man as *Eschinus* ?

Mit. I thought this would be the case. What has he done now ?

Dem. Done now ? He has done as if he was lost to all sense of shame, or fear'd nothing, and imagined no laws could bind him ; for not to mention his former irregularities, only hear what he has done just now.

Mit. What is that ?

Dem. He has broke open the doors of another man's house, rush'd in and abused in a terrible manner the master and all his people ; carried off by violence a woman he was in love with ; every body exclaims against it as a most heinous action ; you can't imagine, *Mitio*, how many people have spoke to me of it, as I came along ; the whole town is full of it ; and if he would take example, does he not see his brother living soberly and frugally, minding his business in the country ; nothing of this kind is ever heard of him ; and, brother, when I speak this of *Eschinus*, I direct my discourse to you, for you encourage him in his evil ways.

Mit. Nothing is more unreasonable than a man who knows nothing of the world, who thinks nothing can be right but what squares with his own notions.

Dem.

Dem. What do you mean by that?

Mit. I mean, *Demea*, that you judge wrong in these matters; for, take my word, it is no vice in a young man, to love a mistress, drink with his companions, or break up a bawdy-house; it is not indeed, and if you and I did none of these things in our youth, the reason was, our narrow circumstances would not allow of it; you now reckon that virtue in yourself, which was entirely owing to your being poor and without money. This is wrong reasoning, for had we had wherewithal, we should have done the same things as he does; and if you had any thought, you would let your son do now, what he will certainly do afterwards, at a much more improper time of life, when, after long wishing for it, he at last sees you in your grave.

Dem. Heavens! you are enough to make one mad. What, is it no crime in a young man to be guilty of such extravagancies as these?

Mit. Come, brother, hear what I say once for all, and don't continue so perpetually to plague me. You gave your son to be mine by adoption, and he is now become mine; and consequently I am to answer for what he does amiss, and must bear the loss of whatever happens. If he squanders money in feasting, drinking, or dressing; 'tis my money he spends. If he keeps mistresses, I must supply the expence while I can; when I cannot, then, perhaps, I may think of turning him out of doors——If he has done any damage to any man's house, I must repair these damages; and if he has tore any one's cloaths, why I must pay for mending them; thank Heaven, I have yet wherewithal, without missing it; in a word, either give over, or submit it to the judgment of a third person; I am sure I can easily make it appear you are more in the wrong than I am.

Dem. Woes me! I wish you would learn what it is to be a father from them that truly know it.

Mit. You indeed are his natural father, but I am to direct his conduct.

Dem. You direct any one's conduct?

Mit. If you persist, I must leave you.

Dem.

Dem. Is it so?

Mit. Must I be eternally plagued with hearing the same thing?

Dem. It is what nearly concerns me.

Mit. And nearly concerns me too. In a word, *Demea*, let us each take care of our own, you of one and I of the other; for to pretend an equal authority over both is much the same as demanding him back, whom you have given me.

Dem. Ah! brother.

Mit. Indeed, it appears to me so.

Dem. What is all this for? let him spend, squander, and go to ruin, I have nothing to do with it.

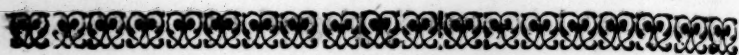
Mit. Growing warm again, *Demea*?

Dem. How do you think I can be otherwise, when you tell me I ask back what I gave? this is cruel usage, for sure I am not to be put on the foot of a stranger, if I do meddle in these matters; but I'll give over, and comply with your advice, in taking care of one; and, thank heaven, he is one to my own mind—This one of yours will repent his doings afterwards—I'll say no worse.

Exit.

Mit. Tho' my brother be wrong in the main, yet there is something in what he says, but I would not let him know I thought so; for the only way to bring him into any temper, is never to give him his way, but contradict him in every thing, and even then it is with the greatest difficulty he can be tolerably managed; but was I to chime in with him, and feed the fuel of his wrath, he would go raving mad. Tho, after all, this young man of mine is certainly in the wrong. I don't believe, in my conscience, there is one whore in town, he has not been after, or that has not cost him some money. Lately, however, he told me he wanted to marry, (which I suppose, was for a change, as he had tired of every thing) I was glad of that, and in hopes his blood had a little cool'd—But here comes another fresh affair—However, I'll go and see if I can find him at the market place and know the circumstances of this adventure.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Sannio, Eschinus.

Sannio.

FOR Heaven's sake, neighbours, come and assist a poor miserable creature ; and succour the distress'd.

Esch. Now you may be easy, and remain here quietly. You need not look back, I'll answer for him he shan't come near you, so long as I am here.

San. But I will, in spite of you all.

Esch. As great a scoundrel as you are, you shall not provoke me to give you a second drubbing.

San. Hearke' *Eschinus*, don't plead ignorance, that you know not who I am. Remember I'm a Pander.

Esch. I know it.

San. And one of the best character and reputation that ever was of the profession ; and I tell you it will be in vain for you to think of clearing yourself by excuses, that you are sorry for my being used in such a manner. I'll pay no regard to it, depend upon it ; I will prosecute my right, and I will not be paid in words for the loss I have sustained by you—I know the ways of all of ye, well enough. I am sorry for it—I'll take my oath he did not deserve such usage. A pretty story truly after I have been used in this unhandsome manner.

Esch. Run before and open the door.

San. But you shall not do what you intend.

Esch. Now, miss, you may walk in.

San. But I'll not suffer her.

Esch. Come hither, *Parmeno*, you are at too great a distance, keep close by this fellow ; there, just so ; and be sure you constantly keep your eye upon me, that when I give the sign you may directly hit him a good knock o' the pate.

San. I wish only he would try that experiment.

Esch. *Parmeno*, hold fast the young lady ; hands off, you dog.

San.

San. O! I'm murder'd!

Esch. You shall have the fellow of it, if you go on.

San. My jaw is broke.

Esch. I did not give you the sign, but 'twas best to err on that side. Go in now, young lady.

San. What is all this, are you king here, *Eschinus*?

Esch. If I was, I'd use you according to your deserts.

San. What business have you with me?

Esch. Nothing at all.

San. Don't you know who I am?

Esch. I don't desire it.

San. Did I ever meddle with any thing of yours?

Esch. If you had, you should have smarted for it.

San. What right then have you to take from me what I purchased with my own money? answer me that.

Esch. You had better not raise this disturbance before our door, for if you go on I'll have you instantly taken in and whipp'd to death.

San. A free man whipp'd!

Esch. Yes.

San. What for a man are you, is this our liberty we boast to be the privilege of every one?

Esch. If you think you have made disturbance enough, hear me, if you please.

San. I made disturbance! I think that has been your own doing.

Esch. Let that alone, and come to the point.

San. What point shall I come to?

Esch. Shall I speak to that which concerns yourself?

San. With all my heart, if it be what is just and reasonable.

Esch. Hear how this procurer moralizes.

San. A procurer I am, it must be confess'd; the common bane of youth; a profession in itself infamous and a common nuisance; but, notwithstanding, I never wrong'd you.

Esch. No, that you have yet to do.

San. Pray, *Eschinus*, return to the subject you began upon.

Esch. You

Esch. You say you pay'd twenty minæ for this girl; and I wish no other twenty may ever thrive with you; so much money shall be paid you.

San. Suppose I have no mind to sell her, will you oblige me?

Esch. Not in the least.

San. I was afraid of that.

Esch. I don't think she can be sold, as she is a free woman; and I will enter a suit upon that with you before the judges; now determine with yourself, whether you will take the money or stand the issue of a trial; think of that, I say, against I return. *Exit.*

San. Almighty *Jupiter*, no wonder ill usage should make a man mad; he has pull'd me out of my own house and beat me; given me above a hundred blows, forcibly taken away a girl that belong'd to me; and after all this, would have me take for her just the money that I gave; and I would be satisfied if I could get the money, but I have no chance for that; for if I agree to take it, he'll immediately bring witnesses to prove that I have sold her, and I may look for the money at another time. I shall have for that, call to morrow, come again another time, you shall be paid soon; and that I should not so much mind, if I was ever to be paid at all, tho' even then I should be hardly used. But I must reason upon the matter as I ought; once a man takes up my trade, he must be quiet under the inconveniences he now and then meets with from young gentlemen; tho' I reckon without my host, for I am convinced I shall never finger any part of the money.

SCENE II.

Syrus, Sannio.

Syr. Give yourself no trouble, I'll go to him and make him glad to take it, and think himself well off into the bargain. What is the matter, *Sannio*, I hear you have had a falling out with my master?

San. Never did two people fall out so unequally match'd as we were. We were both tir'd, he with beating, and I with being beat.

Syr. 'Twas your own fault.

San. What should I have done?

Syr. You

Syr. You should have shewn some complaisance to the young gentleman.

San. How, a plague, could I shew more than to stand a beating from him for above this hour?

Syr. Come, you know the truth of what I am to say; not to mind money upon certain occasions, is often the best œconomy.

San. Fine doctrine, truly.

Syr. Could you be in any doubt, you silly fellow, that if you had been civil to my young master, he would not have returned the favour with interest?

San. I'd rather have my money now, than all his promises.

Syr. *Sannio*, let me tell you, you'll never get an estate by your trade. I see you don't know how to take people in.

San. Very likely what you say is true, but I never was yet so wise as to refuse what I could lay hold of immediately, for the expectations of what I was to get hereafter.

Syr. You are only pleased to be merry, *Sannio*, I know well enough you would think nothing of twenty minæ in comparison of having it in your power to oblige *Eschbinus*. Besides, I understand you are going for *Cyprus*.

San. How!

Syr. That you have bought up a great many things to carry thither, and that you have hired a ship; I know you are not yet determined how to act in this matter; when you return safely from thence, as I hope you will, my master and you will settle this affair to your mutual satisfaction.

San. I'm going nowhere. What shall I do? they have certainly, upon the view of my going abroad, serv'd me in this manner.

Syr. I have quicken'd him a little; he begins to be afraid.

San. Was there ever such a barbarous affair; to take me just at this time, when I have bought up a number of girls and other merchandize to carry thither; and if I miss the market, I shall be a considerable loser; and if I let this affair drop now, and not think of it till I
come

come back, it will signify nothing then, and will be too late to revive my claim. They'll tell me, what, do you come with a demand now? Why did you let it lie so long? Where have you been? That in short I had better lose the whole, than either tarry here, upon that account, or attempt recovering it when I come back.

Syr. Well, have you reckoned to yourself how much the profits of your voyage will amount to?

San. Is this a way for a gentleman, as *Eschinus* professes himself to be, to act? Does he think of taking the advantage of me in this ungenerous manner?

Syr. O, I find he comes to; looke', *Sannio*, I have this one proposal to make you, and consider whether you will accept of it; will you split the difference or take your chance of law for the whole? I know my master will set his head to work to get, one how or other, ten minæ for you.

San. Alas! am I even refused the money she cost me! have you no conscience? My teeth are all loose in my head, and my head itself almost as big as a hog's-head with the blows he has given me, and would he also trick me out of my money? I'll give over all thoughts of my voyage rather than be served so.

Syr. As you please for that; I'm going, have you any farther commands?

San. Why, *Syrus*, I have this to request of you; I'll put up with every thing that is past, and rather than be engaged in embroils, will accept of the money she cost me; you have never, *Syrus*, had occasion before to try my friendship, but depend upon it you will say I am not ungrateful.

Syr. I'll do what I can, but here comes *Ctesipho*. I fancy he is happy, now he has got this girl.

San. Do you think of what I said to you?

Syr. Wait here a little.

SCENE III.

Ctesipho, Syrus.

Ctes. A man is glad always to receive marks of friendship, from any one, whoever it be; but it is an additional pleasure to have it from one you expect it from;

from; therefore how can I sufficiently express the sense I have of my brother's friendship; I never can say so much as he deserves; I am singularly fortunate in this, that I have a brother possess'd of such qualities as few can boast of.

Syr. Ctesipho.

Ctes. O *Syrus*, where is *Eschinus*.

Syr. He waits for you at home.

Ctes. O me!

Syr. What is the matter?

Ctes. The matter, *Syrus*; 'tis owing to him I am now alive. How friendly it was, to disregard every thing the slander of malicious tongues, and his own reputation, to take the blame of every thing upon himself, that he might assist and forward me in the accomplishment of my wishes, no act of friendship could be carried higher; but who is this, some body comes out.

Syr. Don't go away, 'tis your brother himself.

SCENE IV.

Eschinus, Sannio, Ctesipho, Syrus.

Esch. Where is this scoundrel?

San. He means me; but does he bring any thing? alas! I see nothing.

Esch. O *Ctesipho*, you come just in time, I was looking for you; well, how is it? come, don't be uneasy, every thing is right.

Ctes. How should I be uneasy, when I have a brother such as you? O *Eschinus*, you are a brother indeed; but I am afraid to say what I think, before your face, lest you should attribute it more to flattery than the real sentiments of my heart.

Esch. Away, you fool; what, *Ctesipho*, don't we know one another? The only thing I am concern'd about is, that you did not speak of it sooner, and delay'd so long, that we had almost come to the pass of it's being impossible to be of service to you.

Ctes. I was ashamed to tell you of it.

Esch. That bashfulness is a vice—What for such a trifle to think of leaving your friends—for shame! Heavens forbid any such thing should have happen'd.

Ctes.

Ctes. I own I was in the wrong.

Esch. Well, what says our good friend *Sannio* now?

Syr. O, meek as a lamb.

Esch. I'll go to the market-place and discharge that fellow. You, *Ctesipho*, I think had better go to your mistress.

San. *Syrus*, remember me.

Syr. Let us make haste, for *Sannio* is just setting out for *Cyprus*.

San. I am in no such hurry, I can wait here very well.

Syr. You shall have your money, don't be afraid.

San. But the whole sum, *Syrus*!

Syr. Be quiet, you shall have the whole; come this way.

San. I follow you.

Ctes. *Syrus*, a word with you.

Syr. What is it you want?

Ctes. For Heaven's sake discharge this fellow as soon as possible, for if you provoke him further, the affair may come to the ears of my father, and I am undone for ever.

Syr. He shall know nothing of the matter, don't be afraid. Go in and comfort yourself with your mistress; and order every thing to be in readiness against we come back; and when this affair is over, I'll return with provisions for our supper.

Ctes. Pray do; as we have had such good success, we'll pass the day cheerfully.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Sostrata, Canthara.

Sostrata.

WHAT do you think, nurse, how will this be?

Can. How will it be! all well, I hope.

Sostr. Her pains are just coming upon her.

Can.

Can. You are as much afraid, as if you had never had a child yourself, or never been with a woman who had one.

Soft. Alas, we are all alone; no-body to assist us; *Geta* is out of the way, and I have no one to send for a midwife, or to acquaint *Eschinus*.

Can. You may depend upon his being here, for he never lets a day pass without calling.

Soft. Indeed, he is our only comfort in all our afflictions.

Can. As things have happen'd, you could not be more lucky; and as your daughter was debauched, it is fortunate for you that you are in the hands of one of so noble a disposition, so much of a gentleman, and born of such a family.

Soft. All is true you say——May the Gods preserve him, for our sake.

S C E N E II.

Geta, Sostrata, Canthara.

Get. Our affairs are now reduced to that extremity, as not to be relieved, if all mankind should join together in endeavouring to assist us; such are the misfortunes of me, my mistress and my mistress's daughter. What shall I do? so many evils surround me, as I cannot get clear of; on one hand violence and oppression, on the other, shame, disgrace and poverty. What an age is this we live in, where nothing is to be seen but injustice and oppression! Base man.

Soft. Bless me, what makes *Geta* come in such confusion and perplexity!

Get. Who could neither be moved by his honour he had pledged, the oath he had sworn, nor that pity natural to mankind; nor by that commiseration he ought to have of a poor helpless creature he had abused by violence, and who is now in the pains of labour.

Soft. I don't yet understand what he says.

Get. My passion and resentment put me almost beside myself. I wish I could now meet the whole race of them, to vent my fury while it is warm; I should be satisfied, could I have my revenge upon them——I would put that fellow first to death, who had given
being

being to such a villian ; and make an unheard of example of that rascal *Syrus* ; I would pitch him upon the stones till I dash'd his brains out ; and for the young man himself I'd pull his eyes out, and then tumble him from some precipice, and slay, murder, and destroy all the rest. But why don't I immediately acquaint my mistress with this disaster ?

Soft. Let us call him back ; *Geta.*

Get. Whoever you are, let me alone.

Soft. 'Tis *Sostrata* calls you.

Get. Where is she ? the very person I wanted. I was looking for you, mistress, and you have come very seasonably in my way.

Soft. What is the matter, why are you so disturb'd ?

Get. Woes me !

Soft. Recover yourself, *Geta*, and be not so confus'd.

Get. We are quite——

Soft. How quite ?

Get. Undone. All is over with us.

Soft. Speak, and tell me what is the matter.

Get. At this very time——

Soft. What do you mean, *Geta* ?

Get. *Eschinus* ——

Soft. What of him ?

Get. Has abandon'd us.

Soft. Heavens forbid ! how so ?

Get. Has taken to himself another woman.

Soft. Woes me !

Get. Nor does he make any secret of it ; for he has in the face o' day forced her from the house of a pander.

Soft. But are you sure of this ?

Get. Sure of it, *Sostrata* ? I saw it with my own eyes.

Soft. Ah me ! what or whom shall we now trust to. What, our own *Eschinus* ! the life and support of us all, who so often vow'd that he would never live a day without her ? who said he would carry the child and lay it in his father's lap ; and by that tender pledge conjure him to let him have her for his wife.

Get.

Get. Give over crying, and let us think what is to be done ; shall we hush this affair, or tell it to some one ?

So. Are you in your senses, *Geta* ? How can you think of telling this to any one ?

Get. Indeed I am not for telling it to any one. For that his affections are alienated from my young mistress is evident ; and if we devulge it, I am satisfy'd he will deny the fact, and both your reputation and her life will be endanger'd ; besides, should he confess it, I think it not adviseable she should be married to him, as his affections are set upon another ; for which reasons, I think, at all events, we ought to keep it a secret.

Soft. But I will not.

Get. What will you do ?

Soft. I'll publish it to the world.

Get. Pray, *Sostrata*, think of what you are about.

Soft. Things cannot possibly be in a worse situation, than they are at present ; for first of all, she has no fortune, and has lost what was to supply the place of one ; as she cannot now be given in marriage as a virgin ; and this we have for us, that if he denies the fact, I can bring a ring as a proof against him, which he lost at the time ; besides I am conscious to myself of having acted no ways dishonourably, that neither money, or any fee or reward whatever was received by me or her. So I'll risk making it publick, *Geta*.

Get. Well, I am satisfy'd ; I acquiesce in what you say.

Soft. Do you go as fast as you can, and let our kinsman *Hegio* know the whole particulars of this affair ; for he was a most intimate friend of my husband *Simulus*, and has all along shewed great regard for us.

Get. Indeed no one else takes any notice of us.

Soft. And do you run, *Canthara*, and call the midwife, that when there is occasion, she may not be out of the way.

SCENE III.

Demea, Syrus.

Dem. I'm almost out of my wits. I hear *Ctesipho* was along with *Eschinus* in taking away this girl ! this is the misfortune I had to dread ; if that other has been able

to seduce him, who is good, as yet, for something—where shall I look for him? I don't doubt but he has got into some Bawdy-house; that hopeful brother of his has entic'd him. Here comes *Syrus*, I shall know of him where he is, but he is one of the set; if he thinks I want to know, I shall never be able to get any thing out of him; therefore I will not seem inquisitive.

Syr. We told the whole affair to *Mitio*, just as it was, and I never saw the old gentleman better pleas'd in his life.

Dem. To think of my brother's folly!

Syr. He commended his son, and was pleas'd to return me his thanks, for advising him to it.

Dem. I shall burst with vexation.

Syr. He told out the money for us immediately, and gave us beside half a mina to make merry with; and that I have laid out as I thought proper.

Dem. Yes, if any one wants to have things done properly, you are, no doubt, the person to apply to.

Syr. O *Demea*, I did not observe you, how is't with you?

Dem. How is it with me! I am astonish'd at your proceedings.

Syr. Why, to say the truth, our way of going on is foolish and absurd enough—clean out the rest of the fish, *Dromo*, and let that large eel play a little in the water; but don't skin him till I come; not before; d'ye hear?

Dem. To commit such crimes as these!

Syr. I am far from approving of it, and I very often speak plainly upon that subject. *Stephanio*, be sure you take care of the salt fish, that it be well soak'd.

Dem. Gracious heaven! does he wilfully design, or think it will redound to his praise, if he ruins his son! Woes me! I foresee the time when he will be reduced to want, and be obliged to go abroad into some foreign service.

Syr. Ay, *Demea*, that is the mark of true wisdom, not to see only just what is before one's eyes, but to look forward and think of futurity.

Dem. What, is this musick-wench at your house?

Syr. Yes, yes, she's with us.

Dem.

Dem. And is she to continue there ?

Syr. I believe so ; for there is no answering for their madness.

Dem. Are these things to be tolerated ?

Syr. It is owing to the ill-judg'd lenity and indulgence of your brother.

Dem. I am ashamed and sorry for his behaviour.

Syr. Indeed, *Demea*, I don't say this because you are here, but there is a vast difference between you and him ; from head to foot, you are all wisdom ; and he, on the contrary, has but a very small portion of it. I don't suppose you would have suffered your son to have done any such thing.

Dem. Suffer'd him ? do you think I should not have seen thro' any such thing, at least half a year before he had attempted it ?

Syr. I hope you don't want to inform me of your foresight.

Dem. I wish only my son may continue to be what he is now.

Syr. Every parent may form a child into what he pleases to make him.

Dem. Well, but have you seen him to-day ?

Syr. Seen whom, your son ? (I'll send you presently an errand into the country) I fancy he is by this time very busy at the farm.

Dem. Are you sure he is there ?

Syr. I myself saw him on his way.

Dem. That's well, I was afraid he might have been enticed to stay here.

Syr. No, he is gone, and in a great passion.

Dem. How so ?

Syr. He fell foul of his brother about this girl.

Dem. Ay, say you so !

Syr. And said every thing to him he could think of ; for as the money was telling out, he came unexpectedly upon him, and immediately, are you not ashamed, said he, to commit such things, so unworthy of the family you come of ?

Dem. O, I cannot help weeping for joy ;

Syr. For, added he, 'tis not your money alone you lose, you are destroying yourself.

Dem. May the gods bless him ; I hope he is like the people he is come of.

Syr. That is out of all doubt.

Dem. Indeed, *Syrus*, he does not want for good advice.

Syr. I well know that ; he has got a good tutor at home.

Dem. I take all the care of him I can. I neglect nothing, and accustom him to hear instruction ; in short, I teach him to look into the different characters of mankind, as into a glass, and thence take such example as may be useful for him. I say to him, do you imitate such a one.

Syr. Right.

Dem. But carefully avoid the example of such another.

Syr. Very judicious.

Dem. Such an action is praise-worthy.

Syr. Very well.

Dem. And such another is blameable.

Syr. This is the only way of instruction.

Dem. Besides——

Syr. I really, Sir, cannot hear any more at present, for I have got some nice fish here, and my great concern is that they be not spoil'd ; for that would be as heinous a crime in me, as it would be for you to neglect doing what you have been speaking of ; and as far as I possibly can, I follow your method of education in training up my fellow servants ; telling them that one thing is too salt, another over done, and a third not sufficiently clean'd ; when they do well I commend them, and desire them to do so again ; and I faithfully discharge my duty according to my poor capacity : and, in a word, I make them look into the dishes as into a glass, and from thence I take the opportunity of giving them good and sound advice. I do not like the way we go on in our family, but what must I do ? A servant is obliged to comply with the humour of his master. Have you any thing farther to say ?

Dem.

Dem. That you may have all a better way of thinking

Syr. I suppose you are for the country.

Dem. Directly.

Syr. And are in the right, for what should you do here, where no one will follow even the best advice you can give them?

Dem. Yes, I will go into the country, since he on whose account I came here, is gone before me. He is my own, and him alone I will look after, since my brother will have it so; let him take his own way with the other. But who is this I see at a distance, is not this *Hegio* one of our tribe? If I see clear enough, 'tis certainly the very man. He and I have been friends from our child-hood; and a great scarcity there is of such men as he; he is one of real worth and probity, such as liv'd in former days. He will never be accessary to introducing publick corruption of manners. How my heart warms at the sight of any of the remains of these worthy men: it makes one reconciled to life. I'll wait here to pay my respects and have some conversation with him.

SCENE IV.

Hegio, Geta, Demea, Pamphila.

Heg. This is one of the most unworthy actions you tell me of, that ever was heard, *Geta*.

Get. The thing is fact, Sir.

Heg. That any descended of that family, should behave in a manner so unworthy of a gentleman. *Eschinus*, this is not being father's son, indeed.

Dem. The itory of this musick wench has come to his ears; and he is sorry for it, tho' it does not concern him; but his father minds it not; I wish he was by and could over-hear this.

Heg. But unless they behave in this affair as they ought, it shall not pass so.

Get. All our hopes are in you, *Hegio*, 'tis you alone we depend upon; you are our father, our protector; to you the old man recommended us with his dying breath; if you desert us, we must be undone.

Heg. Speak not such a word again, I neither will do it, nor if I had a mind, would my conscience allow me.

Dem. I'll go up to him. *Hegio*, I am glad from my heart to see you well.

Heg. *Demea*, your servant, you are the very person I wanted.

Dem. About what ?

Heg. Your eldest son *Eschinus*, whom you have given in adoption to your brother, has done what neither becomes a man of honesty or honour.

Dem. How so ?

Heg. You knew *Simulus*, who was my friend and acquaintance.

Dem. Yes, very well.

Heg. He has debauch'd his daughter, who was a virgin.

Dem. How !

Heg. Stay, *Demea*, you have not heard all, there is worse to come.

Dem. What worse than this can there be ?

Heg. Yes, worse ; for some excuse might be made for this ; the heat of blood, violence of passion, opportunity, and being fluster'd with liquor ; all which might happen to another man ; but when he had done this, he came of himself to the mother of the young woman, praying, crying and beseeching her ; gave his word and honour that he would marry her ; upon which all was made up, the affair hush'd, and they gave credit to what he promised. The young lady prov'd with child in consequence of this adventure, and 'tis now ten months since. In the mean time what has he done, but, like a pretty gentleman, got himself a musick-wench to live with, and has forsaken the other.

Dem. Are you sure of all this ?

Heg. The mother, the young lady herself, and all other circumstances prove the thing. Besides there is *Geta* here, a very honest and careful man, considering him as a servant, for he maintains them and supports the whole family ; take him and put him to the question.

Geta,

Get. I'll submit to the torture, if the thing is not so. But bring him here face to face and he cannot deny it.

Dem. I am so confounded, that I know not what to do, or what answer to make.

Pam. Have mercy upon me, and deliver me from my pains ; *Juno Lucina*, save me I beseech you.

Heg. What, is she in labour ?

Get. Yes, *Hegio*.

Heg. This poor young lady, *Demea*, by her cries, implores your protection, and the fulfilment of the promises that have been made her, that you will do that freely which the laws will otherwise oblige you to ; and I pray heaven in the first place, that you may act in this as you ought ; but if otherwise, I do assure you, that I will, to the utmost of my power, see justice done to her and the memory of my dead friend. He was my kinsman ; we were brought up together from our infancy ; were together in peace and war ; and went thro' together a severe time of poverty ; for which reason I am determin'd to do all my endeavour, and leave nothing untry'd to procure them redress ; in a word, I will lose my life sooner than forsake them. What answer am I to expect from you ?

Dem. I will go meet my brother, and do in it as he shall advise me.

Heg. One thing, *Demea*, I would put you in mind of, and have you reflect upon, that the richer you are, the more noble, the more powerful and the more distinguish'd you be, the more incumbent it is upon you, to act with justice and honour, if you would preserve the character of good men.

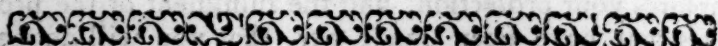
Dem. You may return back, *Hegio*, and be assured every thing shall be done that is fitting.

Heg. It becomes you so to do. *Geta*, shew me into *Sofrata*.

Dem. Well, these things don't happen for want of my foretelling them ; I only wish this may be the last he does of this kind ; for I am afraid this unbounded licentiousness of his will end in some fatal thing or other. But I'll go find my brother, and vent my indignation upon him.

Hegio.

Heg. Don't be dishearten'd, *Sosrata* ; and keep up your daughter's spirits as well as you can ; I'll go to the market-place to see after *Mitio*, and let him know the whole of this transaction ; if he is inclinable to do what behoves him, I shall be glad ; but if othetwise, that I may know his mind, and take my measures accordingly as soon as possible.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Ctesipho, Syrus.**Ctesipho.*

SO my father, you say, is gone into the country ?
Syr. Long ago.

Cte. Tell me truly.

Syr. He is by this time at home, and busied in doing something or other.

Cte. If it was for his good, I should pray heaven he might work himself into such fatigue as not to get out of his bed for these three days at least.

Syr. With all my heart, and longer too.

Cte. For I should be very happy if I could have this day all to myself, to spend in mirth and pleasure, as I have begun it ; and I abominate that country-place of ours for nothing so much as being so near ; was it farther off, it would be night before he possibly could get back ; now I am certain that when he misses me, he'll return instantly ; and will ask an account where I have been, as he has not seen me all this day : and what answer shall I make him ?

Syr. Can you think of nothing ?*Cte.* Nothing at all.

Syr. So much the worse ; have you no friend, or relation, or acquaintance ?

Cte. Yes, what then ?*Syr.*

Syr. Could not you have been busy in doing something for them ?

Cte. When I have not, *Syrus* ; that will never do.

Syr. Yes, it will.

Cte. In the day-time it may ; but if I stay all night, what can I say then ?

Syr. What a pity it is one cannot be engaged in the service of a friend by night as well as by day. But do you make yourself easy ; for I perfectly know how to manage him, and when he is at the height of his choler, I can make him as quiet as a lamb.

Cte. In what manner ?

Syr. He likes prodigiously to hear your praises, and I make, as it were, a demi-god of you, I sum up all your virtues.

Cte. My virtues !

Syr. Yes, yours ; and he'll cry for joy like a child. Hold, here he is.

Cte. What's the matter ?

Syr. The very man we have been talking of.

Cte. My father ?

Syr. The very same.

Cte. *Syrus*, what shall we do ?

Syr. Get in as fast as you can ; I'll take care.

Cte. If he asks after me, you have not seen me, do you hear ?

Syr. I wish you would be quiet.

S C E N E II.

Demæa, Ctesipho, Syrus.

Dem. I am unlucky in every thing. First of all, I can find my brother no-where ; and next, as I was looking for him, I saw one of my work-people just come from my house in the country, who says *Ctesipho* is not there, nor do I know what I shall now do.

Cte. *Syrus*.

Syr. What do you say ?

Cte. Is he enquiring after me ?

Syr. Yes.

Cte. I'm ruin'd.

Syr. Never fear.

Dem. How unfortunate is my destiny : I cannot enough think of it, unless that I am born particularly, more than other men, for undergoing misfortunes. I am the first who foresee, and the first who know what evils befall us, and what is done amiss ; I am the first to speak of it, and am the only one that suffers any uneasiness from whatever happens.

Syr. How I laugh at him ; he says he is the only one that knows what passes, when he is the only one that knows nothing at all.

Dem. Now I'll return and see if my brother be come home.

Cte. For heaven's sake, take care that he rush not in all of a sudden here.

Syr. Won't you hold your tongue, I'll take care, I warrant you.

Cte. Yes, but I am sure I will not trust to you ; for I'll shut myself into some corner with my mistress, that's the safest way.

Syr. You may do as you please, but I'll send him out of the way.

Dem. And here comes that rascal *Syrus*.

Syr. It is impossible for any one to live here if this is to be the way ; what a miserable life is this to lead ! I would fain know how many masters I have.

Dem. What's this he's muttering about ? What would he be at ? What is this you say, good Sir ? Speak, is my brother at home ?

Syr. You need not good-sir me ; I am almost killed.

Dem. What is the matter with you ?

Syr. The matter with me ! your son *Ctesipho* has beat me and that musick-girl almost to death.

Dem. How so ?

Syr. See how my lip is all cut.

Dem. And for what reason ?

Syr. He says truly I put his brother upon buying her.

Dem. Did you not say just now, that you saw him on his way to the country ?

Syr. And so he was ; but returned like a mad man and spared none of us. I think he ought to have been
ashamed

ashamed to have used an old man so, who has dangl'd him in his arms when he was an infant.

Dem. Ctesipho, I commend you ; that is being father's son ; you acted like a man.

Syr. Do you commend him ? But I would advise him another time to keep his hands to himself.

Dem. It was bravely done.

Syr. Yes, very bravely, to beat a poor girl, and me who am a servant and durst not strike again—a very gallant action to be sure.

Dem. He could not have done a better thing ; he's of the same opinion with me, that you was at the bottom of all this. But is not my brother at home ?

Syr. He is not.

Dem. I'm considering where I shall look for him.

Syr. I could tell where he is, but you shan't know it from me.

Dem. What do you say, Sirrah ?

Syr. Even so.

Dem. I'll break your head this moment, if you don't.

Syr. I know not the man's name, but I know the place.

Dem. Then let me know where it is.

Syr. You know the arch-way near the butchers stalls down that way.

Dem. Very well.

Syr. Go through that, and go directly up the next street ; after that there is a descent, go down it ; and upon the left hand you will see a chapel ; near it is an alley.

Dem. Where ?

Syr. Just by the great fig-tree, you know that, don't you ?

Dem. Yes.

Syr. Go thro' that alley.

Dem. That alley is no thorough-fare.

Syr. Very true, no more it is ! one would think I was grown stupid. I was mistaken. We'll begin again from the arch-way, that's by much the shortest way, and the best. You know the house of *Cratinus*, he who is so very rich.

Dem. Yes.

Syr. When you are pass'd that, turn to the left, and hold strait up the street till you come to the temple of *Diana*, then strike off to the right ; before you come to the town-gate, just by the reservoir, there is a baker's shop, and over-against that a carpenter's, there you'll find him.

Dem. What has he to do there ?

Syr. He is giving orders for some covered couches, with wainscot stands to be made.

Dem. That you may sit and drink, I suppose, shelter'd from the sun. Mighty well ; but I must go to him.

Syr. Ay, go, and I hope I shall have work'd you to-day as you deserve, you old rugged rascal—*Echinus* stays monstrously ; we shall have dinner spoil'd ; and *Ctesipho* minds nothing but his mistress, so I must look to myself. I'll e'en go and pick out some of the choicest bits, and sip every now-and-then a little wine, and in that manner kill the time.

SCENE III.

Mitio, Hegio.

Mit. I myself see nothing why I should be thought so deserving of praise for what I have done in this affair, *Hegio* ; it does not appear to me, I have done any thing more than what every honest man ought to do. We, on our parts, have committed a fault, and I have agreed to make what amends is in our power. Unless, perhaps, you rank'd me among these people that imagine they are wrong'd themselves, if you complain of what they have done amiss, and upon that account quarrel with you instead of your quarreling with them. And do you thank me, *Hegio*, because I have not behaved in this manner ?

Heg. Not at all, I never imagin'd you to be otherwise than you really are. But one thing I beg of you, that you would go along with me to the mother of this young woman ; and tell herself what you have told me, that the cause of her uneasiness about this musick-girl, is an affair of his Brother's, and not of his own.

Mit. With all my heart, if you think it right, or necessary to make her easy.

Heg.

Heg. This is very humane in you, *Mitio* ; for by this means you relieve the poor woman, who is now sinking under her afflictions, and will act like yourself ; but if you do not chuse it, I'll go and acquaint her with what you say.

Mit. No, I'll go myself.

Heg. You act generously in that : for all people in adversity are, I know not how, more jealous than others, and more apt to think themselves ill used. They imagine their poverty makes people slight and neglect them ; for which reason it will be much more satisfactory that you go yourself.

Mit. What you say is extremely true, and very just reasoning.

Heg. Then if you please to follow me.

Mit. I follow you.

SCENE IV.

Eschinus.

Esch. I am upon the rack, and know not what to do, this misfortune has come upon me so of a sudden, that I am quite disconcerted, and at a loss how to conduct myself. I shake, every limb of me, and am quite thunder struck, nor can I suggest to myself any method I am to act by. How shall I extricate myself out of these difficulties ; as I am so strongly suspected, and appearances are so strong against me ? For I find *Sofrata* believes that I have bought this girl for myself ; I understood so from the old woman that belongs to her ; whom I met as she was going for the midwife, and as I came up to her and asked how *Pamphila* did, whether her pains had come upon her, and if she was upon that account going for the midwife ; the woman call'd out, Away, away, *Eschinus*, you have imposed upon us long enough already, we have given too much credit to your fine promises. What is the matter, said I. We have done with you, answered she ; you may have her whom you like better. I immediately upon this guess'd what it was they suspected ; but check'd myself, that I might not say any thing of my brother to that prating old woman, and have the affair made publick ; now what shall I do ? Shall I say that this girl is
my

my brother's ? A thing that ought never to be told to any one. But suppose that may be done so as not to be divulged, I am still afraid they will not believe me ; there are so many circumstances to make them think otherwise : 'twas I took her from *Sannio* ; I pay'd him the money, and brought her to our house. Indeed I am much to blame all this while, for not having told my father the whole of my affair with this young lady, just as it was. I should have prevailed upon him to have given her to me as my wife ; but, tho' I have been so remiss hitherto, I must now awake and take courage ; and the first thing is to go to *Pamphila* and her mother, and clear myself to them. I'll go to the house ; mercy on me ! how I shudder when I knock at these doors ! Who is there ? Open the door, 'tis I, *Eschinus* ; some one, I know not who, comes out, I'll retire a little.

S C E N E V.

Mitio, Eschinus.

Mit. Yes, do as I desired you, *Sostrata*, I'll go meet with *Eschinus* and let him know what has passed. But who knock'd here ?

Esch. 'Tis my father ! what shall I do ?

Mit. *Eschinus.*

Esch. What business can he have here ?

Mit. Was it you knock'd at this door ? He won't speak. I think it won't be amiss if I work my young spark a little, for his not having let me into this secret. Don't you answer me ?

Esch. Not that I know of, Sir.

Mit. So I fancy ; I could not imagine what business you had here. Come, he blushes, all is safe yet.

Esch. And pray, Sir, may I ask what is your Business here ?

Mit. Mine ! Nothing at all. An acquaintance met me at the market-place, and brought me here with him upon an affair as his friend.

Esch. What affair ?

Mit. I'll tell you. There live too poor women here ; I believe I am pretty certain you don't know them, for it is but lately they have come hither.

Esch. Well, and what next ?

Mit. A young woman with her mother.

Esch. Go on, Sir.

Mit. The girl has lost her father, and this friend of mine being her nearest relation, she is bound by the laws to receive him as her husband.

Esch. Heavens, what do I hear !

Mit. What is the matter ?

Esch. Nothing ; if you please to proceed, Sir.

Mit. He is come to take her away, for he lives at *Miletum*.

Esch. How ! take her along with him !

Mit. So it is.

Esch. And to *Miletum* !

Met. Yes.

Esch. I shall sink down. And what do the women themselves say ? Are they satisfied ?

Mit. What do you think they say ? The mother has trump'd up a story, that her daughter has born a son to another man, I know not whom, for she does not name him, and pretends that he was engaged to her first, and consequently that she cannot be disposed of to another.

Esch. Well, and don't you think this is very reasonable ?

Mit. No, indeed.

Esch. Why not, I beseech you ? What, will this man carry her off ?

Mit. Why should he not ?

Esch. I think this is very cruel and barbarous, and if I may presume to say so, next a-kin to injustice.

Mit. What makes you think so ?

Esch. I'm surpriz'd you ask that question ; how wretched must be the fate of that unhappy lover who first had her, and who, probably, at this very time is desperately in love with her, when he sees the object of his affections tore from him before his eyes—It is the most cruel case in the world, Sir.

Mit. How do you make that out ? Who betroth'd her, or gave her away ? When and to whom was she married ? By what authority did she dispose of herself ?
And

And why did this man marry a woman, who properly belonged to another ?

Esch. Pray, Sir, is it to be supposed, a woman at her years was to wait till some relation should come, from she knew not where, and claim her in marriage ? This, Sir, you ought to have thought of, and a point you should have argued.

Mit. A pretty story truly ; so you would have had me speak against the cause I came to defend ; but what business or concern have we with it ? Come let us be going ; what is the matter, *Eschinus* ? Why in tears ?

Esch. Dear Sir, hear me a few words.

Mit. You need not, *Eschinus*, I have heard and know every thing ; for I love you tenderly, and on that account am deeply interested in every thing that concerns you.

Esch. And so may I deserve your love to the latest hour of my life, as I am sorry, and repent from the bottom of my soul my having done this ; and am ashamed to look you in the face.

Mit. I fully believe you, *Eschinus*, for I know your ingenuous and open nature ; but, indeed, my child ; you have been too thoughtless ; you don't seem to have reflected in what city you live. Here you have debauch'd a young woman, whom, by the laws of your country, you ought not to have touch'd. Now that was a very flagrant crime, but tho' heinous in itself, had some excuse from the failings of human nature ; but then, after this happened, how careless and indiscreet were you, to take no care or thought what was to be done, or how it was to be done ; and if you had not courage enough to tell it me yourself, how did you think I was ever to know it ? And while you was in this suspense, here ten months have slip'd away ; so in fact it was not owing to you, that yourself, your child, and this poor creature were not ruin'd altogether. Did you imagine that heaven would do every thing for you without you bestirring yourself, or bring her home into your bed-chamber to you ! Don't give way to this indolence in other affairs of life. Come, don't be cast down now, she shall be your wife.

Esch.

The BROTHERS.

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Esch. What !

Mit. I say, don't be dishearten'd.

Esch. Are you not joking with me ?

Mit. I joke with you, *Eschinus* ! Why should you think so ?

Esch. I know not, unless it be that I so anxiously wish for this, that I am under the greater apprehensions it should not happen.

Mit. Go, and perform the religious rites to the gods, that you may send for your wife. Go.

Esch. What ! send for her now !

Mit. Now.

Esch. What ! this very moment !

Mit. This moment, I say.

Esch. May I never find mercy from the immortal gods, if I don't love you more than I do my own eyes.

Mit. What, more than you do her ?

Esch. As well.

Mit. That's obliging, indeed.

Esch. But what is become of this *Miletian* ?

Mit. He's gone, vanish'd, and got on ship-board by this time. But why do you delay going ?

Esch. I think, Sir, you should rather go, and make the offerings to the gods ; I am sure they will listen more propitiously to you than me, as you are a much better man.

Mit. I'll go in and give orders for what is necessary ; you, in the mean time, if you are wise, will take care and do as I bid you.

Esch. Surely this is not behaving as parents do to their children ; for was he my brother, or my intimate companion, he could not shew more complaisance to me ; it is impossible to help loving such a father, and having for him all the warmth of affection ; it shall certainly have this effect, to make me careful not to do any thing thro' imprudence that may offend him : knowingly, I'm sure I never shall. But I must make haste to go in, or I shall myself retard my marriage ceremonies.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Demea.

Dem. I'm tired off my legs with walking. Heavens confound that dog *Syrus* and his directions together. I have been over the whole town, at the gate, at the lake, in short every-where; but no such carpenter's shop could I find, nor any one that had seen my brother; now I am determined to keep possession of the house till he comes.

SCENE VII.

Mitio, Demea.

Mit. I'll go and let them know we are ready.

Dem. But here he comes. *Mitio*, I have been looking for you this long time.

Mit. What's the matter now?

Dem. More monstrous crimes still of this fine young gentleman of yours——

Mit. So, you're beginning——

Dem. New ones, heinous offences.

Mit. Pray be quiet.

Dem. You know not what a man he is.

Mit. Yes, but I do.

Dem. You're fool enough, I suppose, to think I mean that musick-wench? This affair relates to a young lady, a citizen of *Athens*.

Mit. Well, I know it.

Dem. What! do you know it, and bear with it!

Mit. Why not bear with it?

Dem. Tell me sincerely; don't you exclaim, don't it make you mad?

Mit. I should be sorry it did.

Dem. There is a boy brought forth.

Mit. Heavens blefs him.

Dem. The girl herself without any fortune.

Mit. So I understand.

Dem. And is he to marry a woman worth nothing?

Mit. To be sure.

Dem. And what will happen next?

Mit. What the circumstances of the affair require. The young woman will be presently taken from where she is, and brought here.

Dem.

Dem. O *Jupiter* ! Is it thus you go on !

Mit. What can I do more ?

Dem. What can you do ! If you are not really vex'd at such proceedings, it is the part of a man to appear so.

Mit. Now, on the contrary, I have settled all the matter ; the young lady is betroth'd, and the marriage just about to be celebrated ; I have rid both parties of all uneasiness, and this I take to be acting the part of a man.

Dem. But seriously, *Mitio*, are you satisfy'd with all this ?

Mit. No, indeed, if I could help it ; but as I cannot, I make myself easy under it—A man's life is like a game at tables ; if you do not throw just what you would have, make the best of that which comes up.

Dem. Yes, you have an excellent hand at making the best of things—you have lately, with great judgment, disposed of twenty minæ upon a musick-wench, who must now be got rid of any how ; if she cannot be sold, given away.

Mit. That is not so, for I have no intention to part with her.

Dem. What intention then have you ?

Mit. Keep her at home with me.

Dem. What ! a wife and a whore in the same house !

Mit. What's to hinder it ?

Dem. Are you in your right senses ?

Mit. I think so.

Dem. As I hope for mercy, I believe I now perceive your intention ; you want to keep this girl that you may now and then sing a song with her.

Mit. And why should I not ?

Dem. And the new-married spouse will now and then receive a lesson.

Mit. To be sure.

Dem. And you will be master of this hopeful choir.

Mit. And don't you think me well qualify'd ?

Dem. Qualify'd ?

Mit. And when you are in the humour, you shall be welcome to make one with us.

Dem.

Dem. Woes me, that you are not ashamed of such proceedings.

Mit. Come, brother, be calm and shew yourself chearful and merry at your son's wedding, and behave as you ought. I'll go and meet the people I want to see, and be here again.

Dem. Heavens ! What a life is this ! What a way of acting and what madness is here ! First of all a musick-wench, then comes a wife without any fortune, an expensive house, a young man sunk in debauchery, and an old one sunk in dotage ; if salvation herself had a mind for it, she could not save this family from ruin.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Syrus, Demea.

Syrus.

MY little *Syrus*, I think thou hast taken care of thyself pretty well, and play'd thy part handsomely, and now may give over. After having indulg'd myself to my mind within doors, I had a mind to take the air a little.

Dem. There goes a sample of a well govern'd family.

Syr. This is our old man. — How is it now, *Demea* ? Why so gloomy ?

Dem. You rascal !

Syr. O ! are you now beginning again with your sage maxims ?

Dem. If you was mine, firrah—

Syr. Well for you I was, *Demea*, you'd better your fortune by it, I should be an estate to you.

Dem. I'd make a publick example of you.

Syr. Why so ? What have I done now ?

Dem. Do you ask what you have done ? In the midst of this confusion, and when so terrible a misfortune has come upon us, and when things are not yet settled, for you to get drunk, you rascal, as if nothing had happen'd.

Syr. I wish I had kept within doors.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Dromo, Syrus, Demea.

Dro. Syrus, *Ctesipho* desires you would return.

Syr. Get away.

Dem. What does he talk of *Ctesipho*?

Syr. Nothing at all.

Dem. What! Is *Ctesipho* here?

Syr. He is not.

Dem. Why then did that fellow name him?

Syr. He meant another *Ctesipho*, a little odd sort of man, you know him.

Dem. I shall know him presently.

Syr. What are you about? Where are you going?

Dem. Let me alone.

Syr. You shan't go, I say.

Dem. Do you touch me, you dog? Or would you have me beat your brains out?

Syr. He's gone, and no welcome guest to *Ctesipho*. Now what way shall I dispose of myself? My best way will be, I think, to retire to some corner, and sleep out my dose. I'll even do so.

SCENE III.

Mitio, Demea.

Mit. Every thing is ready, *Sostrata*, on our part, as I told you: the young lady may be sent for, when you please.—But who is this coming out in such a bustle from my house?

Dem. Woes me, how shall I behave! what shall I do! to whom shall I complain! or how shall I redress myself!—O heavens! earth and seas!

Mit. Ay, there he comes, and has found out the whole affair; 'tis that makes him bawl so: he comes prepar'd for scolding, and I must step in to the assistance of the young man.

Dem. There he comes, the common bane of both our children.

Mit. Lay aside all passion, and let us reason coolly.

Dem. I do lay aside all passion and railing; and am come to you to reason upon the matter of fact: you yourself was the first that proposed this agreement be-

tween

tween us, that I should have nothing to do with your son, nor you with mine ; pray answer me to that.

Mit. That's true, I don't deny it.

Dem. Then, why do you harbour him in your house, and encourage him in debauchery ? Why do you purchase a mistress for him, and what right more have you to meddle with *Ctesipho* than I have to meddle with *Eschinus* ? As I don't interfere with him, why do you concern yourself with this other ?

Mit. Brother, you are wrong ; indeed you are ; for 'tis an old saying, friends should have all things in common.

Dem. Pleasant enough ; so you begin with that, now.

Mit. If it is not too much trouble, I beg you would hear me. First of all, if you grudge the expence the young men are at, pray consider with yourself, that formerly you supported them both upon your own estate, and thought that what you was possessed of would be sufficient to establish them in the world, believing, at that time, that I intended to marry ; now, pray go on in the same way ; save, pinch and scrape together as much as you can for them, and have the praise of it all to yourself ; but let them, in the mean time, have the present enjoyment of what is mine, which has come to them contrary to expectation : the principal will never, by this, be diminished, and what I give them is so much clear gain. If you would weigh this seriously in your mind, you would save yourself, and me and them too, a vast deal of trouble.

Dem. I don't speak of the expence, I think of their morals.

Mit. I know ; but hold a little, I was just coming to that point. There are a great many circumstances from which you may judge of the difference of temper and disposition ; so that even two people may do the same thing, and that action be wrong in one which is not so in another ; not that this difference arises from the nature of the thing itself, but from the diversity of character. Now I take this to be so much the case with them, that I am persuaded they will turn out as we would wish them. I perceive in them the signs of wisdom

wisdom and understanding, that, at proper times, they stand in awe ; and I perceive they love each other. You may easily distinguish in both of them, the marks of a noble and generous temper ; so that they are to be reclaimed at any time you will : and as to what you may be afraid of, *Demea*, that they may contract a habit of profuseness, and neglect improving their fortune, remember and be assured of this, brother, that old age brings this vitious appetite alone upon us ; that the more we grow in years, the more does avarice grow upon us.

Dem. I'm only afraid, *Mitio*, that these fine reasonings of yours, and that easy temper will end in their ruin.

Mit. Never fear that, only be quiet ; lay aside all your grumblings, and be rul'd by me for this day : come, clear up your visage.

Dem. Why, as things are, I believe I must for to-day ; but to-morrow, as soon as the sun appears, I'll hie myself with my son into the country.

Mit. I think, indeed, you had better set out in the middle of the night ; but in the mean time till that happens, be merry and chearful.

Dem. And as to that fine lady of my son's, she shall have the benefit of the country air likewise.

Mit. That's a most excellent scheme, for by that means you'll fix her and your son together, only take care she don't run away.

Dem. I'll look after that ; she shall be set to work at the mill and in the kitchen, and when she is sufficiently cover'd with flour, smoke, and cinder-dust, I'll turn her out at noon-day into the fields to gather stubble. I'll give her a complexion much like the hue of charcoal.

Mit. I like that project vastly ; you seem to me to guess the thing right ; and was I you, I would oblige my son, whether he would or not, to go to bed to her when she was in that sweet pickle.

Dem. You're happy that can laugh at such things, as for me I feel——

Mit. What ! beginning again !

Dem. I have done.

Mit. Get in then, and spend the day jovially, as you ought.

SCENE

Demea.

Dem. I don't believe any man ever laid down a plan for his own conduct in life, so exactly, but that intervening accidents, difference of age, or experience itself, shewed him at one time or other, something new to be done, or suggested something to be altered ; so that one finds he does not in reality know, what he imagin'd he did know ; and upon tryal, often rejects what, at first, he had entertain'd the highest opinion of. And this is exactly my case ; I have, till this present time, lived an austere life, and now, in the evening of my days, am to alter my course : if the reason was ask'd, why ? 'Tis that experience has taught me, that nothing more contributes to a man's happiness, than his being of an easy and complaisant behaviour. The truth of this will appear upon a comparison of me with my brother ; he always lived a life of ease and pleasure, was gentle and affable, never said an ill-natur'd thing ; but, on the contrary, was civil to every one : he lived his own way, spent his money as himself lik'd, and every body loves him, every one speaks well of him—On the contrary, I who am clownish in my behaviour, severe in my nature, and gloomy in my temper, forbidding in my carriage, and saving and penurious to boot ; married a wife—what cares and vexations did I not meet with in that state of life ! I had two sons, another charge upon me ; and after spending my whole life, and fatiguing my old age, to scrape together and save all I could for them ; at the close of my life, what reward have I from my children, for all my cares and labour on their account ? They hate me : while my brother, without care or labour, enjoys all the blessings of a father. They love him, and fly from me ; trust him with every thing ; have settled their affections upon him ; are both now with him, and I deserted ; they pray for his life, and wait for my death. Thus, at a small expence, has he made my children, for whom I have labour'd so much, his own ; I have all the care, and he all the pleasure. But I will now go another way to work, and, as my brother challenges me to it, try what I can do, as well as he, by

a complaisant and obliging behaviour ; for I want, as much as others, to be lov'd and esteem'd by my own children ; and if that is to be obtain'd by giving them what they desire, and complying with their humours, I'll not be behind in that respect. And if we should run out, I have less to fear than any one, as I am the oldest of the family.

SCENE V.

Syrus, Demea.

Syr. Demea, your brother begs you would be in the way.

Dem. Who is this ? — O my *Syrus* ! is it you ? How goes the world with you ? I hope all is well.

Syr. Very well, Sir.

Dem. And I am extremely glad to hear it. I think this is the first time I ever accosted a man in the familiar way of, my *Syrus* ! or, How goes the world ? or, I hope all is well. These are three steps I have made all at once. You shew yourself a man of merit, and I shall be glad of any opportunity to serve you.

Syr. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir.

Dem. I am in earnest, *Syrus*, and you shall know I am so, very soon.

SCENE VI.

Geta, Demea.

Get. I will go, *Sostrata*, to them, to see when they will send for my young mistress. — But here is *Demea*. Sir, your servant.

Dem. Pray, friend, may I ask your name ?

Get. My name is *Geta*.

Dem. Geta, I look upon you as a man of great worth ; for I have a prodigious regard for any servant, who has the interest of those they serve at heart, which I find you have, and, upon that account, if I can have an opportunity, shall be glad to do you all the service in my power. Now I am in, I find I succeed purely.

Get. You are extremely good, Sir, to entertain such sentiments of me.

Dem. It is best to try my hand first upon the lower class, and bring them over by degrees.

K

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Eschinus, Demea, Syrus, Geta.

Esch. I'm quite impatient with the ceremonies and solemnity they make about this marriage; they lose the whole day in settling the preparations for it.

Dem. *Eschinus*, how do you do?

Esch. What, my father! are you here?

Dem. Your father I am, both by nature and affection, who love you better than I do myself. But why don't you send for your wife?

Esch. I greatly desire it; but it seems we wait for the musick, and the people to sing the hymeneal song.

Dem. Will you take the advice of your old father?

Esch. What is that, Sir?

Dem. Never mind the hymeneal song, or torches, or musick, or any kind of procession, but get this old wall knock'd down, and send for the bride that way, so you will make one house of it; and bring the mother and all the family home to us.

Esch. With all my heart; you are the best of fathers.

Dem. So, now I am the best of fathers. My brother will be oblig'd to keep open house, bring all this crowd of folks home to him, be at a great expence for that and many other things; but what is it to me, so long as I am look'd upon as the best of fathers? Why don't my brother order these twenty minæ to be paid immediately?—And, *Syrus*, Why don't you do what I mention'd?

Syr. What was that?

Dem. To pull down the wall, and afterwards to go and bring *Sostrata* with all her family here.

Get. I hope the gods will preserve you, for shewing so much good-will to our family.

Dem. I think you all deserve it—and what think you, son?

Esch. I think so too.

Dem. That is infinitely better, than for the poor young lady, who has just lain in, to be brought thro' the streets in that condition.

Esch. Nothing better could be thought of, Sir.

Dem.

Dem. That is my way—but here comes my brother
Mitio.

S C E N E VIII.

Mitio, Demea, Eschbinus.

Mit. Does my brother order this? Where is he? Is this by your orders, brother?

Dem. Yes, brother, I did give orders for it; and in this, as in every thing else, will do all in my power to make their family one with ours; assist them, help them, and cherish them.

Eschb. I beg you would, Sir.

Mit. And I am of the same mind with you.

Dem. Indeed, I think it is what we ought. For, in the first place, she is the mother of his wife.

Mit. And what then?

Dem. A good modest sort of woman.

Mit. So I have heard.

Dem. Advanced in years.

Mit. That I know.

Dem. Too old to have any children.—She's helpless and alone; nor is there any one to take care of her.

Mit. What does he mean by all this?

Dem. It is my opinion you ought to marry her; and I think it is your business, *Eschbinus*, to see that he does it.

Mit. That I should marry her!

Dem. Yes, you.

Mit. Me!

Dem. I say, you ought to marry her.

Mit. You rave, sure.

Dem. And, if *Eschbinus* has any spirit left in him, he will make you do it.

Eschb. Sir, let me intreat you.

Mit. What, are you such a fool, as to mind what he says?

Dem. It is in vain to make words; you must do it.

Mit. You're out of your wits.

Eschb. Sir, let me prevail upon you.

Mit. The man is mad; take him out of the way.

Dem. Come, grant this favour to your son.

Mit. You know not surely what you say. Would you seriously advise me, now, that I am in the sixty-

fifth year of my age, to alter my condition, and marry, too, a decrepit old woman ?

Esch. Pray do, Sir ; I promised them you should.

Mit. Ay, you promised them ? Pray, Sir, promise for yourself.

Dem. How can you refuse him ? Suppose he was to ask something greater at your hands.

Mit. Can any thing be greater than this ?

Dem. Come, give your consent.

Esch. Don't think much of it.

Dem. Let him have his request.

Mit. Let me alone, I say.

Esch. Not till you consent.

Mit. This is downright violence.

Dem. Come, don't be so long about it ; but do it with a good grace.

Mit. Tho' this be a most foolish, absurd, and out-of-the-way scheme; especially at my time of life, yet, as you insist so much upon it, it shall be so.

Esch. You're very good, Sir, and I am much oblig'd to you.

Dem. Well, what shall I say now ? As I have got this manag'd according to my mind ; what must I set about next ? This man *Hegio*, who is their nearest kinsman, and now related to us, is but poor, and I think we should do something for him.

Mit. What should we do for him ?

Dem. You have a small farm, a little out of town, which you let ; I think we should give him the income of it for his life.

Mit. And do you call it a small one ?

Dem. If it was more we ought to let him have it ; for, consider he is a kind of father to *Eschinus*'s wife, is a good man, and now become one of us ; so that I think it very well bestow'd ; besides, that just and wise observation is your own and none of mine, That in old age, most people are apt to turn too covetous, and it behoves us to avoid that imputation. For, as it is a thing in itself certainly fact, we ought to demonstrate by our actions, that we are not of those who are subject to that infirmity.

Mit.

Mit. Well, with all my heart, if *Eschinus* desires it.

Esch. Thank you, Sir.

Dem. You are my brother, indeed, both by birth and inclinations.

Mit. I am glad to hear that.

Dem. How I fight him with his own weapons.

SCENE IX.

Syrus, Demea, Mitio, Eschinus.

Syr. I have done what you order'd, *Demea*.

Dem. You're an honest fellow, *Syrus*, and in my opinion, deserve to have your freedom.

Mit. He to have his freedom! For what reason, pray?

Dem. For many reasons.

Syr. O *Demea*, you are a good man. Indeed I have taken care of both these young gentlemen since they were infants; I have instructed and taught them, and given them all the good advice in my power.

Dem. The thing is plain of itself; and besides all that, you cater'd for them, discharged the office of pimp with much fidelity, and from day to day, took care to provide them in elegant entertainments—Come, 'tis not every sorry fellow can acquit himself in those important trusts.

Syr. Heavens blefs you!

Dem. Not to mention other things, he was, this day, of prodigious service, in conducting the affair of this musick-wench; had the principal direction of the whole, and consequently ought to be considered upon that account; it will be an encouragement for others in time to come. In a word, your son desires it may be so.

Mit. Do you desire this?

Esch. I do, Sir.

Mit. As you then ask it, come hither, *Syrus*; from this time you are free.

Syr. You are extremely good, Sir; I return thanks to all of you, and to you in particular, *Demea*.

Dem. I am glad 'tis done, *Syrus*.

Esch. And I too.

Syr. I believe it: and wish my happiness could be completed, that my wife *Phrygia* had her freedom likewise.

Dem. Indeed, a most excellent sort of woman.

Syr. And was the first, this day, that suckled his child, your grandson, Sir.

Dem. Did she really ? Then I think, if she was indeed the first that gave him suck, she ought beyond all question to be made free.

Mit. What, for that ?

Dem. Ay, for that. Besides, I'll pay you whatever value you put upon her.

Syr. I pray the gods may bless and prosper you in every thing you undertake.

Mit. *Syrus*, you have made a pretty good day of it.

Dem. And moreover, brother, if you did as you ought, this poor man should have something beforehand, to set up with ; he'll soon pay you again.

Mit. I should never again see the worth of a straw.

Esch. He's an industrious fellow——

Syr. I'll pay you again ; only let me have it.

Esch. Do, Sir.

Mit. I'll consider of it.

Dem. He shall do it.

Syr. O Sir, you're a most excellent man.

Esch. You're the most obliging father alive.

Mit. But pray, brother, what is this has happen'd to you ? How is it you are so chang'd all of a sudden ? Whence comes this fit of generosity upon you ?

Dem. I will explain this mystery to you. I want to shew these young gentlemen, who think you so good and kind a father, that that does not proceed from what is true and proper conduct in life, nor from the principles of what is in itself right and reasonable, but from your gratifying their passions, indulging their appetites, and feeding their vices. Now, *Eschinus*, if upon that account you dislike me, because I don't comply with you in every thing, right or wrong, I give that over ; you may spend, squander, and riot in debauchery as you will ; but if you would have one to be now and then a monitor to you, to check the sallies of youth, and restrain you in these things, which people at your time of life so eagerly pursue, without foreseeing the consequences ;

quences ; and who, at the same time, will be always willing to gratify you in what he thinks reasonable, here I am at your service.

Esch. Sir, we will give up ourselves to you, who are the best guide to direct us. But, in the mean time, what is to be done with regard to my brother ?

Dem. I allow him to keep this girl, on condition this be the last of these adventures.

Esch. Then all's well.

The End of the Brothers.



17 JY 63

2311

P H O R M I O :

A

C O M E D Y,

Acted at the

R O M A N G A M E S,

W H E N

L. POSTHUMIUS ALBINUS and L. CORNELIUS
MERULA were Curule Ediles.

In the Consulship of

C. FANNIUS STRABO and M. VA-
LERIUS MESSALA.

In the Year of ROME 592. and before
CHRIST 161.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Phormio.

Demipho.

Chremes, Demipho's Brother.

Antipho, Demipho's Son.

Phedria, Chremes' Son.

Geta, a Servant.

Davus.

Dorio, a Pandar.

Cratinus,

Hegio,

Crito,



} Demipho's Friends.

W O M E N.

Naufistrata, Chremes' Wife.

Sophrone, a Nurse.

Scene, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about six or seven Hours.



P H O R M I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Davus.



E T A my country-man and particular friend came yesterday, desiring me to settle the ballance of a small account betwixt us, and pay it ; I have got the money ready, and am now carrying it to him ; for I understand his master's son is married, and I suppose he is scraping something together, for a present on that occasion. How unreasonable is this ! that they who are poor should be obliged to add to the riches of the wealthy ; what this poor creature has been saving, and starving himself to hoard up, will be given to them in a lump, without any reflection how dearly he has earn'd it : nor is this all, he must make the like offering at the birth of the first child, and then another upon the birth-day ; but when the infant is wean'd, the mother pockets all, tho' the

presents are supposed to be given only to her child—
But is not this *Geta*, whom I see?

S C E N E II.

Geta, Davus.

Get. If a man with a red face should enquire for me—

Dav. Here he is, you need trouble yourself no farther.

Get. O, I was just coming to you, *Davus*.

Dav. Take this; it is all told, and just the money I owed you.

Get. I'm oblig'd to you, and return you my thanks for not forgetting me.

Dav. Indeed so you ought; as the world is now-a-days we are come to that pass, that a man is to be thank'd for paying even his just debts. But what makes you look so dejected?

Get. Alas, you know not the dread and danger I am in.

Dav. What is the matter?

Get. I'll tell you, if you'll be secret.

Dav. You fool, you, would you trust a man with your money, and scruple to trust him with what is only mere words, where nothing can be got by deceiving you?

Get. Then hear me.

Dav. I will do you that favour.

Get. Do you, *Davus*, know *Chremes*, my master's elder brother?

Dav. Very well.

Get. And his son *Phedria*?

Dav. As well as I know you.

Get. The two old gentlemen happen'd to go abroad at the same time; *Chremes* to *Lennox*, and my master to *Cilicia*, to see an old acquaintance there, who had often wrote to him, and enticed him to undertake the voyage, by promising him almost mountains of gold.

Dav. And was that an inducement to him, who is so rich already?

Get. Be quiet; you know what kind of man he is.

Dav. I ought to have been born a prince.

Get. Both the old men, at their departure, left me tutor, as it were, to their sons.

Dav.

Dav. *Geta*, you undertook a troublesome and difficult office.

Get. That I know by woeful experience ; and am sensible it happen'd to me in an evil hour. At first, I began to dispute every inch with my young gentlemen : but, to say no more, often suffer'd in the flesh for being faithful to the orders of the old gentlemen.

Dav. That indeed I imagine—for there is no striving against the stream.

Get. Upon this I changed my method, and comply'd with their way in every thing.

Dav. So you knew how to suit yourself to the times.

Get. At first, my own young master behaved tolerably well ; but the other, *Phedria*, directly fell in with a musick-girl, and took a desperate liking to her ; she belong'd to a most infamous pander ; and the young gentlemen's fathers had taken care they should not be over flush in money : so all he could do, was to feast his eyes with the sight of her, attend her, wait upon her to school and back again, whilst I had nothing to do but wait upon him. There is a barber's shop over-against the school, and there we used to wait till such time as she came out to go home ; one day, as we were there, a young man came into the shop, all in tears. We asked him, what was the matter ? Poverty never till now, said he, appear'd to me in such a horrible and frightful shape, as it has in the person of a miserable and distress'd young creature I have this moment seen, in the neighbourhood, bewailing her dead mother. She was sitting over-against the corps ; no friend, no relation, no acquaintance, nor any one to take pity on her, and assist at the funeral, except one old woman. I could not help, continued he, pitying her deplorable situation ; and the more so, as she is a young creature of exquisite beauty. In short, this account the man gave made an impression upon us all ; *Antipho* propos'd we should go and see her ; every one agreed, and away we went, desiring the young man to conduct us, who brought us to the place, when we saw a most amiable creature, without any advantage of dress or ornament to set off her beauty. She was bare-footed, her hair loose, shedding

tears,

tears, and all in rags ; in such a miserable condition, in short, as if she had not been remarkably handsome, would have effaced all traces of beauty. *Phedria*, who was in love with another, only said she was well enough, but *Antipho*——

Dav. O, I guess, was smitten with her.

Get. And to such a degree, as can hardly be conceived. You shall hear what followed. Next day he went directly to the old woman, and begg'd she would let him have the young lady ; who said that could not be done, but upon honourable terms ; that otherwise it was not right for him to think of it ; that she was born of honest parents, herself virtuously brought up, and besides a citizen of *Athens* ; if he had a mind to marry her, he might do that legally ; but on any other footing, he must have no thoughts of her. My young master knew not what to do ; he would fain have married her, but dreaded his father, who was absent.

Dav. And would not his father, at his return, approve of what he had done ?

Get. Would he have consented, think you, to a marriage with a woman of no family or fortune ? No, that he never would.

Dav. What happen'd after this ?

Get. What happen'd ! There is a fellow here, one *Phormio*, a parasite, the most impudent dog that ever yet breath'd—I wish I could see him dangling on a gibbet—this fellow——

Dav. What did he ?

Get. Put this project into *Antipho*'s head, which I am to tell you. You must know there is a law that obliges orphans to marry the nearest a-kin ; and the same law obliges the others to take them for their wives—Says this *Phormio*, I will assert that you are the nearest relation of this young woman, and summon you to marry her, according to law—I can pretend that her father was my particular friend, so have you before the judges. As to who her father and mother were, and how you are related to her, all that I can feign, so as to suit my purpose ; and as you will disprove nothing, I will be sure of casting you—If your father should come, and wants to prosecute

prosecute me, I value it not. The girl, in the mean time, will be yours.

Dav. A hopeful project, truly, and a very modest one, I must say.

Get. *Antipho* was persuaded to this; was prosecuted, appeared before the judges, was cast, and accordingly married the woman.

Dav. What say you?

Get. It was even so as I tell you:

Dav. O *Geta*, what will become of you?

Get. That I cannot tell; only whatever happens, the wisest way is to be patient under it.

Dav. Well said; that's bearing it like a man.

Get. All the hopes I have are in myself.

Dav. I commend you for that.

Get. Suppose I should go and find an intercessor, who would plead in this manner for me: I beg, Sir, you would, for my sake, pardon him this once; if he commits another fault, I will never beg him off; and very likely after that whispers my master, when I am gone, you may hang him up, if you like it.

Dav. And what is this other gentleman doing, he who undertook attending the musick-girl? How does his intrigue go on?

Get. But very indifferently.

Dav. I fancy he has not got much to feed it with.

Get. Nothing, but hope alone.

Dav. Is his father yet returned?

Get. Not yet.

Dav. And when do you expect your own old gentleman?

Get. I cannot tell for certain; I hear there is a letter come from him, and delivered to the carriers; I'll go see for it.

Dav. Have you any thing farther?

Get. Nothing, but that I wish you well. Here, boy. Will no-body answer? Take this money, and deliver it to *Dorcium*.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Antipho, Phedria.

Ant. Is not this, *Phedria*, a miserable situation to be in, that I should dread the arrival of my father, who of all others wishes me the best ? And had I acted with more prudence, I should have expected his coming as a son ought to do.

Phe. What do you mean ?

Ant. Can you ask me that ! who am conscious what a bold and unwarantable step I have taken ; which I heartily wish had never come into *Phormio's* head to advise me to ; and that he had not urged the eagerness of my temper to the execution of it, for that has been the foundation of all my disquiet. I should not indeed have enjoyed the woman I loved, and should have suffered some days uneasiness ; but then I would have been free from this daily anxiety of mind, which tortures me.

Phe. You talk mighty well ; go on.

Ant. Whilst I daily expect my father's coming, and that he will break off this match.

Phe. Whilst others are grieving for want of success, you are complaining at having too much, *Antipho*. It would seem as if you had got a surfeit ; for sure I am your fate is to be envied and wish'd for, and I solemnly declare I would submit willingly to die, could I have, upon that condition, the possession and enjoyment of the woman I love, only so long as you have had ; so you may guess the difference of our situations, from what you enjoy and what I do not : without mentioning, that you have got, at no expence, a woman of modesty, of unspotted character, and virtuous education, to be your wife, as you yourself wish'd for, you are happy in every respect, if you only knew when you are so—If you had to do with that pander, as I have, you would soon alter your present way of thinking ; but that is the temper of most men, never to be satisfied with what they have.

Ant. And you, on the other hand, appear to me happy in having yet in your power to do what you think adviseable, to continue or drop your pursuit after your mistress ;

mistress ; whereas I am unhappily drove to that extremity, that I can neither keep or quit her I am engaged to. But what is this ? Don't I see *Geta* running this way ? 'Tis he, and I am mortally afraid, brings no good news.

S C E N E IV.

Geta, Antipho, Phedria.

Get. *Geta*, thou art a lost man, unless thou can'st think of some expedient very speedily to get out of this scrape. Bless me, what a train of difficulties am I involved in ! which I neither know how to avoid, nor extricate myself from ; the affair of *Antipho*, and that unwarrantable proceeding of ours, can be no longer concealed ; which, if we do not manage our affairs with great address, will infallibly ruin either me or him.

Ant. What can be the matter with him ?

Get. And I have not one moment's time to lose, for my master is at my heels.

Ant. What mischief is now coming upon us ?

Get. And once he comes to hear of this, how shall I appease his anger ? If I speak to him, I shall irritate him ; and if I say nothing, that will still make him worse ; and to attempt clearing myself, is attempting to wash a Blackmore white. What course shall I take ? I not only am in dread for myself, but am still more anxious for *Antipho*, whom I commiserate from the bottom of my soul : 'tis for him I am most afraid, and upon his account that I stay here ; was it not for that, I should have taken care of myself e'er now, and have bilk'd the old man's resentment ; for I would have got what I could, and made off with it.

Ant. What is it he talks of, stealing and flying ?

Get. But where shall I see *Antipho* ? or what way go to find him ?

Phe. He mentions you.

Ant. I am terrified at the thoughts of what I expect to hear from him.

Phe. You are afraid of your own shadow.

Get. I'll go home, he's most generally there.

Phe. Let us call him back.

Ant.

Ant. Stop immediately.

Get. Whoever you be, methinks you talk pretty peremptorily.

Ant. *Geta.*

Get. This is he I look'd for.

Ant. Let us know what news you bring, I beseech you ; and, if possible, tell it in one word.

Get. I will.

Ant. Speak then.

Get. This moment, at the water-side——

Ant. You met my father.

Get. You have it.

Ant. Then I am undone.

Phe. How!

Ant. What must I do ?

Phe. What did you say, *Geta* ?

Get. That I just now saw your uncle, his father.

Ant. What means can I contrive to ward off this so sudden blow ? For if my destiny so orders it, that I must, my dear *Phanium*, be parted from you, life is not worth preserving.

Get. And as things are, *Antipho*, you must be the more industrious and alert. Fortune favours the brave.

Ant. I have lost all spirits.

Get. But you have more need of presence of mind now than ever you had, *Antipho* ; for if your father perceives in you any signs of fear, he will conclude you guilty.

Phe. That's very true.

Ant. I cannot recover myself.

Get. Suppose you had still something more terrible to go through with.

Ant. As I cannot support myself under this, I should certainly be less able to do so under a worse.

Get. This is doing nothing at all, *Phedria* ; come, we spend our time to no purpose, I'll be gone.

Phe. And I too.

Ant. Stop, I pray. Suppose I look so, will that do ?

Get. Not in the least.

Ant. Look in my face, and tell me if I don't put on a good countenance now ?

Get.

Get. No, that won't do.

Ant. Nor this?

Get. That's better.

Ant. Will it do now?

Get. Yes, that will do. Keep your countenance so, and answer word for word, behave to him as he does to you, and be sure let nothing that he says in his passion intimidate or disconcert you.

Ant. I understand you.

Get. Insist upon it, that you was forced to it against your will by the law, by the sentence of the court—you know what I mean—but what old man is that I see at the end of the street?

Ant. 'Tis he; I cannot stand it.

Get. What do you mean, *Antipho*? Don't go, stop, I say.

Ant. I know myself too well, and the faults I have committed, to wait his coming; so I recommend *Phanium* and my own life to your care.

Phe. *Geta*, what will become of us now?

Get. You must stand a hearty scolding, but unless I am greatly deceived I shall suffer bodily for this. However, it is proper we take to ourselves the advice we were just now giving *Antipho*.

Phe. Don't talk to me of being proper, lay your commands upon me, and I will do whatever you order me.

Get. Don't you remember, in the beginning of this affair, what was agreed on that we should say in our defence, that the cause of our adversary was a plain, good and just one, so that it was not possible for us not to be cast?

Phe. I do remember it.

Get. Now, you must make use of the same argument, and even enforce it more powerfully.

Phe. I'll take care to do so.

Get. Do you go up to him first; I'll lie in ambush, and appear to your assistance, when I think you want it.

Phe. Do so.

SCENE

Demipho, Geta, Phedria.

Dem. And has *Antipho* dar'd to marry without my consent? If he had no respect for the authority of a parent (for I wave that) surely he ought to have been in some awe even of disobliging me. What a daring piece of presumption! Had he no sense of his duty! O *Geta*, you're an excellent tutor for youth.

Get. He has thought at last of me.

Dem. I would fain know what excuse they will make, or what they have to say for themselves?

Get. I have settled that point already, so you had better think of something else.

Dem. Will they say, that he did it against his will, that the law obliged him? That I understand, and own it might be so.

Get. I'm glad you are of that opinion.

Dem. But for a man willingly to give up his cause to an adversary, without making a defence, does the law oblige him to that?—

Phe. That's against us, *Geta*.

Get. Never mind, I'll take care of that.

Dem. This affair is in itself so extraordinary, and has come upon me so unawares, that I am quite disconcerted; and so much out of temper, that I am not master of myself; for which reason, I think all men ought in prosperity to think with themselves how they are to bear with adversity. For instance, when a man makes a voyage to a foreign country, he should lay his account, that when he comes home, he will find his daughter sick, his son plung'd in debauchery, or his wife dead; that none of these things, which may happen, be a surprize upon him; and that if they do not happen, he may be so far thankful.

Get. You cannot imagine, my *Phedria*, how much my foresight exceeds that of my master. I have anticipated every one of these things he mentions, and my prudence has all along suggested to me, when my master returns, I shall be sent to grinding at a mill, and undergo very severe discipline; or I shall be laid in a dungeon, neck and heels; or be sent to dig in some mine

mine in the country—all, or any of these things am I prepar'd for ; and whichever I escape, is so much clear gain. But, in the mean time, I think you should go to him, and try to coax him if you can.

Dem. I see my nephew coming up to me.

Phe. Uncle, you are welcome home.

Dem. Thank you, nephew ; but where is *Antipho* ?

Phe. I am glad to see you safe arrived.

Dem. I do not doubt it ; but answer me what I ask'd of you.

Phe. *Antipho* is very well, I saw him a little while ago—I hope, Sir, your voyage has turn'd out to your mind.

Dem. I wish every thing had.

Phe. What do you mean by that ?

Dem. A pretty question truly, when I understand such a fine match has been made in my family.

Phe. What, Sir, I hope you are not angry at that now.

Get. He plays his part most excellently.

Dem. Not angry ! I wish only I could see him ; he should soon know, that from being the most indulgent, I am now the most disobliged of fathers.

Phe. But, Sir, he has done nothing to incur your displeasure.

Dem. I find you are all alike ; all hang together ; know one and know all.

Phe. You are in a mistake, Sir.

Dem. If one does amiss, the other is prepared to defend him ; you are all in a string ; all linked in mutual confederacy.

Get. Upon my word, the old gentleman has, at a venture, pretty nearly drawn their characters.

Dem. For if this was not the case, you would not take his part, *Phedria*.

Phe. If *Antipho*, Sir, had done any thing of himself, either to hurt his fortune or his reputation, I would not pretend to excuse him ; he ought to bear the blame as he deserves ; but if any one has been so scandalously wicked, as to take the advantage of our youth and inexperience, and has got the better of us, are we to be
blam'd

blam'd, or the judges by whom the affair was determin'd? They, it is true, often decree, thro' envy, against people who are rich, or decide in favour of the poor, thro' a principle of compassion.

Get. Was I not acquainted with the affair, he speaks so well, that I should myself give credit to what he says.

Dem. Is it possible that any judge can be so discerning as to see into the merits of your cause, when you say nothing at all, as was his case.

Phe. He behaved as any gentleman might be expected to do; when he was brought before the judges, he could not say in his own defence what he intended to do; shame and diffidence got the better of him.

Get. He certainly defends the cause with great abilities; but I must come into the list with the old man myself. Master, your most humble servant; I am heartily glad to see you retired safe and sound.

Dem. O, your servant, good master tutor! you are the guardian of our family; I recommended my son to your care whilst I should be abroad.

Get. I hear that you are out of humour with all of us, and for no reason, and with me, I'm sure, least of all; for what could you expect from me in this affair? I'm a bondsman, and therefore you know cannot plead in a court of law, nor give my evidence.

Dem. Well, I allow all that; my son was young and unexperienced, consequently timorous in such an affair; you a servant, and could not speak for him: but supposing he really had been her nearest relation, there was no necessity of marrying her; why did you not pay her the fortune the law, in that case, appoints, and let her have look'd out for another husband? Why should he marry a woman who was worth nothing at all?

Get. What you say is very right; but pray where was the money to pay her that fortune?

Dem. He ought to have borrow'd it, any where—

Get. Any where is easily said.

Dem. Or, if you could have got it no where else, apply'd to an usurer.

Get. Fine talking; pray, who would trust us while you are alive?

Dem.

Dem. This shall not pass so, that I am determin'd upon ; nothing shall make me put up with it ; let me only see that fellow, or find out where he lives.

Get. Who, *Phormio* ?

Dem. He that manag'd the suit for this woman.

Get. I'll bring him before you presently.

Dem. Where is *Antipho* ?

Get. Somewhere hereabouts.

Dem. *Phedria*, do you go and bring him hither.

Phe. I will, Sir ; for it is in my way.

Get. In your way to *Pamphila*, you mean.

Dem. Well, I must go, and acquit myself of my duty to the gods of my house, and then repair to the market-place, and get some friends to assist me, and be counsel for me in this affair, that I may be prepar'd to meet this *Phormio*.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Phormio, Geta.

Phormio.

AY, was he so afraid of meeting his father, that he run for it ?

Get. Yes, indeed.

Pho. And is *Phanium* left alone ?

Get. She is.

Pho. And is the old gentleman so very angry ?

Get. Extremely so.

Pho. Then, *Phormio*, I find the burden of this must rest on your shoulders—as you have brew'd, so you must drink—come, prepare yourself for action.

Get. I intreat of you—

Pho. Suppose he should ask—

Get. All our hopes are in you—

Pho. If he shou'd, I am prepar'd—but if he should propose—

Get. You know you put us upon it—

Pho. Yes, I think that will do—

Get. Pray, help us out at this pinch.

Pho. Come, where is your old gentleman? I am ready for him; I have now digested every thing in my own mind.

Get. What do you intend to do?

Pho. What should I do, but secure *Antipho* in the possession of *Phanium*, clear him from all hazard in this affair, and take the whole of his father's resentment upon myself.

Get. What a friendly and brave fellow you are? but alas, my *Phormio*, I am in frequent panicks lest some fatal stroke should stop the career of this noble heroism.

Pho. There is no danger of that; I have try'd the experiment often before, and it is a beaten road I am now quite acquainted with; I have pumel'd hundreds to death almost, natives and foreigners; and the oft'ner I try it, the readier I am to begin again. Only tell me, if you ever knew an action for damages brought against me?

Get. But how came that never to happen?

Pho. For the same reason that people do not lay snares to catch kites and hawks, who are birds of prey, but to take such as do us no injury; because something is to be got by the one, and nothing by the other. So, in like manner, if you go to law with some people, something may be recovered, but all the world knows that I can be skin'd of nothing—you will say, perhaps, they may lay me in goal; but then they must maintain me, and few people would care to support a man of so good a stomach as I have; and, on the whole, I think they judge right, for in that case they would only return good for evil.

Get. It never can be in *Antipho's* power to return you a sufficient recompence for this great service you do him.

Pho. When a man has a patron, he cannot go too great lengths to serve him; for what do you think of being entertain'd at table free-cost, have the use of baths, and made quite easy in your mind? For you to enjoy every thing at his expence, and be merry when he, perhaps, is tortur'd with care? Have the first seat at table,

table, and be the first man at the feast, when a doubtful entertainment is serv'd up.

Get. Doubtful ! what do you mean by that ?

Phor. Where every thing is so nice and elegant, that you are at a loss, and in doubt what to chuse. If you reflect upon the happiness and pleasure resulting from this, you must think that the man who affords you all these things is to be respected as your tutelar deity.

Get. Well, but here comes our old man—Be upon your guard ; the first shock is the most difficult ; if you bear the brunt of that, you may manage him afterwards as you please.

SCENE II.

Demipho, Geta, Phormio.

Dem. (To his friends he had brought with him.) Did you ever hear of a more heinous injury done to any one, than this that has been offer'd to me ? I hope you will take my part.

Get. He is in a mighty passion.

Phor. Never you mind that, but hold your tongue—I'll work him presently. Prodigious ! What is this ! Has *Demipho* the assurance to deny that *Phanium* is his near relation ?

Get. He does deny it.

Phor. And does he say he knows not who her father was ?

Get. He affirms that too.

Dem. I believe this is the very fellow I was talking to you about. Now, my friends, stand by me.

Phor. And he pretends he knew nothing of the deceased *Stilpho* ?

Get. He declares he knew nothing of him.

Phor. So, because this poor creature was left no fortune, people pretend not to have known her parents ; and she herself is despised—See the effects of avarice.

Get. If you accuse my master of avarice, you will be look'd upon as a slanderer.

Dem. Was there ever such an impudent rascal ! he wants to accuse me first and be before hand with me.

Phor. I do not, indeed, so much blame the young man for not knowing *Stilpho* : being old and poor, and
L always

always obliged to labour for his livelihood, he kept himself mostly in the country, and worked upon a farm which he rented of my father ; I remember the poor old man used often to complain to me, that his kinsman neglected him ; which made me pity him the more, as he was one of the best men I ever knew, and of an unblemish'd character.

Get. I desire you will beware of what character you give him.

Phor. What do you mean by that ? Had I not conceived an esteem for him, as one of the best of men, I should never have had this difference with your family, on account of his daughter, whom your master uses in this unworthy manner.

Get. You rascal, you, do you go on thus in abusing my master !

Phor. He richly deserves it.

Get. You are an impudent scoundrel for saying so.

Dem. Geta.

Get. An extortioner ! a cheat !——

Dem. Geta, I say.

Phor. Answer him.

Get. Who is that ?—O, is it you, Sir ?

Dem. Hold your tongue.

Get. This rascal, Sir, has been saying here all the vile things he could think of ; which he richly deserves to have said of himself.

Dem. Pray be you quiet. Young man, I would beg to ask one question of you, if you will be so good as to answer me. Pray, who was this friend of yours ? Please to explain that matter, and let me know what degree of relationship I stand in to him.

Phor. You ask that, as if you did not know.

Dem. I know him !

Phor. Yes.

Dem. I disclaim all knowledge of him ; and therefore want, that you who say I know him, should refresh my memory.

Phor. What, not know your cousin !

Dem. You tease one to death. Tell me his name.

Phor. His name ! with all my heart.

Dem.

Dem. What makes you silent so long ?

Phor. What shall I do ? I have forgot the name.

Dem. What is it you say ?

Phor. *Geta*, if you can recollect the name we gave him ; whisper me. I won't tell you ; you pretend to pump me, as if you did not know.

Dem. I pump you !

Get. *Stilpho*.

Phor. But what need I care ? Your relation's name was *Stilpho*.

Dem. Whom did you say ?

Phor. I said *Stilpho* ; and you knew him perfectly well.

Dem. I neither ever knew such a man, nor was any one of the name of *Stilpho* related to me.

Phor. Are you not ashamed to assert any such thing—
Had he left an estate of ten talents—

Dem. A plague confound you—

Phor. He would very fast have occur'd to your memory ; you would have traced his pedigree from father and grand-father.

Dem. Well, as you say, I should, in that case, upon my arrival, have proved how he was related to me ; and I desire no more of you ; make it out that this young woman is so nearly related to me.

Get. My master is in the right, so look to it.

Phor. I have already made that out to the satisfaction of the judges, before whom the cause was tried ; if what I alledged was false, why did not your son confute me ?

Dem. Do you talk of my son ? The folly of his behaviour is beyond expression.

Phor. Do you then, who are a wise man, have recourse to the magistrates, and see if they will allow a second hearing ; try if you will be look'd upon as a king, or that it shall be granted to you, what is allowed no one else, to have a cause brought on again after it has been once decided.

Dem. Tho' I know myself to be really injured in the whole of this affair, yet rather than go to law, or be plagued with you any more, I will comply with what

the statute directs, as if she was in fact my relation ; so take her back, and there is the five minæ, the portion by law allotted her.

Phor. Ha, ha, ha ! you are a very pleasant gentleman.

Dem. How do you mean ! Is this putting any hardship upon you ? Shall I not, as well as you, claim the laws of my country ?

Phor. Ay, and is this your law ? But I would have you to know, Sir, that you are not to use her as a common harlot ; pay her and send her about her business ; no, Sir, the law directs that an orphan citizen, to prevent her doing any thing dishonourable thro' poverty, is to be given to her nearest a-kin, to live with him alone, all her life-time, as his wife. And this you want, if you could, to frustrate.

Dem. That is true, in regard to the nearest a-kin ; but how, or in what manner does she come to be related to us ?

Phor. O, as to that remember the old saying, and don't think of recalling what is past.

Dem. But I will think of it ; nor will I give over till I carry my point.

Phor. You'll play the fool.

Dem. Don't trouble yourself about that.

Phor. Besides, *Demipho*, we really have no business with you ; your son is cast in the suit, not you ; and indeed you are not of an age now to marry.

Dem. You may suppose every thing that I say to be said by my son ; otherwise I will turn him and his spouse both out of doors.

Get. O, he's in a bitter passion.

Phor. You'll think better of it, Sir.

Dem. Are you determin'd to plague me at this rate, you villain ?

Phor. He's terribly afraid of me, tho' he won't own it.

Get. You have made a very prosperous beginning.

Phor. Bear patiently what you cannot remedy ; and if you behave well and like yourself, we shall then be all friends together.

Dem.

Dem. Friends ! yes, I want your friendship much I wish I had never seen, or heard of you.

Phor. If you are kind to her, she'll comfort you in your old age. Consider, *Demipho*, you are now in years.

Dem. Take her to yourself, and let her comfort you.

Phor. Don't be in such a passion.

Dem. There needs no more ; we have talk'd upon this affair enough already ; if you do not immediately take this woman away, I turn her out of doors ; that's one word for all, *Phormio*.

Phor. And if you offer to use her in any manner otherwise than a free citizen ought to be used, I'll bring another law-suit upon your back ; and that's one word for all, too, *Demipho*. If there should be any occasion, *Geta*, I am at home.

Get. I understand you.

SCENE III.

Demipho, Geta, Hegio, Cratinus, Crito.

Dem. What anxiety and difficulties am I plunged into by this unlucky marriage of my son !—Nor will he let me see him, that I may know, at least, what he says or thinks about this matter. Do you go and see whether he is yet come home or not.

Get. I'll go.

Dem. You see how this affair is ; what would you advise me to do, *Hegio* ? What is your opinion ?

Heg. My opinion ! if you please to let *Cratinus* speak first.

Dem. *Cratinus*, do you then give your opinion.

Cra. Do you want me to speak ?

Dem. Yes, you.

Cra. Then my opinion is, that you should act as you think most for your own advantage ; and farther, that it is just and reasonable, every thing your son has done in your absence should be set to rights. And that you will obtain this upon an appeal. I have done.

Dem. Now, *Hegio*, if you please.

Heg. I believe *Cratinus* has spoke his opinion to the best of his judgment ; but people have different opinions upon the same point ; for I think what has been

confirmed by due course of law cannot be repealed ; and that it would be scandalous to attempt it.

Dem. And your opinion, *Crito* ?

Cri. My opinion is, that it is a matter of great consequence, and requires time to think of it.

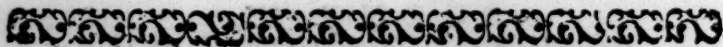
Heg. We are your humble servants, Sir.

Dem. And you have cleared the matter up to me ; only I am more puzzled than I was before I call'd you in.

Get. They say he is not come home.

Dem. I will wait for the coming of my brother ; and follow what advice he gives me ; for which reason I'll go and enquire what time he is expected to return.

Get. And I'll go look for *Antipho*, and acquaint him with what has past—But here he comes, just as I could wish him.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Antipho, Geta.

Antipho.

INDEED I am greatly to be blam'd for behaving in this manner ; to go away and leave what concerned my very life to the management of others ; could I imagine that any one would be more solicitous about my affairs than myself ? And let things have gone how they would, I certainly ought, at least, to have taken care of her who is now with me ; that she, poor creature, might not suffer upon my account ; she, whose only hopes and dependance now is upon me alone.

Get. Indeed, master, we blam'd you much for leaving us, as you did.

Ant. Geta, you was the very person I look'd for.

Get. Tho', notwithstanding, we play'd our parts pretty well.

Ant. Let me know, I beg of you, what situation my affairs are in ? Does my father suspect any thing ?

Get. Not yet.

Ant.

Ant. And have we any hopes of being clear'd.

Get. That I cannot say ; but *Phedria* did all he could for you.

Ant. That is nothing new.

Get. And *Phormio* shewed himself in this affair, as in every thing else, a man of spirit and courage.

Ant. How did he behave ?

Get. He confuted your father's arguments, who was in a most violent passion.

Ant. Well done, *Phormio* :

Get. And I too did the little I could.

Ant. *Geta*, I heartily thank you all.

Get. This is the situation of our affairs now at the beginning ; so far all is safe ; and your father is to determine nothing till your uncle returns.

Ant. What of him ?

Get. He says he will be guided by him, how he is to act in this affair.

Ant. How I dread, *Geta*, he should now come home safe, as I understand by this I am to stand or fall by his judgment.

Get. *Phedria* is coming to you.

Ant. Where is he ?

Get. There he comes from his usual resort.

S C E N E II.

Phedria, Dorio, Antipho, Geta.

Phe. *Dario*, hear what I say.

Dor. I will hear nothing.

Phe. Only for a moment.

Dor. Let me go.

Phe. Let me have but one word with you.

Dor. I am quite tired with hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

Phe. But what I am now to speak is to the purpose.

Dor. Well, what is it ?

Phe. Cannot I prevail upon you, to wait only three days ? Where are you going ?

Dor. I should have wonder'd, indeed, if you had said any thing that was new.

Ant. I'm much afraid this fellow will occasion us great uneasiness.

Get. If he does, I wish it may end in his own destruction.

Phe. Will you not believe me?

Dor. Nonsense.

Phe. But I give you my word it shall be so.

Dor. All stuff.

Phe. I promise you, you shall think yourself well paid in the end.

Dor. Yes, to be sure.

Phe. Take my word, you'll be glad you have done so. 'Tis a truth I tell you.

Dor. This is nothing to the purpose.

Phe. Try it only; the time is not long.

Dor. This is only the same thing over again.

Phe. I shall hold you in the place of a relation, a friend, a benefactor.

Dor. I shall get much by that.

Phe. And are you so barbarous and hard hearted, as not to be mollified by pity or entreaties?

Dor. And are you so silly and so impudent, *Pbedria*, as to think you can make a fool of me by these frothy speeches, and cousin me out of my property.

Ant. How I pity poor *Pbedria*!

Phe. The force of truth has got the better of me.

Get. How well both of them sustain their different characters.

Phe. And that this should happen to me at the very time *Antipho's* affairs are in such a perplex'd situation.

Ant. *Pbedria*, what is it grieves you now?

Phe. How happy you are, *Antipho*!

Ant. I happy!

Phe. Yes, you who have your beloved object with you, and at your own house; and have no such distress as this to struggle with.

Ant. At my own house, say you? As the proverb is, I hold the wolf by the ears; for I neither can keep her there, nor have I any where else to send her.

Dor. I am in the very same situation with this gentleman here; quite at a loss what to do with him.

Ant. Be sure you maintain the character of your profession: but what has *Dorio* done?

Phe.

Phe. Dor! alas, the inhuman monster has sold my *Pamphila*.

Get. What! sold her!

Ant. Sold her! say you!

Dor. A mighty crime, indeed; to sell a girl that I bought with my own money.

Phe. Nor can I prevail upon him to break off the bargain, and wait only three days, till I get the money my friends promised me. If I don't pay it then, I don't desire an hour longer.

Dor. You quite tire me.

Ant. Nay, *Dorio*, he don't ask long time; grant his request, and he shall pay you double the worth of the favour he asks.

Dor. These are only bare promises.

Ant. Would you allow this town to be depriv'd of *Pamphila*? And would you be so hard hearted as to separate two such lovers?

Dor. O, to be sure, neither you nor I could bear to do that.

Get. I hope the gods will reward you as you deserve.

Dor. I have for these several months, contrary to my custom and inclinations, had you about me, crying and promising; but could never get any thing from you: now I have got another who does not whine or cry, but is ready to give; therefore you must yield to your betters.

Ant. I certainly do remember something of it, *Phe-dria*, that you set a time with him to pay what you had agreed for.

Phe. I did so.

Dor. And do I deny it?

Ant. Is the time elaps'd?

Dor. No, but another time has come before it.

Ant. Are you not ashamed to go from your word so?

Dor. Not in the least, when I can make any thing by it.

Get. You filthy rascal.

Phe. Do you think this way of acting to be right, *Dorio*?

Dor. This is my way ; if you like me, I'm at your service.

Ant. And do you deceive him in this manner ?

Dor. Nay, *Antipho*, 'tis he who has deceived me ; for he knew me to be the man he now finds me ; but I took him for another kind of man than I find him ; so he has deceived me, because I am to him the same I am to all the world. But to let these things pass, I'll do one thing ; the officer who has bought her promised to bring me the money to-morrow morning, but if you, *Phedria*, bring it me sooner, I'll stick to my old rule, he that first brings money shall be first served.

S C E N E III.

Phedria, Antipho, Geta.

Ph. What shall I do ? Or how shall I raise so suddenly this sum of money ? I, who am worth nothing at all. If he could have been prevailed upon to wait three days, I had a promise of it.

Ant. Shall we, *Geta*, suffer him to be in this distress, who, you say, but a little while ago, shewed such marks of friendship to me ? Shall we not rather do all in our power to make a suitable return.

Get. To be sure ; this is nothing but fair and reasonable.

Ant. Go to work then, for you only can save him.

Get. What would you have me do ?

Ant. Find the money.

Get. That I would do willingly, if you would let me know where I can get it.

Ant. You'll see my father presently.

Get. I know that ; but what then ?

Ant. A word to the wife is sufficient.

Get. Think you so ?

Ant. I do.

Get. You give me very good advice, I must say ; and I wish you would go about your business—So 'tis not enough for me, if I should escape the misfortunes that threaten me on account of this marriage of yours, but I must run my neck into another danger, upon his account likewise.

Ant. What he says is most certainly true.

Ph.

Phe. What! *Geta*! I thought you had look'd upon me as one of your own?

Get. So I do; but don't you think the old gentleman enraged enough already, that you propose irritating him to such a pitch, as it will be ever after impossible to appease him?

Phe. Must another then take her away before my very face? If so, whilst I am here, speak with me, and look upon me.

Ant. What is the meaning of this? What do you intend to do, pray?

Phe. Whatever place of the world she is carried to, thither am I determin'd to follow her, or perish in the attempt.

Get. God prosper you in your undertaking; only do not overheat yourself by too long journies.

Ant. But try if you can do him any service:

Get. Try! what do you talk of trying?

Ant. Think of something, I beg of you; lest he should commit any rash action, that would grieve us all afterwards.

Get. I'm thinking; and believe now I have it; but am afraid of the consequences.

Ant. Don't be afraid—we'll share in every thing with you; prosperity and adversity.

Get. How much money must you have? Speak.

Phe. Only thirty minæ.

Get. Only thirty minæ; that is money enough, I think.

Phe. She is worth much more than that.

Get. Well, I'll find the sum for you.

Phe. O excellent *Geta*.

Get. Get away from this.

Phe. I must have it soon.

Get. So you shall; but I must have *Phormio*'s assistance in this affair.

Ant. As to him, nothing discourages him, be it ever so difficult or dangerous. To a friend he is the truest of friends.

Get. Let us go find him out immediately.

Ant. Can I be of any service to you.

Get. Not any ; so get you home, and comfort your poor wife, who, I am certain, is waiting for you almost dead with fear. Why don't you go ?

Ant. There it not any thing I can do with so much pleasure.

Pbe. What way do you think to effect this ?

Get. I will tell you as you go along ; but let us get away from this.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Demipho, Chremes.

Demipho.

WHAT was the reason, *Chremes*, of your going from this to *Lemnos* ? Have you brought your daughter with you from thence ?

Cbr. No.

Dem. Why so ?

Cbr. When her mother found that I tarried so long here, and that my daughter came to be of such an age ; as could not longer be neglected, I was told she came over here with all her family.

Dem. And when you heard that, why did you stay so long there ?

Cbr. I was seized with a sickness, and could not get away.

Dem. How so, what was your distemper ?

Cbr. You need not ask that ; for old age itself is disease enough : but I heard from the master of the ship that brought them, they landed safely here.

Dem. Have you heard what has happen'd to my son, during my absence ?

Cbr. I have ; which greatly perplexes me, and puts me quite out of all my schemes ; for, if I marry this daughter to a stranger, I must open the whole affair, discover who her mother was, and disclose every circumstance. Now I could depend upon your fidelity and secrecy ; whereas another would only keep the secret

so long as he lik'd the match, and we continued in a state of friendship with one another ; but if he should be disgusted with her or me, he would, hold us by secrets I have no mind any one should know, and am afraid it might come to the ears of my wife ; in which case, I must shut up house, and be gone some where else ; for to tell you the truth, I am the only person in my family I can put trust in.

Dem. I am sensible of the truth of all this, which gives me no small uneasiness ; nor will I spare any trouble to get you out of your difficulties, and effect that which I promised you.

SCENE II.

Geta.

There never was, in this world, the fellow of that *Phormio*. I came to him to acquaint him with the necessity of raising some money, and to propose to him the means of effecting it. I had not told him half my story, when he perfectly understood what I would be at. He seem'd rejoic'd ; loaded me with praises ; went directly in quest of the old man ; returned his thanks to the immortal gods for giving him an opportunity of shewing his friendship to *Phedria*, as he had done to *Antipho*. I desired him to wait for me at the market-place ; that I would bring my old master to him there : and here he is ; but who is that behind him ? Heavens ! 'tis *Phedria*'s father !—but what need I be afraid—so much the better for me, that instead of one fool to bubble, I have now a brace ; and I think it is right to have two strings to my bow. I'll begin with him I first intended, and if I have it there, that's enough ; but if I fail, I'll then see what I can do with this stranger.

SCENE III.

Antipho, Geta, Chremes, Demipho.

Ant. I am waiting here for the coming of *Geta*. I see my father standing with my uncle ; how I dread what course he will take, now that the other is come !

Get. I'll go up to them. O *Chremes* !

Chr. How do you do, *Geta* ?

Get. I'm glad to see you safe return'd.

Chr.

Chr. I don't doubt it.

Get. And how do all affairs go on with you ?

Chr. As it usually happens ; when a man returns from abroad, he finds many alterations that have happen'd in his absence.

Get. So it is for the most part. Have you heard of this affair of *Antipho* ?

Chr. Every thing about it.

Get. *Demipho* then has told you. Was there ever such a notorious thing heard of ! that a young man should be so circumvented ?

Chr. I was this moment speaking to my brother upon that subject.

Get. And I too have been seriously reflecting upon it, and hope I have found out a remedy for this disaster.

Dem. What ! *Get* ! What remedy ?

Get. As I went from you, I happen'd to meet *Phormio*.

Chr. *Phormio* ! who is he ?

Get. The fellow who carried on the —

Chr. Now I understand you.

Get. Upon which I thought of feeling how his pulse beat, and accordingly took him aside. *Phormio*, says I, why do not you endeavour rather to compound this affair amicably, than to disoblige our family ? My master is a man of honour, and hates to have contests with any one ; otherwise all his friends, with one voice, counsel'd him to turn this woman immediately out of doors.

Ant. What is he about ? What can this tend to ?

Get. Do you go upon this, that if he should do so, you can bring your action against him ? That, I can assure you, has been maturely thought of ; and, let me tell you, you will have enough upon your hands, if you meddle with him who has such a command of eloquence to plead his own cause. Besides, suppose even you got the better ; he can be affected in no other shape, but that it will cost him some money. When I found that he began to soften upon this ; hearkee, says I, there is no body here but you and I ; come, say what will you take, to let my master be free of all these disputes,

disputes, that she may go, and you may give him no more trouble upon that score ?

Ant. Has some demon put this into the man's head ?

Get. For I can take upon me to say, that if what you ask be but anywise reasonable, I know my master is so good a man, that he won't exchange three words about the matter.

Dem. And pray who gave you a commission to say all this ?

Chr. Nay, the thing could not be better done to answer our purposes.

Get. At first the man talk'd out of all reason.

Chr. What did he ask ?

Get. A most unconscionable sum, as if he could insist upon his own terms.

Chr. Let us hear it.

Get. An *Attick* talent.

Chr. The impudence of the fellow ! I hope he will have a rope first.

Get. The answer I made to him was ; What if my master had a daughter of his own to dispose of in marriage ? At this rate he will not be richer for not having one, if another starts up and demands a daughter's portion. But to cut the matter short, and not trouble you with his nonsense, he came to this at last ; I had a mind from the first, said he, to have married the daughter of my friend, and thought it reasonable I should do so ; for I was not ignorant, that a woman without any thing being forced upon a man that is rich, is going only into more honourable slavery : but, to tell you the real truth, continued he, my affairs are a little out of order, and therefore I was under a necessity of having a woman with as much fortune as would pay my debts ; and even now, if *Demipho* will give me as much as I am to have with her I am engaged to, there is not a person in the world I would yet so soon marry.

Ant. What shall I say of this ! Does it proceed from folly, or is it malice ? Does he this willingly, or can he be ignorant of what he's about ?

Dem. Suppose he ow'd both his body and soul, what then ?

Get. I have a piece of ground, said he, mortgag'd for ten minæ.

Dem. Well, let him marry her, I'll give him that sum.

Get. And I borrowed ten more upon my house.

Dem. That's too much.

Chr. Don't be uneasy, I'll pay that ten.

Get. I must likewise buy, said he, a servant maid for my wife ; and also a few things for furniture, besides the expences of my marriage ; all which, to be sure, said he, must come, at least, to ten more.

Dem. He may bring five hundred actions against me, if he pleases ; for I'll give him nothing. A rascal ! to think to make such a property of me.

Chr. Come, pray be quiet ; only make your son marry her we want he should, and I'll take care of the rest.

Ant. Geta, thou hast undone me by thy schemes.

Chr. It is upon my account this is done, and therefore it is reasonable the expence should fall upon me.

Get. Let me know, says he, as soon as possible, whether they comply with what I ask, that I may disengage myself from this other woman ; so that I go not upon uncertainties, for her friends are now ready to pay down her fortune.

Chr. He shall have the money immediately ; let him disengage himself from that woman and marry the other.

Dem. And I wish it may never thrive with him.

Chr. It happens luckily that I have the money about me, the rent of my wife's estate in *Lemnos* ; I'll make use of that, and tell her you had occasion for it.

S C E N E IV.

Antipho, Geta.

Ant. Geta.

Get. Well.

Ant. What is this you have done ?

Get. Bubled the old gentleman out of the cash.

Ant. And so you are satisfied with that.

Get. Upon my word, I don't know ; it was as much as I was desired to get.

Ant. How now, you rascal ! I ask you one thing, and you answer me another.

Get.

Get. What do you say ?

Ant. What do I say ? My affairs, by your means, are now become desperate, beyond all remedy. I wish all the gods in heaven and hell may wreak their vengeance upon you. If you would have your affairs render'd desperate, this is the man to do you that piece of service. Was not this the very last thing you ought to have ventured, to touch upon this fore, or so much as name my wife ? My father now is in hopes, that it is in his power to turn her out of doors. If *Phormio* receives the money and takes her home to him, pray what will be the consequence of that ?

Get. But he never will take her home.

Ant. I understand you. So when they demand the money back again, he'll allow himself to be hang'd to serve us. A likely thing, truly !

Get. There is nothing, *Antipho*, but may be wrested to any sense, just according to the manner of representing it ; in your way of representing, you pass over what good attends it, and only mention what evil may possibly arise from it. Now hear my account of it : You say, if he receives the money, he must likewise receive your wife at the same time—Well, grant it to be so ; but still there must be some time allow'd for the preparations necessary for the marriage, for getting his wife home, and performing the religious rites : and before that can be all over, *Phedria's* friends will give him the money they have promis'd him ; and *Phormio* will be enabled then to restore the sum.

Ant. But how can he get off ; or what pretences can he make ?

Get. Do you ask that, when so many pretences can be made ? He may say, that after he made the agreement, he was haunted with prodigies ; a black dog, belonging to another person, came into his house ; a serpent slipt thro' the tiling into the cistern ; or a hen cackled ; a southsayer forbid him ; or the augur desired him to enter upon nothing new before the winter : any of which will fit the purpose extremely well ; and all this may be done.

Ant.

Ant. Only if they are done.

Get. You may depend upon me, that they will. But here is your father ; go, tell *Phedria*, that the money is ready for him.

S C E N E V.

Demipho, Geta, and Chremes.

Dem. Be easy, I say ; I'll take care he shall not have it in his power to play us any trick ; I shall not part with the money rashly, but before witnesses, who can attest to whom I give it, and for what consideration.

Get. How wary he is, even where there is no occasion.

Chr. Ay, and necessary it is he should be so. But make haste, and find him while he is in the humour. If that other woman should be pressing with him, he may, perhaps, yet go off from his agreement with us.

Get. You judge the thing right.

Dem. Carry me to him then.

Get. I'm ready when you will.

Chr. When you have finish'd this, go to my wife, that she may meet with this young woman, before she leaves your house, and acquaint her, that we have given her to *Phormio* to be his wife (that she may sooth her, in case she should be displeased with it, or have an inclination to live with the husband she has been-us'd to) and that we have done every thing in the affair that is right, and have given what fortune was ask'd with her.

Dem. What a plague have you to do with this ?

Chr. A great deal, *Demipho*.

Dem. Are you not satisfy'd with having done your duty, unless you have every one's approbation ?

Chr. I would have her own consent to this ; that she do not say afterwards, she was turn'd out by violence.

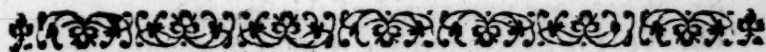
Dem. Why, I can manage that.

Chr. One woman is fittest to speak to another.

Dem. Well, I'll ask your wife to speak to her.

Chr. And now I must go and see if I can hear any tidings of my other family.

A C T



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Sophrona, Chremes.

Sophrona.

WHAT shall I do? What friend shall I find to assist me? or whom can I communicate my case to? I am under the greatest dread lest my mistress should now be brought into misfortunes for following the advice I gave her, as I hear the young gentleman's father resents it so violently.

Ch. What old woman is this coming out, in such confusion, from my brother's?

So. Indeed nothing but extreme poverty drove me to give her this advice; I persuaded her to it only to save her life in the mean time, not that I believed the marriage would hold good.

Ch. If my eyes and my understanding do not both deceive me, surely this is my daughter's nurse.

So. Nor can he be found,—

Ch. What shall I do?

So. Who is her father.

Ch. Shall I go speak to her now, or wait till I hear what more she says.

So. Could I but find him, I should have nothing to fear.

Ch. It is certainly she, and I will speak to her,

So. Who is this speaks?

Ch. *Sophrona.*

So. And names my name too.

Ch. Look at me.

So. O *Jupiter* is not this *Stilpho*?

Ch. No.

So. What, do you deny it?

Ch. Come this way a little, we are too near the house, and be sure you do not call me by that name again.

So. How, are you not the same man you always gave yourself out to be?

Ch.

Cb. 'S't.

So. What, are you afraid of this house?

Cb. Yes; I have a terrible woman of a wife who lives here, and therefore went by that name formerly, lest, by chance any of you should have blabb'd out my right name; and my wife should some-how have come to the knowledge of our affairs.

So. And this was the reason that we, poor wretches, were never able to find you out here, by that name.

Cb. Tell me, what business have you in that house you just now came out of? And where is my girl and her mother?

So. Woes me!

Cb. What is the matter, are they dead?

So. Your daughter is alive, but her mother died of grief and sorrow.

Cb. I'm sorry for it; 'twas hard indeed.

So. And I, who was here a stranger, poor and destitute, did the best I could; I married your daughter to the young gentleman of this house.

Cb. To *Antipho*?

So. The very same.

Cb. What, has he two wives!

So. No, indeed, only her alone.

Cb. Then who is that other, who is said to be his relation?

So. That is she, your daughter.

Cb. What is it you say?

So. It was contrived so on purpose, that her lover might have, by that means, a pretence for marrying her, altho' she had no fortune.

Cb. Gracious Heaven! how fortune brings sometimes things about, which one could not presume to hope for! that upon my arrival I should find my daughter married just as I wish'd for, to the very man I designed for her husband. What I and my brother so earnestly desired, and were so solicitous about, this woman has effected of herself, without any assistance from us.

So. Now you must take care of the rest. For the father of the young gentleman is return'd from abroad,
and

and they say, is in a violent passion about this affair.

Ch. There is no manner of danger from that quarter; but I conjure you by every thing in heaven and earth, that you be careful no one else knows that she is mine.

So. No one shall ever know it from me.

Ch. Follow me, you shall know the rest within doors.

S C E N E II.

Demipho, Geta.

Dem. We make it the advantage of such rascals as these to be rogues, by our own fault in affecting to be thought over good and generous; and therefore we ought in every thing to keep within bounds. Was it not enough this fellow had so notoriously trick'd us, but must we be the very persons too, who give him money to subsist upon, till he perpetrates some other piece of roguery.

Get. You are certainly in the right.

Dem. And so these rascals, who turn right into wrong, are recompenced for their villany.

Get. It is just so.

Dem. How foolishly have we managed this affair with him.

Get. It would be all well enough, were we sure he would keep to his word and marry her.

Dem. What, can there now be any doubt of that?

Get. I cannot tell whether such a fellow as that may not alter his mind.

Dem. How, alter his mind!

Get. I do not say he will; only if he should.

Dem. I will do as my brother advised me; I'll bring his wife here to talk to the young woman; and do you go before and acquaint her that my brother's wife is coming.

Get. Well, *Phedria*, the money is got for you, and for the present things are pretty quiet. Care is likewise taken that *Phanium* goes not from us, at least, immediately. But what is to be the end of all this? You will stick in the mud, and are in as bad a way as ever, *Geta*. And unless you take care, are but laying in store for still

still greater misfortunes. I must go now and prepare *Phanium*, that she may not be alarm'd at this affair of *Phormio*, nor with any thing that may be said to her.

S C E N E III.

Demipho, Naufistrata, Chremes.

Dem. Come, *Naufistrata*, you must assist us with your usual skill and address; and reconcile this young woman to what measures we have taken, that she may do that with chearfulness which necessity obliges her to.

Nauf. I will.

Dem. You must now assist me with your good offices, as you formerly did with money.

Nauf. I should be always glad to serve you, *Demipho*; but am less able to do it, through the fault of my husband, than is fitting I should be.

Dem. How so?

Nauf. Because he manages very badly the estate which my father with great industry acquir'd, who one year with another always received two talents from these farms. You see what a difference there is between some men and others.

Dem. What, two talents?

Nauf. Ay, two talents, *Demipho*, when times were much worse than they are now.

Dem. That's strange.

Nauf. Now, what do you think of this?

Dem. Very odd, indeed.

Nauf. I wish I had been born a man, I would have shewed them the difference.

Dem. That I am convinced of.

Nauf. And how, do you think?

Dem. I beg you would not exhaust your spirits before you see this woman you are going to; for as she is young she may perhaps talk you down.

Nauf. I'll do as you desire me, but I see my husband coming out from your house.

Chr. *Demipho*, is the money given to him?

Dem. I gave it him directly.

Chr.

Chr. I wish you had'nt. Ha! there's my wife, I had almost said too much.

Dem. Why do you wish so, *Chremes*?

Chr. Nothing at all, 'tis very well.

Dem. What have you been doing? Have you been talking to her any thing about our reasons for disposing of her to *Phormio*.

Chr. I have settled all that.

Dem. And what does she say?

Chr. She cannot be prevailed upon.

Dem. Not prevailed upon, how so?

Chr. Because they are both satisfied with one another.

Dem. What have we to do with that?

Chr. A great deal. Besides, I have discovered she is our relation.

Dem. Are you in your senses?

Chr. So it is, I speak upon good grounds, recollect a little.

Dem. You rave, sure.

Naus. If it is so, be sure you do nothing unbecoming to your kinswoman.

Chr. Don't gainsay it; for you are mistaken, her father's name was not the same you heard.

Dem. Did she not know her own father?

Chr. Yes, she did.

Dem. Why then did she call him by a wrong name?

Chr. Will you never have done, or comprehend what I mean?

Dem. Not so long as you talk in this manner.

Ch. Will you still go on?

Naus. I wonder what this can mean?

Dem. Nay, I do not comprehend it.

Chr. Won't you comprehend it? Then I tell you, as I hope to live and prosper, there is no one in the world more nearly related to her than you and I.

Dem. Heavens, what is this: Let us then all go to her, and hear the account from herself, for I want to be satisfied of the truth or falshood of this.

Chr. This is strange.

Dem. What is strange?

Chr.

Chr. That you have so little faith in what I say.

Dem. If you will have me believe it, and be satisfied, with all my heart ; but what becomes of that young lady, the daughter of our friend ? What is to be done in that affair ?

Chr. All will be very well.

Dem. Then we think no more of her.

Chr. No.

Dem. And are we to keep what we have got ?

Chr. Yes.

Dem. Then *Naufisrata*, we need give you no farther trouble.

Nauf. Upon my word I think it is much better for all parties that the young woman should not be sent away, as you intended ; for when I saw her, she seem'd a mighty good sort of creature.

Dem. What is the meaning of this ?

Chr. Has she shut the door ?

Dem. Yes.

Chr. O *Jupiter* ! We are assuredly, brother, under the protection of the gods ; for I have found my daughter married to your son.

Dem. What do you say, how could this come about ?

Chr. This place is not safe enough to talk about these matters.

Dem. Let us go in then.

Chr. But in the mean time I would not have even our own sons know any thing of this.

S C E N E IV.

Ant. Whatever situation my own affairs be in, I am so far happy that my cousin *Phædria* is now made easy. How happy it is for a man to direct his views to such pursuits, as if they should prove unsuccessful, the misfortune may be easily remedied ? For as soon as he had got this money, he was rid of all his cares ; whereas I can find no cure for my uneasiness ; if this thing be concealed, yet I live in constant fears, and if it is discovered, I am exposed to disgrace ; nor would I ever now return home, but that I have still some hopes that I may keep *Phaniam* ; but where shall I meet with

Geta,

Geta, that I may know of him when it will be proper for me to see my father.

SCENE V.

Phormio, Antipho.

Phor. I have got the money, carried it to *Dorio*, brought away the girl, and taken care that *Phedria* shall not be disturbed in the possession of her, for I made the fellow give up all right to her, in due form. One thing now remains which I must effect; to have respite from these fellows, that I may indulge myself in a bottle, for I am resolved to live away for some days to come.

Ant. Here comes *Phormio*.—Well, Sir.

Phor. What do you say?

Ant. How is *Phedria* to dispose of himself now? in what manner does he propose to enjoy his good fortune?

Phor. He proposes to take the same method you have done.

Ant. How is that?

Phor. To keep out of his father's sight. And begs you would, in your turn, take upon you to excuse and defend him; for he is to keep holiday with me. I'll tell the old gentleman, that I am gone to *Sunium*, to get a maid for my wife, as *Geta* mentioned to them; so, when they don't see me, they will think I am laying out the money they gave me: But here comes some one from your house.

Ant. See who it is.

Phor. 'Tis *Geta*.

SCENE VI.

Geta, Antipho, Phormio.

Get. O Fortune, the conductress of all things, how happy a day, all of a sudden, have you made this to my master *Antipho*!

Ant. What does he mean?

Get. And have relieved us, who are his friends, from all our Fears. But I am in the wrong to myself, not to gird my cloak about my shoulders, and make what haste I can to communicate to him these good tidings.

Ant. Do you guess what he means?

Phor. Do you?

M

Ant.

Ant. Not a word of it.

Phor. And I as little.

Get. I'll go to the Pander's, for I suppose they all are there.

Ant. Geta?

Get. You may call again; It is no new or strange thing for me to be stop'd just as I am setting out.

Ant. Geta?

Get. Do you still call? But you shall not make me stop an inch.

Ant. Won't you stop, I say.

Get. This fellow must be some common cryer of the court. I'll break your head, firrah, if you interrupt me any more.

Ant. That shall be your fate immediately, if you go a foot farther, you rascal.

Get. I'm afraid this is some body that knows me, he talks so familiarly. But is not this the very man I wanted? Is it, or no? 'tis even the very same.

Phor. Speak to him immediately.

Ant. What is the matter, *Geta*?

Get. O *Antipho*, of all the men that ever were born, sure you are the happiest; beyond all question you are Heaven's favourite.

Ant. So I wish to be, but in the mean time should be glad to know what makes you think I am.

Get. I shall make you go beside yourself with joy.

Ant. You teaze me to death.

Phor. Come, give over talking what you will do, and let us know the matter as it is.

Get. O *Phormio*, are you here too?

Phor. Yet I am here, but why don't you tell us what is the matter?

Get. Then listen to me; as soon as I had given you the money at the market place, I went strait home: and in the mean time your father sent me to your wife.

Ant. About what?

Get. I won't detain you with such preambles; for that is nothing to the purpose. When I came towards the woman's apartment, our boy *Mida* ran up to me,
took

took me by the cloak, and pull'd me; I look'd back and ask'd him why he stop'd me: he said there were orders no one should be admitted to his mistress; *Sophrone*, said he, has just now carried in *Chremes*, our master's brother, and they are now all three together. When I understood this, I advanced softly, on tiptoe, to the door; I came there, stood still, and held in my breath; put my ear to the key-hole, and listen'd carefully to catch at what they said.

Ant. Well done, *Geta*.

Get. And indeed I made a glorious discovery, so that I had well nigh'd shriek'd out for joy.

Phor. What was that?

Get. What do you think?

Ant. I know not.

Get. A wonderful one, indeed. *Chremes*, your uncle, is the father of *Phanium* your wife.

Ant. Bless me! what do you say?

Get. He kept her mother long ago privately in the isle of *Lemnos*.

Phor. You dream, sure; how could the girl mistake the name of her own father?

Get. You may suppose, *Phormio*, there is some reason for that; but it was impossible for me who was without the door to hear every particular that passed among them who were within.

Phor. I myself have heard such a story before now.

Get. But, to put it out of all doubt, your Uncle came out here, and a little after went again along with your father, and then both of them said they would allow you should keep your wife; and I was sent for to look for you and bring you to them.

Ant. Why don't you fly to them? what do you wait for?

Get. Come, let us away.

Ant. Fare you well, my *Phormio*.

Phor. And fare you well, *Antipho*.—I rejoice at this from the bottom of my heart, as I hope for mercy, that both the young gentlemen have had such good luck: and I have now a most glorious opportunity of chousing the old fellows out of this money, that *Pbedria* may

be made entirely easy on that score, and not be beholden to any of his friends. For as this money was got of them fore again their wills, so likewise shall it be given to *Phedria*; and I have already found out a way to accomplish that. Now must I put on a different countenance and behaviour; but I'll go into this alley, and so shew myself to them when they come out; and as to my going to buy what things I wanted, I'll tell them I have alter'd my mind.

S C E N E VII.

Demipho, Phormio, Chremes.

Dem. I am extremely thankful to the gods, that these things, brother, have happen'd so luckily for us. Now we must make what haste we can to meet *Phormio*, and get back our money before he squanders it away.

Phor. I should be glad to speak with *Demipho*, if he be at home, that I may—

Dem. We were just coming to you, *Phormio*.

Phor. I suppose about this affair of ours.

Dem. Yes, upon that very account.

Phor. I thought so; but what need you give yourselves that trouble, it was throwing away your time to no purpose; were you under any apprehensions I would so much as think of not standing to what I had agreed upon? I would have you to know, that for all I am poor, I have still preserved the character of being punctual to my word.

Chr. Don't you think, Brother, that the young woman seems extremely agreeable, as I said she was?

Dem. I do, brother.

Phor. I come therefore, to acquaint you, *Demipho*, that I am ready to fulfil my agreement; and to receive my wife whenever you please; for I set every other business aside, and thought of this only, as I found you had set your heart so much upon it.

Dem. But my brother has dissuaded me from giving her to you; and tells me, what would people say if I should do any such thing? The young woman was bestow'd in marriage when she could have been otherwise honourably dispos'd of; and it would be a scandalous proceeding to distress her now, when she must be, as it were,
in

in a state of widowhood ; and has urged almost the very same arguments as you did, when you blam'd my proceedings.

Phor. You make a joke of me, I think, with a good deal of insolence.

Dem. How so ?

Phor. Do you ask that, when you know I cannot now marry the other woman I was engaged to ; for with what face can I make my addresses again, after having thus slighted her ?

Cbr. Then I find *Antipho* must part with his wife, whether he will or no ; do you say the same brother. [*aside.*

Dem. Then I find my son must be obliged, against his will, to part from his wife. But, in the mean time, if you please to step to the market place, and refund that money we gave you.

Phor. When I have already paid it away to my creditors ?

Dem. What is then to be done ?

Phor. If you will give me the woman you betroth'd to me, I am ready to marry her ; but if it be, as you seem to have a mind, that she is to remain with you, then the portion must remain with me, *Demipho* ; for it would be unjust I should be a loser by what I have done purely for your sake ; as I have, merely to preserve the honour of your family, broke off a match I was engaged to, and by which I should have got as much money to the full.

Dem. You be hang'd, you dog ; and your pretences of generosity together ; do you think we are strangers to you or your tricks now ?

Phor. You'll make me mad with passion.

Dem. Is it to be supposed you would marry her, were we even to give her to you ?

Phor. Try me.

Dem. Your view was, that my son should be with her at your house, that was all.

Phor. Pray, sir, what is all this you say ?

Dem. I say pay back the money.

Phor. And I say, give me my wife.

Dem. I'll have you before a magistrate.

Phor. Before a magistrate? Nay, if you begin to be troublesome any father—

Dem. What will you do?

Phor. Do; I'll shew you that I not only take women under my protection who are without fortunes, but even such who have very large ones.

Chr. And what is that to us?

Phor. Is it nothing to you, say you? I once knew a woman here whose husband had another—

Chr. How!

Dem. What's this?

Phor. Another wife at Lemnos.

Chr. I'm struck dead.

Phor. And by this other wife he had a daughter, whom he brought up privately.

Chr. I am in my grave already.

Phor. And this I will immediately inform her of.

Chr. I beg you would not.

Phor. What, are you the man?

Dem. How this scoundrel laughs at us.

Chr. Sir, we will give you a discharge for every thing.

Phor. Nonsense.

Chr. Why, what would you be at? we forgive you the money you had of us.

Phor. I hear you; but why could you think to use any man in such a foolish manner, as if you were both children. I will and I will not; first promise, then refuse; say and unsay, so that there is no depending upon you in any one thing.

Chr. How could he possibly come to the knowledge of this.

Dem. I know not; one thing I am certain of, that I never mentioned it to any one soul.

Chr. I protest there is something monstrous in it.

Dem. But what? shall we let this rascal openly trick us out of such a sum of money, and laugh at us into the bargain. I'll die first. And therefore take courage, and behave resolutely: you see your affair has taken wind, and cannot be concealed now from your wife, and she will be easier reconciled if she hears it from ourselves,

ourselves, than if she comes to the knowledge of it from any one else; and then we shall be able to take our revenge upon this rascal.

Phor. I find I must stand my ground now or never, else I shall come scurvily off; for they are coming upon me like two prize-fighters.

Chr. But I am afraid she will never forgive me upon any terms.

Dem. Don't be afraid; I'll make it up myself, and am confident I shall do it now, as the mother of this young woman is dead.

Phor. So, are you going this way to work. You think yourself very cunning, but you will find it not for your brother's advantage to irritate me too much. Do you think that you are to go abroad for the gratification of your pleasures, without any regard to her whom you first married, and then insult her afresh, by pretending to beg pardon and make an excuse for your crime? You will find yourself mistaken, for I'll quicken her resentment to such a degree that you shall not be able to pacify her, if you cry your eyes out.

Dem. I pray the Gods may bring ten times as great a misfortune upon your own head.—Was there ever such an impudent rascal born? You ought, you dog, to be transported to the farthest ends of the earth.

Chr. I am reduced to that extremity as not to know what course to take with him.

Dem. But I do; let us carry him before a magistrate.

Phor. Not yet a while: we'll step into your brother's house first.

Dem. Run after, and hold him till I call the servants.

Chr. I am not able to do it myself; come to my assistance.

Phor. I have one point to settle with you, *Demi-pho.*

Chr. Do it, in course of law, then.

Phor. And I have another with you, *Chremes.*

Dem. Pull him away from this.

Phor. Is this the case, then I must raise my voice.
Naufistrata, come forth here.

Chr. Stop his mouth.

Dem. How strong the rascal is.

Phor. *Naufistrata*, I say.

Chr. Won't you hold your tongue?

Phor. Why should I do that.

Dem. If he will not come, give him a punch in the
 guts, or knock out one of his eyes.

Phor. Now, gentlemen, I'll manage you nicely.

S C E N E VHI.

Naufistrata, *Chremes*, *Phormio*, *Demipho*.

Nauf. Who calls me?

Chr. I shall sink down.

Nauf. What is the meaning of all this disturbance,
 Husband?

Phor. Why don't you speak?

Nauf. What is this? why won't you answer me?

Phor. He answer you! he hardly knows the ground
 he treads upon.

Chr. Be sure you believe nothing this man says.

Phor. Go up to him and touch him, I'll lay my life
 you find him as cold as a stone.

Chr. There's nothing in it.

Nauf. What then is the matter; what does this man
 say?

Chr. Will you still give credit to what he says?

Nauf. What should I give credit to? he has yet said
 nothing that I have heard.

Phor. The poor creature is frighten'd out of his
 senses.

Nauf. Nay, it is not for nothing you quake so.

Chr. I quake?

Phor. Well then, you don't and are not afraid, and if
 there is nothing in what I say, pray tell it yourself.

Dem. Is he to do that, because you bid him?

Phor. Then do you tell it for him, you who play'd
 your part upon his account, so manfully, a little while
 ago.

Nauf. Won't you let me know what is the matter,
 husband?

Chr.

Chr. At, at.

Nauf. My dear, what do you mean by at at? your Teeth chatter in your head, love.

Chr. There is no occasion to tell it.

Phor. Then if he won't tell it I will, for it is highly necessary you should know it. In the Isle of *Lemnos*.—

Chr. What is it you say?

Dem. Won't you be quiet, you rascal?

Phor. Unknown to you.—

Chr. Have mercy on me.

Phor. Did he marry a wife, that's all.

Nauf. Heavens forbid; I hope not.

Phor. But it is a certain fact.

Nauf. Woes me; I shall run-distracted.

Phor. And had a daughter by her, while you was left to lie by yourself.

Chr. What shall I do?

Nauf. What a base and scandalous action is this.

Phor. But so it is, I assure you.

Nauf. Did ever any body hear of any thing equal to it?—And when he came home to me, who was the wife of his youth, there was nothing to be heard but complaints of decay and old age. *Demipho*, I appeal to you in this case; for I will not speak to that wretch. Was this the reason for these frequent visits to *Lemnos*? And was it for her support that pretences were made of bad years and bad crops?

Dem. I will not pretend to say, *Naussirata*, that my brother has not done amiss, but still it is a fault that admits of forgiveness.

Phor. They may as well speak to a stone wall.

Dem. For it was neither from hatred or neglect of you, that he did so. In a fit of drunkenness, about fifteen years since, he ravished the woman by whom he had this daughter, and never had any thing to say to her since; she is dead, and out of the way of giving you any uneasiness. And therefore I must beg you would in this instance shew your usual lenity and moderation.

Nauf. What do you talk of moderation? I wish from my heart that this was the only or the last of his crimes, but what am I to expect? Can I have any hopes

from his age, that he will not continue in such a flagitious course of life? No, if old age would have kept him chaste, he was old enough then: Or have my youth and beauty greater charms than formerly? In short, *Demipho*, what security can I possibly have that he will not go on in a repetition of his wickedness?

Phor. All good people, that have a mind to attend the funeral obsequies of *Chremes*, citizen of *Athens*, let them repair hither, for now is the time. I'll perform the office of chief mourner. And let me see after this who will meddle with *Pharmio*; if any does I'll make the like example of him as I have done of this worthy gentleman—He may make the matter up with his wife if he can. I have had my revenge, and given her subject matter of lecture for him, the longest day they live together.

Naus. Or did I deserve such usage, *Demipho*? How many instances could I give what a wife I have been to that ungrateful man?

Dem. I know it as well as yourself.

Naus. I say then did I deserve such usage?

Dem. Very far from it. But as now it cannot be help'd if you accuse him ever so much; I beg you would forgive him, he confesses his crime, begs forgiveness, and will make all the satisfaction in his power; what more can you desire?

Phor. But before she grants this request, I must take care of *Phedria* and myself.—A word with you, if you please, *Nausistrata*, be not too hasty in granting him forgiveness, but first hear what I am to say.

Naus. What is that?

Phor. I chop'd him out of thirty minæ; which I gave to your son *Phedria*; who paid the money to a pander for a girl he is in love with.

Cbr. What is this you tell me?

Naus. Ay, do you think so much of this, that a young man should keep a mistress, when you who are old could keep two wives?—Have you no remains of shame left about you? With what face can you blame him? Answer me that, I say.

Dem. He shall do whatever you desire.

Naus.

Nauf. Nay, I tell you my mind in so many words; I will neither forgive him, nor will I answer or promise any thing, till I see my son; I will submit every thing to his determination: what he thinks proper that I will do.

Phor. *Naufistrata*, I see you are a woman of sense.

Nauf. Does that satisfy you?

Phor. I go off extremely well satisfy'd and highly pleas'd; beyond what I could expect.

Nauf. Pray, Sir, let me know your name.

Phor. My name is *Phormio*, who have a great respect for your family, and a most particular regard for your son *Pbedria*.

Nauf. *Phormio*, I give you my word I have a particular esteem for you, and shall at all times for the future do any thing in my power to serve you.

Phor. I am extremely obliged to you.

Nauf. I think you deserve it very well at my hands.

Phor. Will you then this day do me a favour, *Naufistrata*; which will gall your husband to the quick.

Nauf. That I shall be exceeding glad to do.

Phor. Invite me to supper.

Nauf. Then I do invite you.

Dem. Let us go in then.

Nauf. With all my heart, but where is *Pbedria*, who is to be arbitrator in this affair.

Phor. I'll bring him presently.

The End of PHORMIO.



THEE

I have been thinking of you very much lately
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you a few lines.
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T H E

THE
MOTHER-IN-LAW:
A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
ROMAN GAMES,
WHEN

SEXTUS JULIUS CÆSAR, and CN. CORNELIUS
DOLABELLA, were Curule Ediles.

In the Consulship of
CN. OCTAVIUS and T. MAULINUS
TORQUATUS.

In the Year of ROME 588. and before
CHRIST 165.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Ladies.

Pamphilus, *his Son*.

Parmeno, } *Servants*
Sofia, }



W O M E N.

Sostrata, *Wife of Laches*.

Myrrhina, *Wife of Phidippus*.

Philumena, *married to Pamphilus*.

Syra, *a Servant*.

Bacchis, } *Courtesans*
Philotis, }

Scene, A T H E N S.

The **TIME**, about six or seven Hours.



THE
Mother - in - Law.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Philotis, Syra.

Philotis.

HOW few lovers does one find, *Syra*, that have any regard to the promises they make us courtesans? How often and how solemnly did this *Pamphilus* swear to *Bacchis* (in a manner that any one would have believed him) that, so long as she lived, he would never marry, and yet has now taken a wife?

Syr. For which reason, I advise and exhort you, to spare or have pity upon none of them; but strip, plunder and make the most of every one;

Phil. What, would you have me make no difference?

Syr.

Syr. None at all; for this you may be assured of, that none of them come to you, but who are determined to satisfy their own pleasures, at as cheap a rate as possible. And will not you, on your part, make the most of them you can?

Phil. Still I think it would be wrong to put them all upon the same footing.

Syr. Is it wrong to revenge one's self upon one's enemies? or to catch them in the snares they lay for you? Woes me! I wish you was either in my way of thinking, or that I was possessed of your youth and beauty.

S C E N E II.

Parmeno, Philotis, Syra.

Par. If the old gentleman should enquire after me, tell him I am just gone down to the water-side; to see if *Pamphilus* is arrived: You understand what I say, *Scirtus*? you are only to tell him so if he enquires, if he does not, you need take no notice; because I can make use of this for a pretence another time. But is not this *Philotis*? Whence can she come? *Philotis*, your most humble servant.

Phil. O *Parmeno*, your servant.

Syr. Your servant too, Sir.

Par. And yours, *Syra*. Tell me, *Philotis*, where have you been pleasuring all this while?

Phil. Far from pleasuring, I assure you; for the officer I set out with from this to *Corinth*, is a brute of a fellow; and I was curs'd to endure him two whole years.

Par. I fancy, *Philotis*, you often wish'd to see *Athens* again, and repented of the step you had taken.

Phil. It is impossible to express how I long'd to be here again, and get away from him; that I might once more be among my old friends, and spend my time joyously and freely among you as I had before; for there I could neither speak nor act with freedom; but just as was agreeable to him.

Par. I fancy it would not suit your humour to be tongue-ty'd in such a manner.

Phil. But according to what *Bacchis* tells me, there is like to be strange doings here, *Parmeno*, and which

I never believed would happen, that your master would have a wife while she was alive.

Par. Have a wife, say you?

Phil. What, has he not one?

Par. He has, indeed, for the present, but I much question if that be of long continuance

Phil. Heavens grant it be so, if it be for the advantage of *Bacchis*. But how come you to think so, *Parmeno*? Let me know.

Par. It is not fit to be known, so enquire no farther about it.

Phil. You mean, because it should not be made public. I assure you I do not ask it, with a design to divulge it, but purely for my own satisfaction.

Par. Your reasons, tho', will never have sufficient weight with me, to trust you with what I may be hang'd for telling you.

Phil. Come, *Parmeno*, none of these airs; I am certain you long more to tell it me, than I do to hear it.

Par. She has certainly hit upon the truth; for this is my particular failing. If you will promise then to be secret, I will tell you.

Phil. Now you are come to yourself; go on, I won't mention it.

Par. Attend then.

Phil. I do.

Phil. At the very time *Pamphilus* was most violently in love with this lady, *Bacchis*, his father began to press him to marriage; and made use of the common argument all fathers do; that he was his only son, that he himself was now stricken in years, and wanted a rest and comfort for his old age. At first he refused; but as his father became more earnest with him, he was puzzled what to do, whether his duty or his passion should get the better of him; but his father so plagued and teaz'd him, that the daughter of our neighbour here at last was betroth'd to him. *Pamphilus* at first bore it pretty well, till it came to the preparations for the nuptials, and that he found himself just on the point of being married; it had then so great
an

an effect upon him, that I am sure had *Bacchis* herself been present she could not but have pitied him. When he had got by himself, and could talk to me in private; *Parmeno*, said he, I have undone myself; I have brought a misfortune upon myself I cannot bear; and am compleately wretched.

Phil. I wish that old fellow *Laches* had been in his grave, when he so bullied him into it.

Par. To make short of it, he at last brought home his wife. And for the first night had nothing to say to say to her, nor the night after.

Phil. What is it you say? A young man, and flush'd with liquor too, be in bed all night with a young lady, and have nothing to do with her?—A likely story truly. I don't believe one word of what you say.

Par. I believe it seems to you not to be likely; but remember no one comes to you but in the warmth of desire; and he was with this lady against his will.

Phil. What happen'd upon that?

Par. A few days after that, *Pamphilus* took me with him alone, and told me that even then she continued to be a virgin for him; that before he took her home, he believed he should have been able to reconcile himself to the match; but says he, *Parmeno*, as I now find I cannot live with her, it would be injurious to the lady and unbecoming me as a gentleman to send her back to her friends otherways than I found her.

Phil. You give an instance of remarkable honour and continency in *Pamphilus*.

Par. Besides, continued he, I do not think it would be right, by any means, to do this openly as from my self; for to send back a young lady to her parents, against whom I have nothing to object, would be an act of injustice and insolence; and therefore I am determined to wait, in hopes, that when she finds I do not live with her as a husband, she will go of herself.

Phil. What did he in the mean time? did not he visit *Bacchis*.

Par. Every day: But, as it usually happens, when she

she had now lost him, she began to treat him with insolence and impertinence.

Phil. And it was no wonder.

Par. And this was principally the occasion of weaning his affections from *Bacchis*. For after he had reflected seriously upon his own behaviour, and consider'd within himself the different characters and manners of his mistress and of his wife who lived with him; that the latter, in all respects behaved as one who was bred a gentlewoman; that she was chaste and modest; she patiently bore with, and concealed the insults and ill-usage she receiv'd from her husband—Pity for his wife on the one hand, and resentment against the usage of the other, wrought so upon him by degrees, that he left *Bacchis* entirely, and settled his affections upon his wife, whose disposition and manners he found agreeable to his own. In the mean time, an old man, a relation to our family died in *Imbrus*, and my master became his heir. *Pamphilus's* father obliged him to go there and take possession, tho' it was much against his will to go from his wife, whom he left with his mother; for our old gentleman buries himself in the country, and very seldom comes here.

Phil. But what is it now, that makes it likely this marriage should not continue.

Par. You shall hear: For some days at first, they agreed very well; but the young lady a little after, conceived a violent aversion to *Sostrata*; nor was there any quarrel between them, or complaint on either side.

Phil. How then?

Par. If the old gentlewoman at any time sent for the other, to converse with her, she would run out of the way and would not see her; at last, she not could bear to be with her any longer, and pretended her mother had sent for her to assist at a solemn act of religion, and away she went. When she had remained there for a good many days, *Sostrata* desired she might be sent for; they then made some pretence. And a while after she was again desired to come home, but no body sent her back. After repeated messages, they at last said she was not well; upon which *Sostrata* went to see her,

her, but was refused access; when *Laches* heard of this, he came to town yesterday on purpose, and had a meeting with *Philomena's* father; what pass'd between them, I know not as yet, but have a great curiosity to know what this will end in. Now you know as much as I; and therefore I will go on to where I intended.

Phil. And so will I; for I have an appointment with a stranger, whom I promised to meet at this time.

Par. Heavens prosper all your undertakings.

Phil. Well, your servant.

Par. Yours, *Philotis*.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Laches, Sostrata.

Laches.

GRacious heaven! What a consent and agreement of behaviour and disposition is this! That all women, without exception, should be alike, nor the tempers of any differ from the others! From this it proceeds that all mothers-in-law hate their step daughters, and are equally bent and resolved to cross their husband. One would think they were all educated in one school of mischief, and I am certain, if there is any such, you preside at the head of it.

Sof. Woes me! What have I done that I am so accused—I'm sure I know not.

Lac. No, to be sure, you do not know.

Sof. I solemnly declare I do not, my *Laches*, as I hope for long life to us both.

Lac. Heaven avert misfortunes.

Soc. And you will in time be convinced that you accuse me without reason.

Lac. Without reason? Can any thing too severe be said to you for what you have done? Have not you brought a stain upon me, upon yourself, and upon all the family; been the cause of affliction to your son, and made the family we were allied to, instead of being
our

our friends, that they are become our enemies? When they had so good an opinion of our son that they trusted their daughter to him as a wife, then you alone step in and disturb every thing.

Sof. I?

Lac. Yes, you, woman, who must take me for a ass and not for a man.—You go upon that, I suppose, that because I am so much in the country, I do not know how each of you behave here; but you are mistaken, I know better what passes here than I do what passes where I constantly reside; because upon your behaviour at home depends my reputation abroad. I heard some time since that *Philumena* had conceived an aversion to you, and it would indeed be strange, if she had not; but did not think, for that, she would have taken a disgust to the whole family; had I imagined that, she should have staid here, and you been turn'd out of doors—And only consider with yourself how little reason I have to expect this from you, *Sostrata*. I have retired to the country, upon account of my family, to save expences, that I might be able to maintain them at their own ease; and undergo more care and fatigue than my age will well bear, and may not I reasonably hope, for this, that you would not study to make my life uneasy?

Sof. All I can say is, that nothing of this has happen'd by my means, or thro' my fault.

Lac. It is owing to you entirely; for as no one was here but you, it could be owing to no one else; and as I take all other concerns off your hands, you should have look'd after what was doing here—Are not you, an old woman, ashamed to quarrel with a young girl? I suppose you will say it was owing to her.

Sof. I do not say so.

Lac. I am glad from my soul at that, on my son's account; for I am satisfied you cannot suffer in your character from any thing that may be laid to your charge.

Sof. How do you know, my *Laches*, but that she has pretended

pretended an aversion to me, to be more at home with her own mother.

Lac. What is it you say? Would you have any better proof of its being true, than your being refused access yesterday, when you went to see her?

Sof. They said she was much fatigued, and 'twas upon that account I was not admitted to see her.

Lac. I believe she is sicker of your ways and behaviour than any other disease. And indeed no wonder; for there is not one of you, but are anxious to have your sons married, and to such as you please to provide for them; when you have once got them to marry, then you are never at rest till they turn their wives out of doors.

SCENE II.

Phidippus, Laches, Sostrata.

Ph. Tho' I am sensible, *Philumena*, that I have the right of a father to oblige you to a compliance with my will; yet I have at the same time so much the affection of a father, that I will give you your own way, and not force your inclinations.

Lac. Here comes *Phidippus* very opportunely, I shall know of him the state of this affair.—*Phidippus*, tho' I am myself very easy and indulgent to all my family, yet I do not carry it so far as utterly to spoil them; and if you would follow the same conduct it would be more for the advantage of us both; but I find you are ruled by your wife and daughter.

Phid. Ay, how so?

Lac. Yesterday I waited upon you in regard to your daughter, and as I knew nothing of what the matter was, when I came, so I knew as little when I went away. If you want that the friendship between us should be perpetual, is it right to conceal any grounds you may have of complaint? if any thing on our part is amiss, let us know it, and we will either clear the matter up to you, or make such satisfaction as you shall desire: but if you have no other reason for keeping your daughter at home, but because she is not well, I think you do me wrong in supposing she would not be taken proper care of, at my house. For though you are her own father,

I will

I will insist upon it you cannot be more concerned for her health than I am ; and that upon account of my son, who I am convinced, loves her as he does his own life ; and I well know what an affliction this would be to him, was he to know it ; for which reason, I am so vastly desirous she should come home, before he returns.

Phid. Laches, I am fully satisfied of your affection to us, and the care you would take of my daughter, and am very willing to believe every thing you say ; I beg therefore you would be persuaded, that I am as desirous she should return as you are, if I could know how to effect it.

Lac. What hinders you from effecting it ? Does she make any complaints of her husband ?

Phid. Not in the least ; for when I was particular with her, and was going to have forc'd her to return to your house, she solemnly affirm'd, that she could not endure to live there without *Pamphilus*.—Every one, *Laches*, has their particular failings. I own my weakness, I cannot bear to force the inclinations of my children.

Lac. What say you now, *Sostrata*.

Sof. Ah, woes me !

Lac. Is she then determin'd not to come ?

Phid. So it seems at present.—But have you any commands, for I must go immediately to the market-place ?

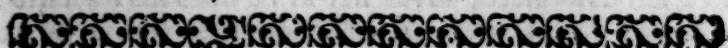
Lac. I'll go along with you.

S C E N E III.

Sostrata.

Sof. Most certain it is that wives in general suffer in the opinion of their husbands from the misbehaviour of a few ; because some are bad, they think us all equally deserving of blame ; and this is now my case, for as I hope for mercy, I am innocent of what my husband lays to my charge, but cannot easily clear myself, because it is a received notion that step-mothers do not like their daughters-in-law ; which is far otherways with me for I have always us'd her as my own child ; nor do I know

know how I come to be thus blamed. I wish for a great many reasons my son was safely arrived.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Pamphilus, Parmeno, Myrrhina.

Pamphilus.

I Do not believe any one ever met with so many crosses and inquietudes from love as I have. Alas ! was it for this I carefully preserv'd my life when abroad, and for this I so earnestly long'd to return home ? How much happier should I have been, to have remained any where, than come back here. I should not then been so wretched as to know what has happen'd. And when misfortunes have happen'd to a man, all the time he is ignorant of it is so much gained from misery.

Par. But as you do know it, you will be able sooner to extricate yourself ; for if you had not return'd, this difference between them would have risen much higher ; but now I am certain your being return'd will keep them both in awe. You will have an opportunity of enquiring into the matter, of cooling their resentments, and making them again friends. What you take to be matters of great consequence, are, at the bottom, perhaps, mere trifles.

Pam. Why do you attempt to give me consolation ? Did ever man undergo such a series of misery ? Before I married this woman, my affections were engaged elsewhere. I need not mention, for any one will guess, how miserable I must be in that respect ; however, I did not dare to disobey my father, or refuse the match he had destin'd for me. I had scarce well got myself disengaged from my mistress, and conceived a violent love for my wife, but on a sudden there springs up something else, that necessarily takes me from her. I must, beyond all doubt find either my mother or my wife in the wrong ; and whichever of them it be, I am equally unhappy. Filial duty obliges me to bear with my mother,

and I am under the ties of gratitude to my wife, who bore so long and so patiently with me, and never in any shape made publick the injurious usage she had met with from me.—But something more than I can imagine must have happened to create a difference between them, which has lasted so long.

Par. No, it may possibly be a perfect trifle; for if you examine into things you will find it is not always the greatest provocations that breed the greatest quarrels; and it often happens, that one man shall not be in the least offended at all, when another, more passionate, would for the same thing become your mortal enemy. You see how children fall out among themselves for nothing. And what is the reason? Because their minds are weak and inconstant; and it is the same case with women, they are in this respect as weak as children. After all this, perhaps one single word may have been the occasion of this quarrel.

Pam. Go in, *Parmeno*, and tell them I am come.

Par. Hold, what's this?

Pam. Hift! I find they are in a great hurry and running up and down; come, let us go nearer the door. Do you say nothing.

Par. Hold your prating. Heavens! I hear some one calling out.

Pam. You speak yourself, tho' you bid me hold my peace.

Myr. Make yourself as easy as you can, and do not raise your voice, my child.

Pam. This is the voice of *Philumena's* mother. Heavens! what can this mean?

Par. What's the matter?

Pam. I am utterly ruin'd!

Par. How so?

Pam. There is some terrible affair here, which they conceal from me.

Par. I was told your wife *Philumena* was in dread of something or other, whether that is come upon her now, I know not.

Pam. What can I think? Why did you not acquaint me of that before?

N

Par.

Par. Because I could not acquaint you of every thing at once.

Pam. What is her disease?

Par. I know not.

Pam. What, has no one gone for a physician?

Par. I cannot tell.

Pam. But why do I delay going in, that I may immediately know for certain what the matter is when I do go? In what condition shall I find you, my dear *Philumena*? for if you are in danger, I am sure I perish along with you.

Par. I don't care to follow him, because I know they don't like any of our family. Yesterday they would not give *Sofrata* admittance; and if she should grow worse, which I shall be extremely sorry for on my master's account, they would immediately say that a servant of *Sofrata*'s had been there, who had brought something with him that made her worse, and encreased the distemper; my mistress will be accused, and I shall draw myself into a very bad scrap.

SCENE II.

Sofrata, Parmeno, Pamphilus.

Sof. I find there has been a great bustle here, tho' I am ignorant from what it proceeds; but I am anxious lest *Philumena* be grown worse; and I most heartily pray to *Salus* and *Æsculapius* it may not be so. I'll go and see her.

Par. *Sofrata*!

Sof. Who's that?

Par. You'll be again refused admittance.

Sof. What, *Parmeno*! are you there? Woes me! what shall I do? that I must not be allow'd to see my son's wife, when she lies ill just in my neighbourhood.

Par. I would have you neither go to see, nor send to know how she does: for to love them that hate you, is being doubly a fool; for you take pains to no purpose, and are troublesome to them. Besides, your son is arrived, and is gone to see what is the matter.

Sof. What say you, is *Pamphilus* arriv'd?

Par. Yes, he is.

Sof.

Sof. Heavens be thank'd. That news has chear'd my spirits, and brought me to life again.

Par. And as it is so, I would not have you go in upon that very account; for if *Philumena* grows any thing easier, I know she will tell him, when they're by themselves, the whole affair between you, and what bred the quarrel. And there he is coming out. How concern'd he looks.

Sof. My *Pamphilus*!

Pam. O my mother! how do you?

Sof. I rejoice to see you come back in safety. I hope nothing is the matter with *Philumena*.

Pam. She is a little better.

Sof. May the gods grant it be so. But what do you shed tears for? what is the reason you look so sad?

Pam. Nothing at all, mother.

Sof. What was this bustle for within doors? has she been taken suddenly?

Pam. Yes.

Sof. What's her disorder?

Pam. A fever.

Sof. A quotidian?

Pam. So they say. If you will please to walk in, I'll follow you presently.

Sof. I will.

Pam. Do you, *Parmeno*, run to these people who are bringing my things from on board, and assist them.

Par. What a plague, can't they find their way home without me?

Pam. Won't you be gone, firrah?

S C E N E III.

Pam. It is impossible for me to trace my affairs properly to their source, so as to begin with these things that have happen'd unexpectedly to me; some of which I have seen, others that I have been told of; for which reason I came away in a hurry, lost in amazement and perplexity: for, a little while ago, I went into the house in great anxiety, thinking my wife was seized with some other disorder than I found her to be in.—Woes me! when the maids saw me, they cry'd in a transport of joy, he is come; for my coming was a sur-

prize upon them; but a little while after, I perceiv'd their countenances to be chang'd, and that my sudden arrival was not so agreeable. One immediately went up in great haste, to acquaint them of my being there, and I, in the eagerness I was in to see my wife, followed close after her; and as soon as I enter'd the apartment, soon found what was her complaint; for there was neither time for them to conceal it, nor was she able to express herself in any other manner, than what shewed the real cause. When I found it to be so, I could only say, O monstrous! and got away immediately, weeping bitterly, and quite confounded at such a horrible and unexpected misfortune. Her mother followed me, and as I was going out at the door, fell upon her knees, crying piteously. My heart bled for her, reflecting on the condition of human nature, that as things in this world happen to us, we are elated or dejected. She began immediately to speak to me: my *Pamphilus*, said she, you now perceive the reason why she left your father's house: she had the misfortune to be ravish'd some time ago, by a villain we cannot come to the knowledge of; and therefore, she came here, that her being deliver'd of a child should not be known to you or any one else. And when I think how earnestly and piteously the poor mother beg'd and pray'd of me, I cannot refrain from tears.—Whatever destiny has brought you this day here, said she, we beg, we pray of you, both my daughter and I, if it can be obtained, that you will conceal her misfortune from the world. My daughter makes it her earnest request, if ever you had any love for her, or ever found her behaviour agreeable to you, that you will now grant her this favour; and as to your taking her home, we say nothing to that, do as you yourself think proper. You are the only person in the world that knows she is delivered of a child, and you not the father of it; for it seems you did not cohabit with her till two months after your marriage; and it is now seven months since she came to live with you; that you must be sensible of all this, is very certain: now, my *Pamphilus*, continued she, what I most desire, is that her having been brought

to bed, be kept a secret from her father, and from every one else; but if it must become publick, I can say she has miscarried; for I am certain no one will suspect any thing else, but that she has been with child by you; and the infant shall be immediately exposed, by which means you will suffer nothing yourself, and will be the means of hiding the shame of this poor unhappy creature. I promised to do as she desir'd me, and am determin'd to keep my word; tho' as to living with her any more, I look upon that as dishonourable, and will not do it; notwithstanding the esteem and love I have for her plead so strongly in her behalf.—Ah me! I cannot but weep, when I think what a life I am to live now, deserted and alone. O fortune, fortune! to be ever thus unconstant! But the fate of my former passion has train'd me up to this adversity. My reason assisted me to get the better of that, and I must use the same means now. But here comes *Parmeno*, and them I sent along with him. Of all people he ought not to be here now, for I trusted him alone with the secret of my not cohabiting with her, when I was first marry'd; and I'm afraid if he hears her shrieks, that he'll guess she is in labour; and therefore, must get him out of the way 'till that affair be over.

SCENE IV.

Parmeno, Sofia, Pamphilus.

Par. And was your voyage, say you, attended with so many inconveniencies?

So. It is impossible to say, how troublesome the very thing of being upon sea, is of itself.

Par. Indeed!

So. You are happy, and know not what troubles you have escaped by never being at sea; for not to mention other hardships, think of this one. I was thirty days or more on ship-board, expecting death every moment, the weather was so very tempestuous.

Par. That's bad indeed.

So. I know it well: in short, I would rather run away, than go there, if I knew I was to go again.

Par. You know, *Sofia*, you used to threaten you would do what you now speak of, for very slight hard's

ships. But there is *Pamphilus* standing before the door. Do you all of you go in ; I'll go and see if he wants me for any thing. Master, are you here still ?

Pam. I waited for you.

Par. What's your commands ?

Pam. I must have some body go as far as the castle.

Par. Who must go ?

Pam. You.

Par. To the castle, what to do there ?

Pam. You must go to my friend *Callidemides* of *Mycone*, who was a passenger on board the same ship with me.

Par. I'm a dead man. He has certainly made a vow, that if he escap'd shipwreck, he would walk me to death.

Pam. Why don't you go ?

Par. Am I only to go, have I nothing to say to him ?

Pam. You must tell him not to expect me to day, according to my appointment, for I cannot wait upon him. Fly.

Par. But I know not the man, when I see him.

Pam. I'll tell you how you shall know him.—He's a great fat fellow ; he squints, and has a pimpled face, and a blue nose.

Par. I wish he was in hell. And if I don't find him, must I wait till evening ?

Pam. Yes, till evening : run.

Par. That's more than I can do, I am too tir'd for that already.

Pam. So, I have dispatch'd him. But alas ! what shall I do next ? I know not how I can conceal this unhappy affair of her delivery, as her mother begg'd of me ; I would, if I could, for I pity the poor creature ; but I must act consistent with the duty and affection I owe my mother ; that is the stronger tye of the two—Here comes *Phidippus* and my father ; they are walking this way, and what to say to them I know not.

SCENE V.

Laches, Phidippus, Pamphilus.

Lac. Did not you say, *Phidippus*, that your daughter only waited for the arrival of her husband ?

Phi

Phid. I did.

Lac. Then I suppose she will come back immediately ; for I am told he is arrived.

Pam. Now what pretence I can make to my father, for not bringing her back, I know not.

Lac. Whose voice is this I heard ?

Pam. I am determined to do as I first resolved.

Lac. There he is, the very person we were talking of.

Pam. Sir, your servant.

Lac. Son, you are welcome home.

Phid. *Pamphilus*, I am glad with all my heart you are arrived, and more especially to see you come back safe and sound.

Pam. I don't in the least doubt it, sir.

Lac. Are you but just come ?

Pam. But just now, sir.

Lac. Let me know what our kinsman *Phania* left us ?

Pam. He was a man given to pleasures in his life time, and such people seldom make their heirs much the better for them. However, he so far left a good character behind him for himself, that while he liv'd, he liv'd well.

Lac. And what you have said, then, is all you have brought along with you.

Pam. Whatever it was he left, is for our advantage.

Lac. Nay, I think it is to our loss, for I should have wish'd him to have been alive and enjoy'd it himself.

Pam. You may safely wish that now : he'll never rise again from the dead, you may assure yourself ; tho' at the same time I know it would be agreeable to you.

Lac. *Philumena's* father sent for her to his house, yesterday. Say you order'd her.

Phid. You need not jog me, I know well enough : yes, I order'd it.

Lac. But will now send her back.

Phid. I intend so.

Pam. I know the whole affair, and heard the particulars as soon as I arriv'd.

Lac. I wish all such people may meet with what they deserve, for being so fond to spread such stories.

Pam. I'm sure I have done all I could to prevent any thing being with justice laid to my charge ; and if I was to tell you how tender and how affectionate my behaviour towards her has been in all respects, I should say nothing but the truth ; only I would rather you should hear that from herself ; as then you will be better convinced what sort of a husband I have been to her, when she herself, who is now at difference with me, lets you know the real state of the case. For I take the gods to witness, that our present dissension is not owing to me. But as I find she thinks it beneath her to yield in any thing to my mother, or make allowances for the peevishness of old age, as I think she ought ; and as I do not find the matter can be made up between them in any other shape, than my parting either with the one or the other ; my duty, I think, obliges me, to quit my wife rather than my mother.

Lac. What you say, my son, is extremely agreeable to me, that you will give up every thing to the duty you owe to your parent ; but take care, *Pamphilus*, that you are not misguided by prejudice or passion.

Pam. What passion or prejudice, sir, can I have against a wife, who never yet did any thing to offend me, but on the contrary has done every thing she thought would please me ? I both love and esteem her, and from my soul regret the loss of her ; for indeed I have found her in every thing shew a wonderful affection to me ; I wish she may spend her days with a husband destin'd to be more happy than I, since cruel necessity obliges me to part from her.

Phid. 'Tis still in your own power to prevent that.

Lac. If you judge for your own happiness, you will immediately give orders for her return.

Pam. 'Tis not to be done, sir, I must consult the quiet of my mother.

Lac. Where are you going ? stop, I say, what are you about ?

Phid. What obstinacy is this ?

Lac. Didn't I tell you, *Phidippus*, that this would disconcert my son ; and upon that account beg of you to send her home, before he arriv'd ?

Phid.

Phid. I could not imagine he would have been so barbarous. Does he expect I'm to beg of him to take my daughter again? If he has a mind to receive his wife as he ought, with all my heart; if he has not, restore her fortune she brought him, and let him look out for some one else.

Lac. Now you are as hot, and command your temper as little as he.

Phid. You have come back to us in a very bad humour, *Pamphilus*.

Lac. He will soon cool again, tho' he has just reason to be offended.

Phid. Has this legacy you have been left, made you all so insolent of a sudden?

Lac. So you are going to quarrel with me?

Phid. I tell you, let him think of it and give me an answer this day, if he will have his wife come back to him or not; that if he won't, I may provide her in another husband.

Lac. *Phidippus*, stay, I want to speak a little with you. He's gone, and with all my heart, I have no business with it; let them settle the matter betwixt themselves, the best way they can, as neither of them pay regard to what I say, or will do as I would have them.—But in the mean time I will go home to my wife, who is the occasion of all this; and as I find myself prodigiously out of humour, will vent my passion upon her.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Myrrhina, Phidippus.

Myrrhina.

WHAT shall I do? How shall I behave in this matter, or what answer make to my husband? for I believe he has heard the noise of the child crying, as I perceived that he went into his daughter's apartment,

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ment,

ment, without saying a word. And if he finds she is brought to bed, what excuse can I make for not letting him know,—is more than I can say. But I hear the door open, and I fancy he is coming out. Mercy on me!

Phid. As soon as my wife saw me go into my daughter's apartment, she withdrew. But there she is. Hark ye, *Myrrhina*, I want to speak with you.

Myrr. With me, husband?

Phid. Husband, say you? I fancy you neither look upon me as your husband, or indeed as a rational creature; otherways you could not have dar'd, woman, to have so egregiously abused me.

Myrr. How?

Phid. How! is not your daughter brought to bed? You are silent, are you? Pray who is the father?

Myrr. Is that a question to be ask'd about your own daughter? Who should be the father, I pray, but her husband to whom she was married?

Phid. Well, I believe so; nor is it proper for me to harbour any other suspicion; but I beg of you, why was this kept a secret, as she was deliver'd according to her time? could the peevishness of your temper carry you to such a height, as you would rather have the child perish (tho' you knew that would be the bond of stricter and closer friendship between our families) than your daughter should continue with a husband you did not like?—I find now, that what I imagin'd was their fault, is entirely owing to you.

Myrr. How unhappy I am.

Phid. I wish I knew you was really so.—Now I reflect upon it, you used to say when the match was first begun, that you could not bear the thoughts of a man having your daughter, who lov'd whores, and used to lie abroad.

Myrr. I had rather he supposed any reason, than the real one.

Phid. But I knew long before you did, *Myrrhina*, that he kept a mistress; but I never thought that an unpardonable crime in a young man; for it is natural to all of them; but the time rushes on apace when old age gives

gives a disgust of that, and even of themselves ; you have persevered in the way you set out, and have left no stone unturned to part your daughter and him, that you might render abortive all my measures ; for this affair now plainly shews what you have all along been seeking for.

Myrr. Do you think that I who am her mother could carry my prejudices so far, as to wish a dissolution of this marriage, if it was for the good of our family ?

Phid. You are a proper judge, truly, of whas is for the good of our family !—Some fool, I suppose, has been telling you, that he was seen coming out, or going into his mistress ? and what of all that, if he did not make a practice of it, and manag'd it with discretion ? Does not prudence, in such a case, direct us rather to hide such failings, than appear to know what must make him conceive a hatred to us ; for if he could part easily and of a sudden with a woman, he has lov'd and conversed with so many years, I should look upon him myself as a very indifferent kind of a man, and not likely ever to make a good husband to my daughter.

Myrr. Speak no more of the young gentleman, but confine yourself to what you say I have done amiss. Go and speak to him by yourself ; ask him, if he will have his wife sent to him, or not. If he desires she should come to him, then send her ; if he refuses, then I have consulted my daughter's welfare.

Phid. If he refuses it, and if you have perceiv'd, *Myrrhina*, that the fault is in him, you could have let me know, whose business it was to have taken proper measures for the good of my child ; and for that reason I am highly incensed against you, for presuming to take any step without my knowledge ; and I charge you, that you don't think of letting the infant be brought out of the doors of this house : but I'm a fool for imagining that she'll mind what I say ; I'll go and give orders to my servants that they don't allow any such thing to be done.

Myrr. I believe no poor creature is in greater distress than I. For it is easy to conceive, from my husband's behaviour upon this occasion, which in comparison is

but trifling, what a fury he would be in if he knew how the matter is in reality ; nor should I be able by any means to appease him. The most grievous circumstance of all is, if he should oblige me to bring up a child, whose father we know not ; for when my daughter was abused, the darkness prevented the ravisher from being known ; nor had she any token from him whereby he could afterwards be found out ; indeed he forced from her a ring she had on, as he left her. Now I'm mortally afraid that *Pamphilus* will think himself obliged to discover the whole matter, when he finds another man's child is to be brought up as his own.

S C E N E II.

Sestrata, Pamphilus.

Se. I'm very sensible, my son, that you think the cause of your wife leaving this house, was because she could not bear with my temper ; tho' you are so careful to conceal it from me ; but as I hope for the blessing of the gods, and that every thing may happen to me on your part as I wish for, I never in one instance did any thing I thought would disoblige her ; and I was fully sensible of your affection to me, before you gave this remarkable instance of it ; for your father has just now been telling me, that you was determined to make a sacrifice of your passion, to my ease and quiet ; and I am determined on my part not to be outdone by you in this respect, that you may know how sensible I am of your dutifulness to me ; for which reason, my *Pamphilus*, as I think it necessary for your happiness and my own character, I have resolv'd to go into the country with your father, and there remain, that my presence may be no obstacle in your way, or be the reason of your wife not returning to live with you.

Pam. Pray, why do you think of any such thing ? Shall her unreasonable whims make you leave the town and retire into the country ? No, you shall do no such thing, nor will I suffer that those who would gladly defame us, should have an opportunity of saying, that it was owing to your easiness in yielding to the peevishness of my cross temper : besides, do you think I would

let

let you leave your friends, your relations, and your days of pleasure, only to gratify me?

Sof. My days of pleasure are past: while my time of life was proper for the enjoyment of them, I had my share as well as others; now I have lost all relish for such things.—What I have now most in view is, that my old age be not troublesome to any one, or make them wish for my death. I perceive that here I am disliked without any reason; and therefore it is time to retire; as by that means I shall remove all grounds of uneasiness from every one, acquit myself of the suspicions I now lie under, and do an agreeable thing to them. So, I beg you will let me take this opportunity of clearing myself of the imputation that so generally lies against us women.

Pam. How happy in all respects should I be with such a mother, if I had not at the same time such a wife!

Sof. Cannot you bring yourself to bear with little inconveniencies, when you meet with them, especially as all other things are to your wish; for I believe your wife to be an exceeding good sort of woman, and therefore must beg you will, for my sake, send for her back from her father's.

Pam. Woes me!

Sof. And me too, *Pamphilus*, for this affair gives me as much uneasiness as it does you.

S C E N E III.

Laches, Sostrata, Pamphilus.

Lac. I have heard at a distance the conversation you have had with your son; and in that you act wisely to suit yourself to what is convenient for you, and do that of your own accord, what necessity might afterwards oblige you to.

Sof. May heaven order every thing for the best.

Lac. You must depart therefore to the country, and you and I bear with one another.

Sof. I hope we shall.

Lac. Go in then, and get every thing ready to carry along with you. This is my express order.

Sof. I'll do as you desire.

Pam.

Pam. Sir!

Lac. What would you say, *Pamphilus*?

Pam. I would by no means have my mother go.

Lac. Why so?

Pam. Because I am as yet undetermin'd what I shall do, in regard to my wife.

Lac. How undetermin'd! What would you do, but have her come home to you?

Pam. I greatly wish for it, and 'tis a violence to my inclinations to do otherwise; but am notwithstanding resolved to act as I think is proper for me to do; and am of opinion my not sending for her back, will be the means of my mother and her being friends for the future.

Lac. That is more than you can know; but it is a matter of no consequence to you, once your mother is gone. Old age is disagreeable to youth; 'tis time now for us to retire; besides, you know very well, *Pamphilus*, that the old gentleman and the old gentlewoman are the standing jests of a family. But here comes *Phidippus*, and in a good time, let's go to him.

SCENE IV.

Phidippus, Laches, Pamphilus.

Phid. Indeed, *Philumena*, I cannot help blaming you likewise; and very much too; for indeed I cannot think you have behaved handsomely in this matter; tho' it must be own'd you have this excuse, that your mother persuaded you, but I'm sure she has no excuse for doing so.

Lac. *Phidippus*, I have met you most seasonably.

Phid. What is the matter now?

Pam. Now what shall I say to them, or how shall I open this affair?

Lac. You may acquaint your daughter that her mother-in-law is going to retire into the country, so she need not now have any reluctance to returning home.

Phid. Your wife *Sostrata* was no ways in fault, 'twas all owing to my spouse. Things have taken another turn, which has occasioned great confusion.

Pam. As much confusion as you please, so I be not obliged to take her back.

Phid.

Phid. As to my share, *Pamphilus*, I desire nothing more than that our friendship, and the alliance of our families should be perpetual; but if you are otherwise inclined pray take back your boy.

Pam. What shall I do! he knows she is brought to bed.

Lac. Boy, what boy?

Phid. We have got a grandson—for when she went from you, she was with child, nor did I ever know of it till now, this day.

Lac. I am glad to hear it, as I hope for mercy—I am glad the boy is brought into the world, and that the mother is safe—But what for a woman must your wife be, or what could she mean by it, to conceal this so long from us? There is something in such behaviour worse than I care to mention.

Lac. You cannot be more dissatisfied with her behaviour, *Laches*, than I am.

Pam. I was before this not quite resolved whether I should take back my wife or not; now I am determined not to do it, as I must have along with her a child who is none of my own.

Lac. You have now, *Pamphilus*, no choice to make.

Pam. What shall I do?

Lac. This we all wish'd for, to see the day you should have a boy to call you father. That day is now come, thanks to the gods for it.

Pam. I'm undone.

Lac. Take back your wife, and do not any longer oppose my will.

Pam. If she was desirous, Sir, of having children by me, or living with me as a wife, I am convinced she would not have concealed from me, what I understand she has done. And as I am satisfied from this circumstance, that her affections are alienated from me, so that there is no hopes of our living happily together, why should I have her back?

Lac. The young woman acted only by the persuasion of her mother; and is that to be wondered at? Do you
1
imagine

imagine you can meet with any wife altogether faultless? or do you even think there can be any husbands who are so?

Pbid. Well, do you consult among yourselves whether she is to be received back again, or dismissed for ever; I cannot answer for the actions of my wife; as to myself, determine how you will, I shall put no obstacle in the way. But what is to be done with the boy?

Lac. What a question is that, let him have his own son, happen what will, that we may bring him up accordingly.

Pam. Shall we bring up a child, Sir, that has been so neglected by his own mother?

Lac. How, my son, not bring it up? would you have the infant exposed and abandon'd? what a degree of frenzy is this? In short, I must speak plainly to you; for you force me now to say things to you I am unwilling to do before any one else. Do you think I am a stranger to your tears, or to the cause whence they flow, and the reason of your solicitude? The first pretence you made, was that your wife could not endure to live with your mother; who upon that has taken a resolution of retiring into the country.—As all grounds for that pretence, then, is removed, you have started another, because your wife has been brought to bed, without your knowledge. You are mistaken, *Pamphilus*, if you think I do not know what you are aiming at by all this. I beg you would only reflect with yourself, how long I bore with you, and allowed you to keep company with a mistress, and what sums of money I allowed you to squander upon her. At last I proposed you should have a wife, and beg'd of you to marry—You seem'd sensible it was high time to alter your course of life, and, at my desire, married—In doing of which, and complying with my will, you acted as became you; but now you want to live again with your mistress, and, by that, do the greatest injustice possible to your wife; for I find you are relapsing into your old course of life.

Pam. I, Sir?

Lac.

Lac. Yes, you ; and are at the same time acting very basely ; for you feign false pretences for quarrelling, that you may live more at liberty with your harlot, when your wife is out of the way ; and this she must have been sensible of, otherwise why should she have left you ?

Pbid. He divines like a prophet, that is the very thing.

Pam. I will freely take my oath, that I never intended or thought of any like this.

Lac. Then, either take back your wife, or shew some good reason why you do not.

Pam. This is not a proper time to do so.

Lac. Then take home your child, for surely the infant is not to blame ; and I will enquire into the conduct of your wife, afterwards.

Pam. I am unhappy in every one thing, nor do I see how I can extricate myself, my father presses me so close on all sides ; but I'll be gone, as I find my being here is of so little use : For I do not suppose they will bring up the child against my consent, especially as my wife's mother will assist me in that.

Lac. What, are you going off without giving me an answer ? Do you think, *Phidippus*, that he is in his right senses ? However, let him alone. Give me the child, and I will take care of it.

Pbid. It shall be done.—I do not wonder now my wife was so offended ; women are keen in their resentments, and take usage of this sort much to heart ; and this is the reason of her being so disgusted at her son in-law ; she told me so herself. I did not chuse to mention this while he was by, nor indeed at first did I give credit to her suggestions ; but now the thing is plain ; I see his mind is quite averse to matrimony.

Lac. How shall I conduct myself, *Phidippus*, what would you advise me to ?

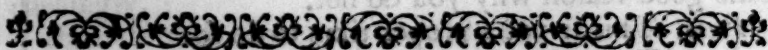
Pbid. The most advisable step, in my opinion, would be to go to this woman he keeps, speak to her, and complain grievously of her behaviour ; and threaten her if she continues to entertain him any longer.

Lac.

Lac. I'll do as you desire. Here, boy, run to *Bacchis*, our neighbour, and tell her from me I desire she would come and speak with me. And I must beg you, *Phidippus*, to assist me in this affair.

Phid. I have told you before, and I tell it you now, that I wish for nothing more than a lasting friendship between our families, if any how it can be effected, as I hope it will; but would you have me be with you, when you speak to her?

Lac. No, I think you had better go and provide a nurse for the child.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Bacchis, Laches.

Bacchis.

IT must be for something more than ordinary, that *Laches* sends to speak with me; nor am I at a loss to guess what it is about. I dare say it is as I conjecture.

Lac. I must take care not to appear in a passion, lest I should not avail myself so much as I otherways might; and that I do not hurry myself into what I may repent of afterwards. I'll go up to her. *Bacchis* your servant.

Bac. Your servant, *Laches*.

Lac. I fancy you are a little surprized at my sending my boy for you.

Bac. And some what uneasy too, when I reflect upon the disadvantageous notion you must have of a woman of my character; for as to my behaviour, I am in no pain about that.

Lac. If that be true, you are in no danger from me; one of my age ought less to be forgiven than others, for doing what is wrong; and for that reason I am the more cautious and circumspect in whatever I set about. If you behave yourself, and continue to behave, in a
manner

manner that gives no offence, it would not only be ungenerous but unjust to do you any injury.

Bac. I am vastly obliged to you, sir. For when one has once received an injury, it is but small reparation to make an apology for it afterwards. But what are your commands, sir?

Lac. I find my son *Pamphilus* is entertain'd at your house.

Bac. Sir!

Lac. Let me go on.—Before he was married I bore with it.—Hold, I have not yet done.—He is now married, and therefore, whilst you have an opportunity, I would have you provide yourself in another gallant, whom you may more surely depend upon; for he will not continue always in the same mind, nor will you always be as young as you are now.

Bac. Who tells you I entertain him?

Lac. His mother-in-law.

Bac. Does she say that he converses with me?

Lac. Yes, with you; and upon that account she has taken her daughter from us; and upon the same account, would have privately put the child to death, that she had by my son.

Bac. Could I make any declaration more solemn than an oath, to induce you to believe me, I would assure you by that, *Laches*, that your son and I have never corresponded since the day he was married.

Lac. Well, you're a mighty good woman. But do you know what I would have you do farther?

Bac. What's that, pray?

Lac. I would have you go in to my son's wife, and his mother-in-law, and make the same tender of your oath to them; you'll by that satisfy them, and clear yourself.

Bac. I will, sir; tho' hardly any woman in my way would be induced from the same reason to go and wait upon the wife of one who had been a former lover. But I will not suffer that your son should lie under false suspicions, or appear in the eyes of his friends as guilty of what he really is not; for I have been too much obliged

obliged to him, not to wish his happiness and welfare.

Lac. From what you have told me, I am entirely reconciled to you, and become your friend; for not only the women believed this, but I myself had a notion of it likewise. And as you have turn'd out contrary to my opinion, I hope you will continue to behave in the same manner; and you may be assured of my friendship—but if you should not—However I'll say nothing that may be disagreeable to you—I will only advise you to this; try me rather, what I can do for you as a friend than as an enemy.

SCENE II.

Phidippus, Laches, Bacchis.

Phid. I'll take care you shall want for nothing, and that every thing be supply'd to you in abundance; only when you have eat and drank your own belly full, take care that the child may have his.

Lac. There comes our father-in-law; he has brought a nurse for the child. *Phidippus, Bacchis* here solemnly swears—

Phid. Is this she?

Lac. Yes.

Phid. These creatures have no regard for the gods, nor do I believe the gods have any for them.

Bac. I'll give up my maid servants to you; to be examined by torture. This is what we are now about, that I may be the means of reconciling *Pamphilus* and his wife; which if I effect, I shall be glad of the reputation of being the only one that has done, what women of my character so sedulously avoid.

Lac. We have found by experience, that we unjustly suspected our own wives to be the occasion of their parting; let us now try if it is the same with regard to *Bacchis*; for if your wife finds that her suspicions are groundless, she will then drop her resentments. And if my son is offended only because his wife was brought to bed without his knowledge, that's but a slight affair; he'll soon forget that; I cannot see how that can be any just ground for quarrelling.

Phid.

Phid. I wish from my heart it may be so.

Lac. Here she is, examine her yourself, she is willing to satisfy you fully.

Phid. Why talk you to me in that manner? Have you not heard me, long since, declare my mind upon that subject, *Laches*? If they are satisfy'd, I am.

Lac. Well then, *Bacchis*, I must beg you will do what you promis'd me.

Bac. You would have me go in to them for that purpose?

Lac. Yes; to clear the matter up, so as they may be satisfied.

Bac. I will; tho' I am certain the sight of me will not be very agreeable; for a wife, parted from her husband, can have no great liking to kept mistresses.

Lac. But they will receive you friendly, when they know on what errand you are come.

Phid. And I promise you, will continue to be your friends, once they know the truth of this matter; for you will by this free them from their mistake, and clear yourself of all suspicion.

Bac. How shall I behave. I am asham'd to see *Philumena*. Do you both follow me. [To her servants.

Lac. What could one wish for more to himself, than what is likely to happen to this woman, *Bacchis*; to be able, without suffering any inconveniency, to do so great a service both to herself and to me; for if it can really be made appear that she has discourag'd the addresses of my son since he was married, she must be sensible now, that it will procure her wealth, fame, and renown; for she will acquit herself of the obligations she owes *Pamphilus*, and at the same time make all of us her friends for ever.

SCENE III.

Parmeno, Bacchis.

Par. My master certainly puts little value upon my labour, or he would not send me so long a way to no purpose. I have been loitering there about the castle, this whole day to no purpose, looking after this *Mycone* friend of his, *Callidemides*; and, like a great fool, coming up to every one that pass'd me, and asking,
hearken,

hearke, young man, do you come from the isle of *Mycone*? Not I, says one. Well, but is not your name *Callidemides*? No. Nor don't you know a gentleman of the name of *Pamphilus*? Not a soul that I met with could give any account whatever; and in my conscience I am apt to believe there is no such man. In short I began, at last, to be asham'd, and came away. But what is it I see, *Bacchis* coming out of *Phidippus*' house? What can the meaning of this be?

Bac. *Parmeno*, you are here just in good time; run to your master *Pamphilus*.

Par. What to do?

Bac. Tell him, I beg he will come and speak to me.

Par. To you?

Bac. Yes, and to *Philumena*.

Par. What is the matter?

Bac. What you have no business with, so ask no questions.

Par. Shall I say nothing else to him?

Bac. Yes, tell him, that the ring he made a present of to me, some time since, is discover'd by *Myrrhina* to be her daughter's.

Par. I understand you: is that all?

Bac. All, say you? it will bring him here fast enough when you tell him of it.——But why do you tarry?

Par. That has not been in my power, at least for this day; I am sure I have had running and walking enough for any one reasonable man.

Bac. How happy have I made *Pamphilus*, by my coming here to day? What joy have I procured him, and what anxiety have I rid him of? I have sav'd his infant son, who by his own and their means, was on the point of being put to death; I have restor'd to him his wife, whom he imagined he must never again live with; and have clear'd him of the suspicions he lay under with his father and his father-in-law; and a ring is the means of setting all these matters to rights. For I remember about ten months ago, he came to me in the beginning of the night, fluster'd with liquor, out of breath, without any
servant,

servant, and brought this ring along with him. I was surpris'd, and said, My *Pamphilus*, what is the matter? you seem in disorder; where got you that ring? come tell me. He at first made excuses, and declined answering me; when I found that, I began to suspect there was something more than ordinary, and press'd him to let me know. Upon this the gentleman confesses truly, that he met a young woman in the way, he knew not whom, and had ravish'd her, and in the struggle had taken that ring from her; which *Myrrhina* knew again as she saw it just now upon my finger. She ask'd me about it, and I told her the whole affair; which has produc'd the discovery, that it was *Philumena* he had ravished, and that the child she is brought to bed of, is the effects of that adventure. I rejoice to think that I have been the cause of so much joy to him; tho' others of my profession would not; nor indeed is it for our advantage, that any of our sparks should be fond of marrying. But as to myself, no view of advantage shall ever make me do a dishonourable thing. When I had to do with *Pamphilus*, I found him always good-natur'd, generous and obliging; I look'd upon his marriage as a very unlucky thing for me, that I must own; tho' I have the comfort of this reflection, that no behaviour of mine could give him any pretence for leaving me. But where you receive great good, you must put up with some inconveniencies.

SCENE IV.

Pamphilus, Parmeno, Bacchis.

Par. You are sure of what you say, *Parmeno*? be certain that this is a clear, distinct account, and don't let me be amus'd, only for a time, with false hopes of happiness.

Par. I am sure it is so.

Pam. You are certain *Bacchis* gave you this message.

Par. Quite certain.

Pam. If this be so, I am happy as the gods.

Par. You will find I have told you every word true.

Pam. Stop then, that you may not say one thing, and I imagine another.

Pam.

Par. I do stop.

Pam. You said, didn't you, that *Myrrbina* had discover'd that ring to be hers, which *Bacchis* wore ?

Par. Yes.

Pam. That *Bacchis* said it was the same ring I had formerly made her a present of ; and desired you to run and acquaint me of it ? Is not this what you told me ?

Par. Exactly, the same.

Pam. Then who is happier or more fortunate than I ? *Parmeno*, what recompence shall I make you for bringing me this news ? Say, what shall I give you ? for I know not what you ought to have.

Par. But I do.

Pam. Name it then ?

Par. Why even nothing at all : for I know not any good either I or my news have done you.

Pam. What, *Parmeno*, shall I suffer you, who have brought me from misery into felicity, to go unrewarded ? I hope you don't think me so ungrateful—But I see *Bacchis* before the door, who, I suppose, waits for me. I'll go speak to her.

Bac. Your servant, sir.

Pam. O *Bacchis*, my dear *Bacchis*, my preserver and deliverer.

Bac. How joyous and lucky this is ; and how I rejoice in your good fortune.

Pam. Your actions leave no room to doubt. You are still the same easy obliging creature ; that whether you go or come, or wherever you are, pleasure still attends you.

Bac. And you too are still the same ; the most polite, the most gallant gentleman in the world.

Pam. Ha, ha, he.—What *Bacchis*, this to me ?

Bac. Upon my word, *Pamphilus*, 'tis no wonder you should be so in love with your wife ; I never before this day beheld her with my eyes, but she is a most delightful creature.—

Pam. Tell me the truth, do you really think so ?

Bac. I do, upon my word.—

Pam. Pray tell me, have you mentioned any thing of this to my father ?

Ba

Bac. Not a syllable.

Pam. Nor is it necessary you should, therefore take no notice; for we are not obliged to make our adventures like plays upon the stage, where the audience must know every thing; in our affair, every one knows it that ought to know, the others neither know it nor e'er shall.

Bac. Nay, I can tell you more, to satisfy you that you need be under no apprehensions of its being discovered, *Myrbina* told her husband she was satisfied with what I had so solemnly averr'd, and that now she had no longer any grudge to you.

Pam. That's well; and I doubt not, but every thing will happen according to our wish.

Par. May I ask you, master, what mighty good this is I have done to day: or what this is you seem so sollicitous about?

Pam. I wont tell you.

Par. But I guess—I deliver'd you from misery? By what means I wonder?

Pam. You know not, *Parmeno*, how much good you have done to day, and out of what difficulties you have reliev'd me.

Par. Yes, but I do know, and was not ignorant what I was about, when I did do it.

Pam. That I am very well convinc'd of.

Par. Do you imagine, that any thing necessary to be done can escape the sagacity of your trusty servant *Parmeno*.

Pam. Well, follow me in, *Parmeno*.

Par. Yes, Sir.

I find I have done more good to day without knowing it, than ever I did knowingly in all my life before.

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